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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, OCTOBER, 1893.

## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

Direct all matter intended for publication to L. T. HARTSELL, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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## THREE CRISES IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR.



OLIN BOGGESS.

Many people put a proper value upon relics, and rightly so. This use of mementos is not an exchange of the imagination for the eye, nor is it idolatrous homage; it is fit respect for great and honored ones who have passed out of earthly sight.

In the library of Drew Theological Seminary is a valuable relic of that learned and energetic leader of Methodism, Dr. Adam Clarke. It is his own manuscript of his comments on the Gospel according to Matthew. Of the making of his commentary on the Bible he says in his Autobiography: "In this arduous work I have had no assistants, not even a single week's help from an amanuensis." The handwriting is bold, plain, and easily read. This is true also of his transcription of Greek. Obviously his purpose was accuracy in the mechanical part of his great work.

By seeing this manuscript, now nearly a century old, I was

2462

lead to investigate the events resulting in the making of Clarke's Commentary, which has a wider circulation than any other in the English language, and is yet in demand because of some enduring excellencies.

I find three crises in the life of the author as a scholar. The first was, to quote his own words, "a singular Providence which gave a strong characteristic coloring to his subsequent life." When he was about eight years of age his teacher apologized to a visitor for his pupil's deficiency by saying: "That lad is a grievous dunce." But the assistant exclaimed: "Never fear, sir, this lad will make a good scholar yet." Thus in hope his dullness continued, until one day, with many tears, he laid his book aside, "with a broken heart and in utter despair." His teacher scolded; his school-mates made fun. Specially did a fellow student who had gone on in his studies and left Adam behind, torture him with the most bitter taunts; but the effect was astonishing. "He felt," as he expressed himself, "as if something had broken within him: his mind in a moment was all light". From that hour intellectual vigor took the place of dullness.

The second crisis was at Kingswood school when he was twenty or twenty-two years of age. For the sake of exercise he often worked in the garden there. One day he took a spade and began to dress a plat clumsily turned over by another, and on breaking one of the clods a half guinea fell out of it. He saw the school-master walking in the garden shortly after, and gave the money to him, but he returned it. Young Clarke, tried in vain to find the owner. "Was this providential?" he asks. "I was poor. \* \* \* I was out of reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from heaven." With a part of the money he bought Bayley's Hebrew Grammar; "by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the Hebrew Bible, and make those short notes which form the basis of the Commentary since published! Had I not got



that Grammar, I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a Commentary on Divine Revelation !”

The third crisis was on this wise: In 1782 Adam Clarke was travelling his first circuit, and “the mind of Mr. Clarke was ductile in the extreme, in reference to everything in Christian experience and practice.” One of the other preachers on that circuit, a very illiterate man, had openly and unkindly reproached him for his familiarity with the Latin and Greek classics and for his studious habits, telling him that his was a dangerous condition and it would fill him with pride and pride would lead him to perdition. A vow was taken never more to meddle with Greek or Latin; “and this vow made, had nearly ruined all his learned researches and pursuits forever.” In 1786 Mr. Wesley wrote him a letter, “charging him to cultivate his mind as far as his circumstances would allow, and not to forget anything he had ever learned.” The consequence was that he again took up his studies after four years’ loss of time, which loss, he says, “he had every reason to deplore.”

Thus it was in part that he came to write his great Commentary. “I have labored alone for twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to the press, and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press, so that forty years of life have been consumed.” And thus at the end he could and did say:

“By God’s assistance has the work been wrought,  
By His direction to you dwellings brought.”

## OUR NEW PROFESSORS.

We take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the ARCHIVE some brief sketches of the new members of our faculty.

E. T. BYNUM.

Prof. Bynum, chair of History, was born January 19, 1872, in Pittsboro, Chatham county, North Carolina. He entered Chapel Hill where he stayed a year and a half. After being out of school one year, he came to Trinity where he graduated in 1891, receiving the degree of A. B. Mr. Bynum distinguished himself, while at Trinity, in Greek and Mathematics which he took during his whole course. Last year he entered Johns Hopkins and took a thorough political course. From Johns Hopkins he came to Trinity, highly recommended. He succeeds Dr. S. B. Weeks, and is filling Prof. Bassett's place who is completing his course at Johns Hopkins. Being called back to teach so early after leaving Trinity as a student, gives sufficient evidence of his ability.

ARTHUR HERBERT MERRITT.

Prof. Merritt, chair of Latin and German, was born the 23d of February, 1863, at West Eaton, Madison county, New York. After being thoroughly prepared for college at Cayenovia Seminary, he entered Wesleyan University in the autumn of '85 and graduated with his class in '89, having made an unusually high mark, especially in Latin, and also in Greek. He was married two years after he graduated to Miss Cornelia F. Dean of Westmoreland, Oneida county, New York. After leaving college, he taught Latin and Greek in Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, the first year, in Hillsboro College, the second, and in Bardenton Military Institute, New Jersey, the two following years. He resigned this position in '93, to accept a chair in Trinity College, to which he had been elected by the Trustees.

## OLIN BOGCESS.

Prof. Boggess, chair of Greek and French, was born near Louisville, Kentucky, in 1861. He received his preparatory education under the celebrated Dr. B. H. McCown, Principal of Pine Hill Academy, Anchorage, Kentucky. In 1880, he entered Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, and took all the four years course in three years, receiving an A. B. degree, and in addition to this, there was conferred on him an A. M. certificate in Greek. He went from Kentucky to Missouri in the autumn of '83 and was principal of the New Haven School for one year. He then joined the St. Louis Conference and remained there till '89, when he was transferred to the Denver Conference and stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was ordained both Deacon and Elder by Bishop Hendrix. From September 1890 to May 1893, he spent at Drew Theological Seminary near New York city, receiving the degree of B. D., besides doing three years extra work in special lines as in Hymnology, with the distinguished Dr. James Strong.

## JOHN LANGDON WEBER.

Prof. Weber, chair of English, was born at Union, South Carolina, September 25, 1862. He entered Wofford College in 1879 and graduated in 1882. He made a special study of English under Prof. W. M. Barkerville, now of Vanderbilt University and under Prof. W. C. Woodward. Immediately after graduation, he accepted the principalship of Holly Hill Graded School, and remained there for a year and a half, when he took a position in Summerville School. He was soon offered a position on the Editorial Staff of the *News and Courier*, the leading daily paper in South Carolina. He was married, January 3, 1888, to Miss Susan James Young of Virginia, a direct lineal descendant of Lord Ball of England. When he removed to Charleston, he was elected School Commissioner which position he held till he resigned to come to

Trinity. He has always taken a prominent stand in politics. He was an applicant for the Superintendency of the Indian Schools under Cleveland's present administration—his appointment was almost a certainty when he withdrew his petition to accept a chair in Trinity College. He returns to the educational work from a sense of duty, or from a love for the work, and not from any pecuniary motive, as his salary as Editor and Commissioner was more than twice the salary of a Trinity College professor. He is the author of a School History of South Carolina. He is now engaged in the preparation of a text-book on the English Language which he hopes to have ready for the press by next fall.

JEROME DOWD.

[Political and Social Science.]

Jerome Dowd has been appointed Instructor in Economics at Trinity College, N. C. Mr. Dowd was born on March 18, 1864, at Carthage, Moore county, N. C. His early education was obtained in private schools at Charlotte, N. C. During the two years 1876-'78, he attended the Charlotte Military Institute. In 1879, he entered Trinity College where he spent two years.

In September, 1882, he entered the employ of F. H. Leggett & Co., of New York, as book-keeper, where he remained three years. In September, 1885, he was appointed chief deputy in the office of the collector of internal revenue of the Fifth North Carolina District. He resigned this position on December 1, 1888, and entered journalism, establishing a weekly paper called the *Mecklenburg Times*, at Charlotte, N. C. On July 1, of the present year, he sold this paper to accept the position at Trinity. Mr. Dowd is president of the North Carolina Press Association and president of the Charlotte Literary and Debating Club. Mr. Dowd has written a series of editorials in the *Mecklenburg Times*, which em-



body his political and economic views. He has also published:

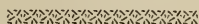
“Burr and Hamilton.” A Drama.

“Shall Clergymen be politicians?”

“Sketches of Prominent Living North Carolinians.”

“Sphere and Duties of the Editor.”

P. STEWART.



### THE HAND OF GOD IN HISTORY.

ORATION BY R. G. TUTTLE.

On the night of the 17th of June, in the year 1815, a gentle shower of rain fell on that region of country which on the following day was to be christened with a baptism of blood as the battlefield of Waterloo. On that same night, near that same field lay two armies; on the one hand was Wellington, depending on that stern English soldiery to ward off defeat; on the other hand was Napoleon, trusting in that brilliant genius, in those tried veterans, and that train of threatening artillery to wrest victory from the hand of fortune.

They were waiting only for the dawn of day to begin the ghastly struggle, and each knew what victory or defeat held in store for him and for Europe. But when the battle began to rage, and Napoleon sent orders for that artillery, was it mere chance that the heavy engines of war could not be dragged over the fields softened by the previous rain? The sun had almost reached his zenith when the death-dealing weapons were brought to bear upon the English lines, but alas! t'was too late; for already Blucher comes, and struggle as he may, the child of Fortune must suffer defeat. And thus by a few drops of rain, more or less, the hand of God changes the History of Europe. And we see that the Divine hand may so guide even the forces of nature that changes

may be wrought in a nation's welfare, and what may seem insignificant to man may be turned by that all-pervading power into the agent of Deity.

There may be those who would tell us that there is no such power, who would have us believe that the universe keeps the even tenor of her way without the direction of a guiding hand. There may be those who would blot all that is holy out of existence, who would tear the sacred veil from the face of nature and there read the secret of life. But he who reads the secrets of Nature will there see the face of Nature's God, for every silent force tells to reason's ear the story of a Divine architect. And when we trace the pages of History, no matter of what age or of what country, we see in every event the working of a mysterious influence that shows the wisdom of a Superior Being.

No matter whether that History carries us back to the days of earth's first existence or tells the later deeds of men; no matter whether it records the annals of the frozen countries of the North or tells the story of the burning tropics, everything goes to prove that man with his darkened vision could not have planned the courses of events that have told for good in the world's history. But in everything, from the raging battle to the gentle summer shower, from the ambitious life of some despotic king to the unchequered existence of the lowly peasant, is seen that same power that shapes the destinies of men. It may be seen as the gentle guide leading some nation in the path of peace, or as the burning judgment showing that even nations may commit deadly sin, but still 'tis the hand of God.

'Tis not necessary for the breath of Jehovah to sweep away the army of Senacherib for us to know that there is a ruler of the universe, but the still small voice in every man's heart fills him with the awe of a Deity and tells him to see the image of a Creator reflected in the face of nature.

Even those nations that had never seen beyond the limits

of their own darkened existence, have felt that thrill, caused as it seemed by the unseen spirits of the air, and the rude uncultured nation of primeval forests have answered the call of nature's Deity and come forth to build up nations that have stood the test of the ages.

What was it that led the Romans into those happy vales of Greece, where, lulled by the gentle winds they dreamed of the beauties of nature? Was it not that Divine being for whom Socrates sought in the darkness of his soul that filled them with that love of eloquence and art that would inspire some future orator and cause the Phidias of some other clime to carve the forms of beauty from the cold marble?

Was it mere brute force, driven by an unthinking mind, that caused the rough barbarians of the North to surge across the snowy Alps and cling like the death dew to the marble brow of the dying mistress of the world? Did a mere act of fate lead the hardy sons of the German forest to the schools of Rome and there lay the foundation for the future nations of Europe? It was not chance, but a divine providence preparing to lead the royal crown of Empire on toward the sunset's radiant glow. And to-day the nations of the West stand up and testify to the wisdom of that leadership.

Not only in the paths of peace do we see that influence, but we may discern the fiery tracings in the tumult of battle.

When Charles Martel and the brave hosts of Franks met the heathen on the plain of Tours, they alone did not win that noble victory for christendom but the guardian angel of each stern soldier drove home the blows for native land and christianity.

But leaving distant lands and coming to our own dear America, what clearer instance do we need of a divine oversight than that celebrated retreat of General Green as with his little band of patriots he fell back before the British army? The very flood-gates of heaven were thrown open that the surging torrents might check the advance of the triumphant

enemy. He who protected us in those days that "tried men's souls" still reigns omnipotent.

That royal sceptre still holds sway o'er land and sea. Man alone sometimes wanders away and tries to reach some spot where untouched by that sacred influence he may shut himself up in his own selfish existence. But when security seems most his own let him but glance outward and all nature will burst out before him in its beauty, and its silent voice will repeat the story of Him who rules the universe. Let him but glance upward in the night and each brilliant star as it wends its way across the trackless plain will point back to Him who decked the heavens with shining worlds.

Each gentle breeze as it comes from the stillness of the forest, whispers the name of Jehovah, while the tiny dew-drop as it glistens in the morning sunlight reflects in its purity the image as Creator.

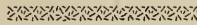
Let man but look around him and see the harmonious action of every force, and the discord and world of chance will vanish from his mind like the mists before the morning sun. Let him but glance backward and see that grand chain of events, linked together by the hand of God, that binds creation to the present, and skepticism will flee from his mind like the foul bird of night before the advance of dawn.

Yes everything goes to prove that there is one grand government above all governments of earth; that there is a superior tribunal before which the nations of earth are arraigned. Many a grand nation has already heard the dread sentence and reaped the bitter fruits of corruption and injustice. To-day there is a mighty nation, the heir of all the ages, springing up on the glorious Western continent. Planted by liberty loving hands, watered by the blood of her noble heroes, she has flourished until the nations' bow in homage at her power. Proud and beautiful to behold, she is the glory of the world. But she, like the others, is arraigned before the grand judgment seat of the nations. What shall be her sentence?



There are those who say that a dark cloud is already resting over her future; that she is following the foot-prints of nations whose fearful judgments have been made a warning to nations yet unborn!

O ye sons of Columbia! shall this be her dread sentence? It remains for Americans to say. Let every true patriot go forward to drive back the evil and raise up all that is noble! and then instead of dire destruction, the gentle winds from heaven will blow a rift in the cloud through which we may see the hand of God beckoning us onward to a noble existence. And then, when the clouds have blown away and all is bright and beautiful let the dear old stars and stripes float upon the winds as the flag of the free heart's hope and home, while all nature sings "peace on earth and good will towards men."



#### THE CLERGY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

There is no source from which we can get the corruption of the clergy more clearly depicted than in the novels of the eighteenth century. The novels of this century rarely fail to have one of their characters to represent the ignorance, degradation and corruption of these spiritual advisers.

There can be no doubt that during a great part of the century the inferior clergy were in a very low and pitiable condition. They were looked down on by the rich, and thought rarely fit to associate with the country squire. They drank ale and smoked tobacco in the kitchen with the servants, and frequently married the cast-off waiting-maids. Although Richardson assures us Parson Adams was drawn from actual life, it is difficult to believe he would have been engaged in such scenes as are depicted in 'Joseph Andrews.' But the novels of the century furnish abundant and conclusive evidence of the low social position of the clergy.

That the clergy had lost not only their social position, but

had become extremely worldly-minded also, is seen in the incident related by a writer who happened to stop at a country house for dinner. He says, "There was indeed a clergyman in the house, who had quite laid aside his sacerdotal character, but acted in several capacities as butler, game-keeper and buffoon, who never read prayers, or so much as said grace at meals."

A very common vice among the clergy was their continual fox-hunting. It is said that a parson would ride twenty miles on Sunday to serve his church, lamenting all the while that such a fine morning for fox-hunting should be thrown away on a Sunday. It was not an uncommon practice for a man to leap from his horse at the church door after following a pack of hounds, and gabble over the service with the most indecent mockery of religion.

Another corruption of the clergy is seen in the fact that they engaged in Fleet Marriages for the pay they received. The ministers pulled and forced men to some peddling ale-house, or a brandy-shop, to be married; even on Sunday stopping them as they went to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs. On many houses signs were hung out, and over the doors were written the words, "Marriages done here."

It was this state of public morality that induced the Wesleys to begin their effort at a revival of religion, and to establish and organize the great body of Methodists; and in consequence of this, combined with other influences, the lives of the clergy became, before the end of the century, holier and better.

L. T.

AUTHORITY:—*Novels and novelists of the 18th Century.*

## EDITORIAL.

---

L. T. HARTSELL, - - - Editor-in-Chief.  
B. PHIFER, - - - Assistant Editor.

---

OWING to the fact that the editors could not co-operate in getting out the June, or vacation issue, some errors unavoidably crept in. We hope to prevent any such in the future.

---

THE need of some kind of physical training for students is seen in all schools and colleges. Therefore, most of them have adopted some sort of gymnastic exercises, either in the form of a lesson or else in that of play. After a thorough trial, it is generally admitted that some manly play is best because it not only gives physical exertion but also amusement which is of equal importance in the preservation of health.

To increase interest in physical development, an Athletic Department has been substituted for the Miscellaneous Department

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DURING the present financial crisis, it is noticeable that our colleges are gaining in numbers. With only one or two exceptions the colleges and seminaries of this State are the fullest they have been for years. The majority of the high schools, also, are in a very flourishing condition. The attendance at schools of every grade all over the country continue to command a large patronage.

This demonstrates the fact that the people of the State see the need of an education, and that no panic, financial or otherwise, will divert him who earnestly seeks an education.

---

WE ARE glad to notice the stand one of our colleges, Davidson, is taking against initiating Freshmen by hazing. Trinity was one of the first colleges in the South to abso-

lutely put down this pernicious practice. To run a big-headed, "know-it-all newie" through the "lazing machine," is about the only sure physic for the malady. But some boys are disposed to carry this formal introduction to college life to the extreme, and the innocent suffer in consequence. We believe that all our colleges should follow Trinity and Davidson in abolishing forever this bitter experience of a boy's college life.

---

STUDENT management, which the ARCHIVE has previously called attention to, is no longer a theory but a fact. This is almost an untried field in Southern colleges, and Trinity is to be congratulated upon taking the lead.

The charter, which was granted by the General Assembly in 1891 and amended in 1893, provides for the government of students by means of two councils. The members of the faculty and all students over twenty-one years of age compose the Upper Council. The Lower Council is made up of all minor students of the junior and senior classes. In legislation Congress is taken as a model. Either Council has the right of initiating any measure, and when the bill has passed both Councils and has received the approval of the president of the college, it becomes a law.

This is a decided improvement over faculty management because it prevents the commission of offences in a large degree by the obligation of every student to abide by his own laws, and because it is a sure method in the detection and punishment of offences. Among students there is a custom that prevents them from reporting one of their number to the faculty. To avoid this, twelve members of the councils are chosen by lot whose duty it is to investigate and report all violations to the councils where the offender is given a fair trial.

Although this system of government has not been thoroughly tried, yet in the short time it has been in force the results are very gratifying.



IN ALL of our colleges there is a large number of students who meet with very little success in the pursuit of their studies. In a majority of cases this lack of success is a direct result of laziness and this laziness itself is as much a result of habit as it is a natural indisposition to work. At the opening of school a boy will decide to wait till the confusion incident to new surroundings subsides before beginning work. During this time associates are formed whose influence directly opposes anything like honest work. As a natural result delay is followed by delay and the time to begin study is postponed indefinitely. Students who have followed such a course are forced to depend on others and to resort to "ponies" in order to pass their examinations. They attempt to win no honors and generally meet with great success in their undertakings.

Other causes than laziness that help to make college life a failure are the lack of a definite object in life, foolish, self-distrust, irregularity of habits of study and the like. Let any one who is not succeeding in college as he could wish remove these and other causes of failure that he is aware of and remove them immediately if he expects ever to accomplish anything.

---

#### IS HIGHER EDUCATION OVERDONE?

There is a growing tendency among those who have the means to devote a large portion of their lives to the pursuit of the higher branches of knowledge which sometimes result in little if any practical good. When all things are taken into consideration, the question arises as to the advisability of such a course.

In the first place, it requires a considerable sum of money to complete a college course and then take a two or three year's course in a higher university. But the expenses of the latter are lessened by large annual appropriations from the state, and the advantages from this are reaped mostly by the

rich, who are able to do without such aid. While those for whose benefit such appropriations ought to be made are compelled to get their education at the lower colleges which receive no aid whatever from the state, and often none from any other source.

But this is only an inferior evil, if indeed, since combination seems the law of the age, it be an evil. What we fear is that so much money spent in higher education for the few is at the expense of the necessary education of the many. Moreover, ethics might question a man's moral right to study anything that is purely a matter of knowledge and subjective pleasure when there are others groping in ignorance, and suffering for a common school education.

The money spent by private persons in endowing universities may in the future put more power in the hands of such corporations than the best interests of a free people would warrant. Such a result may not at first be thought highly probable, but when we consider the enormous amounts that have been bestowed in recent years upon higher universities it by no means seems impossible.

Also a question arises as to the practical usefulness to a great extent of Philosophy, the more ancient dead languages, and other branches of knowledge included in a higher education. But it may be agreed that those pursuing such studies are doing so that they may be better able to elevate humanity in general and the illiterate classes in particular. Yet the gulf that is being created between the educated and the uneducated may become, if we do not take care, so great as to prevent the former from helping the latter across at all. Social inequalities might be dwelt upon almost endlessly but all this is from one side only and takes no notice of the many advantages that might be presented from an other standpoint.

## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

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In spite of a great deal of opposition foot-ball has still survived in our colleges as one of the principal features of amusement. It may be a "brutal, ungentlemanly, immoral game" and "one that encourages indolence and vice" yet for some inexplicable reason it has assumed a more paramount position than ever before in all of the Northern colleges, and is rapidly being introduced throughout the entire South and West. And it is not, as has been charged by its enemies, encouraged principally by the "rougher element:" the trustees and the faculties are the prime movers in its introduction in almost every instance. Is it not strange then that those men, who spend the greater part of their lives in seeking wholesome, beneficial methods of mental development, do not protest against the playing of this game if it is as vicious and degrading as represented by some? Bah! they could explain the situation if they liked. They realize how very much its good effects outweigh its evil influences; they show that it is a wonderful factor in attaining the desired culmination—"Sana mens in sano corpore." It is only those men that stand aloof from college circles and draw the remembrances of youth and vigor in dyspeptic, unsympathizing pessimism that bitterly and unreasonably oppose college athletics in general and foot-ball in particular. But I do not intend to make defence for foot-ball at this time. I merely wish to make some brief mention of the progress of this sport and athletics generally.

\* \* \*

And first of all of our own teams. We—oh, well, we are on unknown quantity even to ourselves. We have Whitaker, Daniels, Avery and Durham, all of '91, the rest of the team is composed of strong, earnest, hardworking fellows with lots

of college patriotism,—we know all this, but outside of this we know nothing. We have not been tried; and till a team undergoes a test of this kind it can never be correctly judged. We hope—*everything*, and satisfaction will come for the present only with the Southern championship. When the “gentle reader” lets his gaze rest upon this, our fate will be partially sealed either for better or worse; for Wake Forest and Chapel Hill will both probably be played before the publication of this issue. Our other games are with Washington and Lee, University of Virginia, Columbian Athletic Club, Georgetown University, University of Tennessee, and we are partially engaged for several other teams.

\* \* \*

Now it is somewhat a puzzling matter to indulge in personal comment on the merits of our different players, especially at this stage of the game. Daniels, Avery, Whitaker, Durham, Flowers, Hartsell, Black and Tuttle are, or have been, “first team” men and will not be entered here. Cole, at guard, is playing magnificently for a new man; is a heavy rusher but needs to play somewhat *firm* ball. He is learning to “block” well. Maytubby is at present playing splendidly in the role of a “rushing ball,” and nearly always makes his distance. Eure, who is doing very well at left end, should guard against fumbling the ball. Riddick, Greene, Love, Brooks, Miller, Craven, the two young Tuttle, Dent, Blalock, Phifer, Aleck Green have been playing constantly and well; and, if what is now presumably the first team is successful the greater part of the credit will be due to them and to others who have played so faithfully on the “scrub” eleven.

\* \* \*

Both of the other North Carolina teams are strong this year, Wake Forest having a tolerably good all-round team, and Chapel Hill being very strong in the rush line, though

decidedly weak back of the line. Both have a good many games scheduled, and I believe that between the two and Trinity the Southern championship will belong to a North Carolina College at any rate.

\* \* \*

University of Virginia is very strong this year, and has the most "mixed up" team that ever played on Southern soil. Harper, of Trinity's '91 team, plays quarter. Johnson, the last year's captain of the Annapolis team, plays one half and Mike Hoke, of University of North Carolina plays the other—the rest of the team being selected from the country at large. However, they are playing hard, "snappy" ball and they mean to win.

\* \* \*

It seems that the feud that has so long existed between Harvard and Princeton will be forgotten and that a game will certainly be arranged between them sometime during the season. Yale will of course play both these colleges in spite of some technicalities relating to under-graduate rule. Harvard is showing up in splendid form; Princeton retains Balliet and King and the best part of last year's team; but Yale; through the coaching of men like Walter Camp, McClung, Hefflefinger, puts players on the "gridiron" that *can't* be beat seemingly.

\* \* \*

But there's nothing the matter with the University of Pennsylvania. That Capt. Mackie has "blood in his eye", and the great trio had better look out for him. Personally he is a fine fellow and makes an ideal foot-ball captain. He hasn't a great deal to say, attends strictly to work, and plays for his position like any ordinary man. *The World* in speaking of him says: "He, like any other true foot-ball player has his uniform cleaned only by Heaven's wind and rain."



\* \* \*

Herbert. H. White, manager of the Harvard team, writes me that there has been a great exodus of coaches and players to the Pacific slope. Eventually the colleges in that section will play on an equal footing with Yale, Princeton and Harvard; for they seem to have an unlimited quantity of enthusiasm and are determined to play scientific foot-ball.

\* \* \*

Nothing else, I reckon. The Vigilant and Valkyrie?  
Heaven forbid!

THE CASUAL OBSERVER.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. W. EDWARDS, - - Editor.

R. A. Myrick has accepted a position at Littleton Female College.

G. T. Ivey ('89) is the mechanic for a cotton factory in Fall River, Mass.

W. M. Edwards, who was at Trinity during 1890, '91, '92, is teaching a prosperous school in Hyde county.

David R. Davis ('91) has left Blacknall's Drug store and is now putting up prescriptions at Johnson's Pharmacy.

George Labar, in school in 1889-'90, is now at the University of North Carolina taking a course in law.

D. C. Branson ('90) is now in Germany, and says that he intends to "do up" eight Universities before he leaves.

It is reported that Will McDowell ('92), of Tarboro, will take a course in Mathematics this year at Cornell University.

Charley Harris of Wilson, otherwise known as "Parge" when in school in 1889-'91, is now private secretary for Hon. F. A. Woodard.

C. B. Miller of Goldsboro, who was in school in 1885, will be married about the middle of October to Miss Anna Burwell of Charlotte.

Allie Powell, of Newberne, one of Trinity's old boys, stopped over with us a few days on his return from a business trip to Greensboro.

Prof. J. D. Hodges ('73), who has been principal of the prosperous Augusta Seminary, is now in charge of the Newberne Collegiate Institute.

Charles E. Turner ('93) passed the examination before the Supreme Court in September, but will continue the study of law at the Trinity Law School.

S. J. Durham ('92), well known among Trinity boys and recent graduates, stopped over at the Park on his way to Oxford, where he will teach Latin in Horner's School.

Troy Adams has resigned the principalship of the Newberne Collegiate Institute, and will take a course in Theology at Vanderbilt University, preparatory to entering the ministry.

Prof. J. M. Bandy, formerly Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, will take special courses in pure Mathematics at Johns Hopkins this year. He is greatly missed at Trinity.

Joseph H. Separk of Raleigh, a Trinity student for the last two years, will guarantee his success as an Albemarle county schoolmaster by the frequent and varied use of his "two and a half center."

T. C. Daniels ('91) who has been in the Trinity Law School for the last year, received his license from the Supreme Court in September. He will continue the study of law at Trinity however.

Emmet Moffet ('89), who took a post-graduate course in English at Harvard last year, received the Master's degree from that institution last commencement. He will occupy the chair of English at Elon this year.

W. D. Sasser ('93) proposes to administer "mild but firm discipline" as Principal of Trinity Academy at Pilot Mountain, N. C. Dr. Crowell has visited the school since its opening and reports it to be in a prosperous condition.

W. Helms ('89) has left the school in Jonesboro in charge of H. P. Boggs ('93) and has gone to take charge of a pros-

perous school in South Carolina. Knowing his former great success in teaching at home, we can but be sure of his success in new fields of labor.

J. F. Shinn ('93), the winner of one of the prizes of the American Institute of Civics for an Essay on an Economic subject, is now Principal of the Concord Graded Schools and, if the same success attends him in teaching that did in College, Concord has been lucky in her choice.

J. R. McCrary ('91), of Lexington, and Mr. Frank Armfield ('92), of Monroe, are at the University of North Carolina studying law. Both these gentlemen have passed post-graduate studies along literary lines in Northern Universities and will make a promising addition to the legal profession.

On account of continued ill health, Prof. W. E. Ormond ('90) has found it necessary to resign his position as Principal of Burlington Academy, and will spend the winter at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. J. J. Ormond, near Ormondsville. His brother, Prof. Y. T. Ormond, will take his place in the Academy.

Simon Koonce, whose graduating oration was entitled "Dead Men's Bones", has decided to investigate that subject more fully by attending a course of lectures in a Baltimore Medical College. For the last four years Simon has made quite a success at teaching and also in physical development, as it is now reported that he has doubled in size since leaving college.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

---

R. G. TUTTLE, - - - Editor.

---

As very few of our exchanges have come in yet this department will necessarily be somewhat short for this issue, nevertheless in looking over our list we may be able to make some friendly criticisms or call attention to some good articles.

We are glad indeed to see *The Academy* on our table. May our fair sisters of Salem Female College have much success in all their enterprises. S. F. C. has accomplished a noble work for the young ladies of our dear old State and may she continue in the coming years to plant the seeds of truth and purity in the minds of the fair daughters of the Old North State.

The *Sequoia* comes to hand as attractive and neat as of yore. It seems to bear between its covers the spicy breezes from the Western slopes where the air is laden with the sweet odor of jessamine and orange blossom. The article in the last number on the "Educational Idea of Leland Stanford" deserves special notice as it sets forth some of the prominent features of the life of the wealthy California Senator and patron of learning.

The last number of the *Haverfordian* has quite an interesting article on *Prose and Poetry*. The *Haverfordian* is one of our handsomest exchanges and is well gotten up. The only criticism we can make on the last number is that it seems that most too much of its space is given to athletics. But that may be readily excused, on the ground that "boys will be boys" and must talk athletics. He is not true to his college who is not true to her athletic interests.



In glancing over our college magazines one comes to the opinion that too much space is given to mere college chat and comment on local affairs, while not enough space is devoted to the literary side of college life. Nothing makes a college journal more attractive than a few well written articles on current subjects. In this way many of the students can contribute something interesting to their magazine and in this way make it a true expression of the life of the institution.

As we come back to our work again we are glad to find that the *Young Men's Era* has been paying us regular visits during the vacation. Each issue contains wholesome matter which every young man should read. We call attention to the article in a late issue on *The Future of the Young Indian*, by Jos. S. Maytubby, one of our Trinity boys. The article is well written and to the point, showing that a noble future awaits the young Indian if he only prepares himself to meet its responsibilities.

“Young men who, in the present day rush for money or place, will stop to think and honestly reason out a course of procedure for themselves are not nearly so likely to go astray as those who go here and there as popular fancy or the caprices of companions as thoughtless as themselves lead.” The above is taken from the *Young Men's Era* and should be considered by every man as he starts out in life. Life is too real to be squandered in trying to find some way of making a little money to keep one alive and every young man should look at it in its true light and after serious consideration choose the course by which he may best serve the interests of himself and mankind at large.

## LOCALS.

---

W. W. FLOWERS and E. C. BROOKS, - - Editors.

---

Who is Smith?

Who broke *dem* bottles?

Who got my watermelon?

Stop! Stop! aren't you going to stop?

Att'y. Moore offers a reward of \$100 for the capture of the murderer of Cock Robin.

For first-class photos, call at Harrison & Carpenter's Photograph Gallery, No. 105, College Inn.

Mr. S. W. Sparger left Monday, Oct. 2nd. for the World's Fair, where he will spend eight or ten days.

Prof. S. J. Durham, a member of the faculty of Horner School, has visited the college since its opening.

The new program will go into effect to-morrow. You will please take notice, and govern yourselves accordingly.

Miss Jennie Willis, of New Berne, N. C., spent several days on the campus, visiting her cousin Miss Ida Carr.

The presence of Messrs. Whitaker and Grantham on the Foot-Ball grounds was inspiring to the devotees of that popular game.

Jos. H. Separk, '95, spent a few days in college, while on his way to Albemarle, N. C., where he is teaching the young idea how to shoot.

The Reading Room has been removed from the Library to the Young Men's Parlor in the Inn. Most of the best papers and periodicals have been subscribed for.

Street felt that it was an insult to his efficiency as a manager when he was not allowed to enter the room and to give his opinions on the important subjects of the day.

Whenever a Freshman passes a Professor without raising his hat to him, the Sophomores sigh for the days of old when blacking and singing were the effects of the inquisition.

The management of the foot-ball team has succeeded in having shower-baths provided for the team. This will fill a long felt want, and will add much to the facilities for training. ✓

Green was sadly disappointed when the captain of the foot-ball team informed him that the company had made a mistake and had sent a pair of shoes No. 10, instead of No. 12½.

Dr. Bodie, of Durham, delivered a lecture on Sexual Hygiene before the students on Oct. 23. This is the first of a series of lectures which Dr. Bodie will deliver during the year.

Prof. B. B. Nicholson has been elected Manager of the Foot Ball Team for this season. A more successful choice could not have been made. S. B. Pierce was made Ass't. Manager.

Prof. J. S. Bassett, after a month's lecturing to his classes in history, has returned to Johns Hopkins, where he will get his Ph. D. this year. During his absence his class will be conducted by Profs. Bynum and Nicholson. ✓

If any one should hear a "still small voice" break loose in the north-east end of the College Inn do not become alarmed even if sleep is impossible at the dead hour of night, for it is only a Freshman practicing his declamations.

It is the duty of every student in college to patronize those that patronize them. Those who advertise in the ARCHIVE have an interest in its success and the students should show their appreciation by giving all of their patronage to them.

✓ The First National Bank of Trinity was forced to suspend on account of the unusual financial stringency. The president is in communication with the comptroller of the currency, and it is hoped that it will be able to resume operations soon.

✓ There are no Sunday morning services at the college now. ✓ The students are permitted to choose the church they desire to attend in town, an act which is highly appreciated by the students. This is shown by the good attendance at church and Sunday School.

Whenever a young man strolls out at night and expects to be refreshed by some tempting scuppernongs and does not salute the watchman, he may be expected to give his name and pay his respects to the landlord, and make an engagement to call early next morning.

✓ It is encouraging to note the work done on the Athletic grounds. The interest taken in foot-ball by the Faculty and the citizens of Durham has inspired the new students as well as the old, and all have gone into the work with new zeal, intending to be victorious again if possible.

✓ The library will be run under a different management from what it was last year. The books are to be classified and registered so as to keep a strict account of them, and to make it more convenient for the students. Great improvements have been made. The library is indebted to Mr. Henry Holt for three volumes of Fyffe's *Modern History*.

The natural order of things was somewhat reversed, when a crowd of Fresh made a felonious attempt to administer a coating of blacking to a stately Junior. Cap brought his "slick tongue" into play, and soon convinced them that he was "an honored and respected member of the faculty," thus escaping without the appearance of his mug materially marred.

The Committee on Lecturers is in communication with several Bureaus. No lecturers have yet been secured, but it is hoped that they will be as successful in their choices as was the committee last year. The series of lectures last year was one of the most enjoyable and profitable features of the year, and it is gratifying to notice the efforts that the faculty is making to have them continued.

Prof. Merritt has organized a Latin Seminary, in order that his class may do more efficient work. All the books, atlases etc. in the Library bearing upon his department will be transferred to another room, which will be used as a study room by his classes in preparing recitations. Prof. Merritt has kindly consented to supplement the Library books with books from his own private library. An entrance fee of one dollar, which will be devoted to the purchasing of new books.

The Historical society had its regular monthly meeting on Sept. 15. The following officers were elected. Prof. R. L. Flowers, President; L. T. Hartsell, Vice-President; Prof. E. T. Bynum, Corresponding Secretary. Maj. Bingham, of Statesville, N. C., has presented the society with a copy of his address on, "The Origin of English Language." This address bears the evidence of diligent research and careful study by a master hand, and is a valuable acquisition to the Societies' Library.

The Library was remodeled during the summer, and its capacity about doubled. The books have been re-arranged, and the general appearance very much improved. The societies have been admitted into the management of it, and it will be opened at night as well as in the day, thus affording the students a better opportunity of using the books of reference. There is, however, one abuse that remains unremedied, and that is depriving the students for the use of the back numbers of the magazines and periodicals. They are the only books of reference on live subjects that the library affords, and it is



little less than an injustice to the students to keep them under lock and key.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

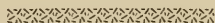
T. A. SMOOT,

EDITOR.

At the recent business meeting of the Y. M. C. A., R. G. Tuttle was elected President to fill out the unexpired term of J. H. Separk. Mr. Tuttle has arranged committees and organized the work for the following year.

An encouragingly large number of new students have connected themselves with the Y. M. C. A.

The services have been of unusual interest at the Sunday afternoon meetings.



Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by the

Columbian Literary Society.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved fellow-student, ALFRFD LEE AVERY, be it

*Resolved 1st*, That the student-body has lost one of its brightest and most promising members; one whose charming countenance and faithful work will be sadly missed among us.

*Resolved, 2nd*, That we deeply sympathize with the Hesperian Society in this loss of one of their able members.

*Resolved 3rd*, That we extend to the bereaved family our warmest sympathies in the sudden loss of their beloved one.

*Resolved 4th*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Hesperian Society, and a copy to the bereaved family, and a copy to the ARCHIVE for publication.

A. S. RAPER,  
T. A. BROWN,  
R. M. CRAWFORD, } Committee.

**Resolution of Respect adopted by the Hesperian Society.**

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the All-wise Creator to remove from our midst our brother and colleague, ALFRED LEE AVERY, one whom we all admired and respected for his fidelity, be it

*Resolved 1st*, That we show our appreciation for his life as a brother of our own order, and as an associate in our college career.

*Resolved 2nd*, That we extend to his friends and relatives our deepest sympathies and earnestly trust that this affliction be borne for the betterment of humanity toward which end the destiny of man seems justly to have been fitted.

*Resolved 3rd*, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of the Hesperian Literary Society, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, that a copy be sent to the Morganton *Herald* and the TRINITY ARCHIVE.

E. C. BROOKS, }  
J. J. CAHOON, } Committee.  
G. B. PEGRAM, }

---

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst by death, our beloved member, GEO. M. BULLA, be it

*Resolved 1st*, That in the death of our honored member, the State and the Hesperian Society loses one of the brightest and most promising young men.

*Resolved 2nd*, That the Hesperian Society tender their most sincere sympathy to the bereaved family,

*Resolved 3rd*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Davidson *Dispatch* and the ARCHIVE for publication.

GEO. W. GUILFORD, }  
A. S. WEBB, } Committee.  
K. P. CARPENTER, }

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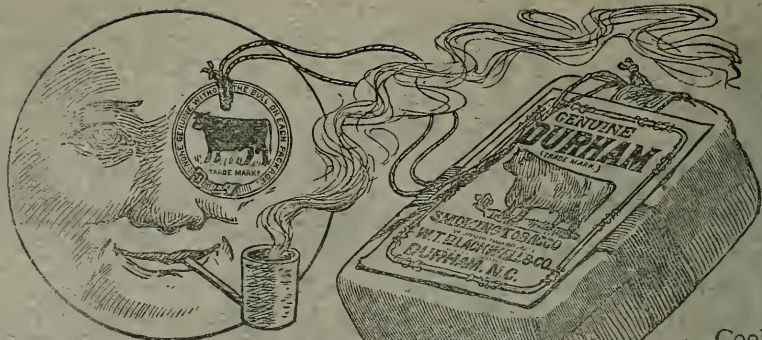
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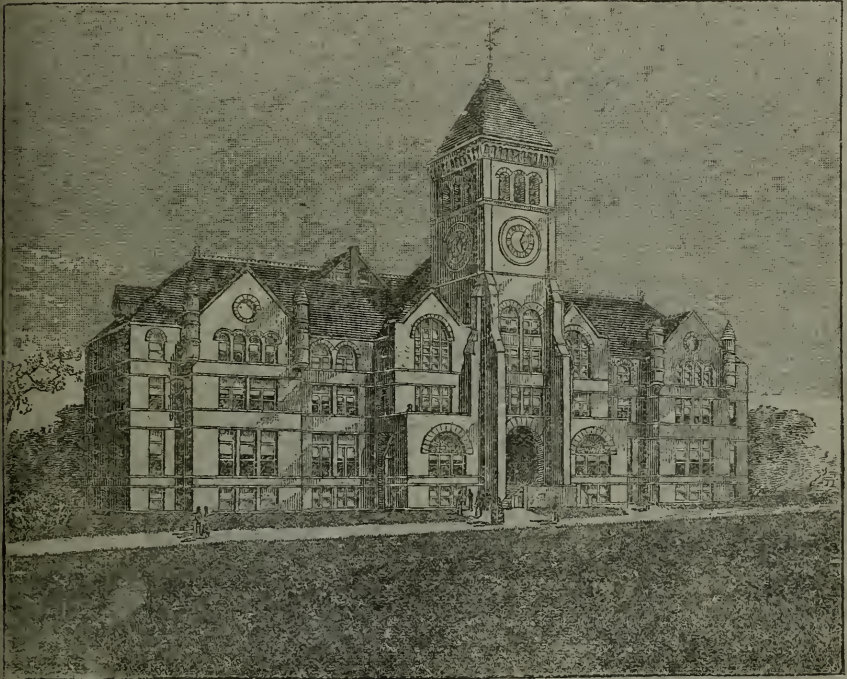
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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, ~~DECEMBER~~, 1893.

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE.

Direct all matter intended for publication to L. T. HARTSELL, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

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## A GIRL ON FOOT-BALL.

A girl is not allowed to play foot-ball  
And to revel in the delights of a game.  
It is only for boys, large, strong and tall  
To win for themselves glory and fame.

And when the Trinity foot-ball team in honor roll  
They proudly exclaim, "The girls aren't in it here,"  
But if they could see the "NORMAL," girls climb a ten-foot pole  
They'd conclude that they were *up* it there.

At Trinity the boys all think they *know*  
The reason the girls can't play;  
Just let them look in the "gym." room door  
And I guess they'll believe what we say.

They say that we're *afraid* to play  
Because we can't kick the ball aright  
But I tell you don't believe a word they say  
For, if we chose, we could kick it out of sight.

But though we do not choose to play,  
We can shout and wear the blue  
And be able from the depths of our hearts to say  
To Trinity we'll always be loyal and true.

*Not a...*

Three cheers for the boys who beat the "N. C. U!"  
 Long may they be champions of the State  
 And a girl that wears the Trinity blue  
 May they finally choose for their mate.

*Anon.*

---

### PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

(Fragments of an address delivered at Huntersville in 1890 by Mr. Jerome Dowd.)

\* \* \* \* \* Men and women differ among themselves, more or less, on all political, social, religious and aesthetic problems of life. But there is one thing upon which all agree. We all agree that happiness is the object of our lives and we are all in search of happiness every day of the year.

If then, we are all in pursuit of happiness, would it not be a good idea to find out what happiness is, lest in our search we pass it by? The philosopher says that happiness consists in the proper exercise of the faculties—our faculties or senses are sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. If we could not see, hear, smell, taste or touch anything, life would be rather "flat, stale and unprofitable."

If we wish to have the greatest happiness, we must keep in good physical condition so that our faculties may have the freest action. \* \* \* \* \* It was thought in olden times that to comply with the laws of health and morals, one had to deny himself a certain amount of happiness. Virtue was therefore unpopular. But we now know that happiness consists in obedience to those laws. It is a fact, worthy of note, that Christianity coincides with science in this teaching. Scriptural injunctions have been looked upon by many as a set of arbitrary rules calculated to diminish rather than promote happiness. Holding these views men have been inclined to shun religion as long as possible.

In seeking the greatest happiness it is necessary to make the best use of our minds and bodies. No habit should be acquired which is likely to impair our faculties or shorten



life. In eating and in drinking, in working and in playing, the laws of health should be cautiously observed. The diseases of the body are generally evidences of disobedience to the laws of hygiene. Our lunatic and inebriate asylums, our hospitals and workhouses are in a great degree advertisements of our infidelity to plainly taught lessons of science. The excessive use of tobacco, liquor, opium and other stimulants is a prolific source of disease. Those who indulge too freely impair their faculties and therefore diminish both the degree and the duration of happiness.

\* \* \* The culture of the mind exercises the faculties and increases our capacity for enjoyment. It enriches conversation, graces and beautifies character, alleviates sorrow and sickness and "makes even solitude a pleasure."

Into whatever calling we may betake ourselves, the more active we become the greater will be our happiness. Indolence gives insufficient exercise of the faculties and hence only limited pleasure. The industrious bee hums joyously, while the snake that lies in a comatose state during winter, does not, I imagine, experience great pleasure. We should strive to reach the highest pinnacle in our pursuits. Some of us get discouraged at our poor abilities and opportunities and give up the task; but why should we stop to estimate how much we can do, or to measure our strength with others? In every machine the little wheel is as important as the big one. So in our avocations, the fact that we cannot be a big wheel should not deter us from our duty as a small one. Each day's duties should be performed with cheerfulness and dispatch. Not a moment, nor an hour should be misspent. Each day properly used will bring forth fruit to enhance the pleasure of after life. Every lost moment and every unimproved hour is so much pleasure cut off.

The pleasures of acquiring knowledge are similar to those experienced upon ascending a mountain. The toil in climbing is more than compensated by the grandeur of the scenery



as we ascend. The higher we climb the broader our vision, the purer the atmosphere and the more beautiful the landscape and skies.

Indeed, there can be no high type of citizenship except upon a high intellectual plain. It requires intelligence for man to find out his own imperfections. Mediocrity does not easily discern good from evil. In the valley of ignorance reside the narrow soul, the hide-bound sectarian, the selfish man of affairs and all the bad passions that inhabit the human breast. On the summit of knowledge reside breadth of vision, magnanimity, generosity and the nobler qualities that swell the heart and make up the grand character.

\* \* \* \* \* The idle revelling negro with his hollow laugh, is often pointed to as the happiest of men. If he were so, why should men strive so hard to get away from the conditions in which such joy is found? Nay, loud laughter is no criterion of happiness. The beauty and suggestions which the cultivated mind finds in the dying sun,—the beauty and symmetry which the sculptor pictures in the rude marble, the utopian society which the statesman or philosopher sees behind his darling scheme, are pleasures which are much finer, more intense and enduring than the sensations that accompany the shaking of heels, the rattling of a banjo or a coarse joke. The emotions stirred in the cultivated soul by the harmonies of a grand opera, the reading of Shakespeare, Dickens or Emerson, are a thousand times more pleasure-giving than anything in the experience of the uneducated. Music, literature, gorgeous scenery, or the contemplation of a beautiful or heroic character, excite emotions somewhat in proportion to our refinement and development. The wider the experience and the greater the knowledge, the more sensations will be awakened. The relative quantity of good and bad deeds stored up in the memory, will determine the pain or pleasure that follows the train of ideas awakened. In the mind of the ill-spent life, every suggestion of the past starts old

sores to bleeding. No one can sin with impunity. No philosophic balm, nor even time, can drive evil deeds from the memory. But the good men do return pleasure at compound interest. The lapse of time only adds charm to the recollection of well spent days. Happy old age is the crown of virtue.

\* \* \* \* Character is something which passes at its true value everywhere. A man's stamina is betrayed in the outlines of his face—in his very gait. He need not fear undervaluation if he move from here to there. The countenance is a certificate seldom mis-read by the intelligent eye. The attack of envious or malicious opponents cannot decry, but only advertise, virtue. Straightforward conduct will have its just estimation regardless of the barking of "tray, blanch and sweetheart." As enemies cannot harm a genuine man, he need not tremble in their presence, nor suffer his temper to be unruffled. Only the animal with sore spots need fear red pepper.

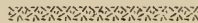
\* \* \* \* Every flower has a different hue and flavor; every bird a different feather; every beast different habits and uses, every tree different construction and foliage and every landscape different outlines. Likewise every man is different from every other in appearance as well as in physical and mental strength. If each man will resolve to make the best use of the little gift God has given him, he will cease to be envious and go about his work with courage and a satisfying sense of duty.

\* \* \* \* A backbiter or talebearer cannot be happy. Nature does not permit him to look the object of his attack frankly in the face. He must wear the image of the sneak and the whip-lash of his own conscience. There is no pain so sharp and lasting as that which the coward feels when he meets, in the street or at a social gathering, the person he has maligned.

\* \* \* \* No social wrong can be committed

without diminishing happiness. If we steal or cheat we suffer imprisonment. Any neglect of duty or immorality as citizens returns to afflict us in the form of plagues, epidemics, class legislation, extravagance, corruption.

There is but one right path in which to go, and nature kindly leads us by the hand lest we mistake it. If we journey straightforward our course is uninterrupted, but the moment we turn to the right or left, we encounter thorns. Pain is everywhere the complement of error. The headache that follows the drunken debauch is only a thorn to remind us that we have left the path. The dyspepsia that follows imprudent eating is another one of nature's thorns. The shame of the convict is a warning against infractions of the civil laws. The big strikes of the laboring men and the bombs of the anarchists are admonitions against political injustice. The bloody wars, and decay of republics and kingdoms, are the penalties of misused power. The daily calamities recorded in our newspapers are nature's object lessons. For every wrong step taken individually or socially nature inflicts punishment.



#### MUSIC.

It is well known that no class of men figured more largely in the early history of every nation than their bards and musicians. The natural taste for music is seen in the delighted attention of the infant, long before it can comprehend speech, an attention that instinctively prompts the mother to soothe her child to rest by her simple cradle hymn—simple but sweet, never losing its chorus, even in after life; for, mellowed by every numbering year, it comes over the care-worn heart of mankind like the music of Ossian, “pleasant but mournful to the soul.”

If it was all a fable that the harp of Orpheus by its magic tones staid the rushing of the stream, bent the mountain oak,

or soothed the raging fierceness of the wild beast of the forest, it is not a fable that music has had power to restrain the rushing tide of human passion, bow the pride of the most stubborn heart, and lull into gentleness and peace the warring thunderbolts of the most infuriated bosom. If it was a fable that the walls of Thebes rose into beauty and power at the notes of the lyre of Amphion, it is not a fable that society has in all ages had the strongest bulwarks of its safety and happiness established by the spirit of song.

Society is greatly indebted to music for the formation of that contented spirit, that strong chord of social sympathy and that ardent love of country which always proves a more powerful safeguard to the liberty of nations than gates of brass or the crowded ranks of bristling bayonets.

There have been many ideas promulgated as to how, when and where music originated, but however these ideas may have satisfied a Grecian, an Egyptian, or a poet's mind, we look to a higher origin and regard it as heaven-born. Intuition prompts us to feel that it was the breath of inspiration, or the aspiration of the first created spirit; and from that moment has been full of song. From the very instant that our own world was flung into space, when chaos first gave place to order, at the very instant the morning stars sang together, and through all time nature has kept up the harmonious sound. Music, then, is as old as the universe; it is the gift of a beneficent Creator; it has been deep and everlasting as the ocean, and it will continue to be unceasing until time shall be no more.

Man by nature is a musician, for there never was an age when music did not receive the attention of man, and if we may believe the ancients, music was in use long before the invention of letters, and was used for the highest purposes of influencing the characters of mankind. This is known to be true not only in the history of the ancients, but in the history of modern times, we find no contrary testimony with

regard to its influence. In the worship of the sanctuary it is a very powerful aid in stirring the hearts of the worshippers. It soothes the feelings, calls in the thoughts from their unhallowed wanderings and elevates the soul to a devotional frame. It is here that music fulfills its sacred design.

Music has a great influence by the power of association, in cherishing an ardent love of country. The music of our country is the music we receive with the lullaby of the cradle. Our national songs are the songs we sing in childhood, and when called up in riper years, sometimes awakens emotions too intense for words. We have seen the tears flowing down the cheeks of the aged wanderer as he listened attentively to the song he used to hear beneath the shadow of his early home ; we have seen the fire leap to the eye of the veteran at the sound of the patriotic strains which aroused his youthful soul. Go to any man who is an exile from his native home ; touch the notes of some strain that was familiar to his ear in youth, and if he is not dead to every sympathy, nature will gush forth. Beautiful visions will float before his senses, a mother's smile, a father's kindness, the brook with its grassy banks, and even the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well"—all will come up and will spread before the mind's gaze, a scene more beautiful by far than painter's pencil ever portrayed before. Music with her seductive strains has moved men to great and noble deeds, and even now after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, the heart of the Confederate soldier is stirred by the tones of Dixie, and what American can hear his national air, homely in itself, but beautiful in its association, and not feel his soul touched as with an electric spark? True, it was the ridicule of an enemy, but our fathers consecrated it to freedom, and it will be cherished by their children as a jewel of bright worth.

So we may say that the province of music is to arouse the feelings, and the facts that prove this are interwoven with the history of almost every people, and in no part more than



in the history of their wars. Martial music has ever been a stimulus to the soldier in the hour of conflict, impelling him onward in the ferocious conflict, and nerving his soul to deeds of high enterprise. Napoleon, the most perfect commander that ever lifted a sword, and that by his tactics out-generated all Europe, had a strict regard to the music played among his soldiers on patriotic occasions. Some tunes were used only under peculiar circumstances, and others reserved for the final charge, and it is said that in making the famous passage of the Alps, under the most dreadful circumstances, if the soldiers hesitated in their march, he ordered the buglers to sound their liveliest notes, and if the obstacles were so great as to bring them to a halt, his trumpeters were ordered to peal forth the charge to battle, and this never failed to bear them over the most dreadful difficulties. These references to the power of martial music will be regarded as an illustration. May the time soon come when its influence in such a case shall no longer be needed, when war with its war-cry may be heard no more, and music may be confined to its real use—to soften, refine and elevate the heart.

Such has been and such is still the power of earthly music. What then will be the music of heaven? How transporting the thought! It sometimes seems that if this were all of heaven, it were enough to lure us there, and we seem to hear one voice, hardly more sweet than when it sang to us on earth, but yet more soft, more purified; it descends like the quivering ray of yon pale star, or dies away like the notes of yonder distant flute upon the sleeping waters, but now again it is lost in the universal song; the outbursting praise of transported spirits!

“Oh is there one that is at all alive to sacred harmony, who longs not for a place amid heaven’s sacred choir,  
Where the anthems of rapture increasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.”

D. C. JOHNSON.

## SOME GERMAN IMPRESSIONS AT SHORT RANGE.

This is a sketch of small matters, necessarily so. After six weeks stay in Germany one hardly feels like writing on the general state of the Empire, but in that time he has probably noticed many little things, new and interesting to him, and perhaps to others. An Englishman is said to have once registered at a New York hotel, and on being asked by the clerk if he intended to remain long, replied: "No only a little while, just came over to write a book about the country, don't you know." I have no ambition to write in that way.

As one goes about the streets of Berlin he notices first that they are broad, level, and superlatively clean. A perfect army of sweepers with long brooms are constantly shoving the mud or dust into little stacks along the gutters, whence it goes—Lord knows where—but it goes, and the streets are clean. The whole neighborhood is perfectly flat, and the Spree and its canals flow through the city very slowly for a stream with so festive a name. (In my childhood's Geography days I used to read that Berlin was on the Spree, and I imagined it must be a pretty rapid place, but that was a delusion.) I should say it was a deceased failure as a river. The principal street of Berlin, the famed "Unter den Linden," with its stunted scraggy linden trees, has often been described. It seems to be a sort of connecting link between everything and everything else. It also appears to be the resort of all the awkward riders in Berlin. The American in that crude stage of horsemanship when he feels like he is forty-feet from the ground and looks like he might be either drunk or crazy, generally seeks some secluded country road and learns better. The Berliner under these circumstances makes a "bee line" for the Linden.

Every few moments you pass a man (and often a woman,) and a dog *harnessed together*, drawing a cart. I haven't gotten used to that yet, and see no prospect of it, in fact. It

seems to me like an outrage. It is certainly degrading to the woman, and as certainly cruel to the dog. But it's the custom of the country. I had thought, too, that chimney-sweeps no longer existed outside of Dicken's stories, and it seems passing strange to meet them here in real life, with real ropes and brooms, and very real soot. I think they are the blackest people I ever saw. Our Southern negroes would be simply luminous beside them. They do not seem to mind it, however.

Of course we have not gone all this time without passing some dozens of army officers, swathed in cords and tassels and stuck all over with stars and medals. Theoretically they defend the nation in time of war, though their real occupation at present seems to consist in scowling at humanity through a one-barrelled eyeglass and looking haughty and idiotic, especially the latter. It is hard to think of these boobies in any connection with the victors of Gravelotte and Sedan, but perhaps in the time of trial they might do the same things. "The Dandies fought well at Waterloo."

There are plenty of children here. At least, they pass for it, though they remind me more of dwarfs and goblins and guomes. They dress like old men and women and look as if they were pondering problems too mighty for words. I do not think I have ever seen anything more pathetic than the aged look in the faces of some of these children. I saw a corpse in Bremen which had lain there and kept commendably quiet for over four-hundred years, but there was an atmosphere of cheerfulness about him, compared with a Berlin child.

A street sketch would not be complete without mention of those weird and impassible dogs. Dogs appear to be one of the chief features of the landscape wherever you go in Germany. And such dogs! A mass of hair something like a door-mat falls over their heads and eyes, nearly dragging the ground and giving them from the front view an overdone

Paderewski look that is something startling. For the rest, they are closely clipped, except here and there the hair projects in knobs and bunches. The whole thing might very well make a man believe he was suffering with the D. T's. It it awful.

Everybody smokes in Germany. American tobacco is plentiful here and is the preferable article. German tobacco and especially a German cigar is enough to blight one's faith in mankind. A German cigar will do many things, mostly unexpected, but it *will not* burn straight, moreover it comes to pieces in your mouth and chokes you with nicotine and makes you say wicked words, which is very wrong. I think the old pirates of profane memory and the troopers who swore so terribly at Flanders must have used German cigars. But they smoke all the same. On the trains, instead of a smoking car, there is a place labeled "*Für Nichtraucher*," i. e. for those who don't smoke, they being regarded as the morbid exceptions who are to be separated from their civilized fellow travelers and shut up by themselves.

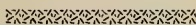
A German train is a decided novelty to the unaccustomed foreigner. When you first see one of those engines, you feel like taking the poor little thing up in your arms and telling it not to be alarmed, that nothing shall happen to it while you are there, at least. You don't believe it could pull anything; but when you are jailed in your compartment and the engine has given the little asthmatic gasp it means for a whistle and started across the country, you find it does very good work after all, though not equal to an American train.

But railroads are a digression from Berlin. The most attractive place in the whole city to me, is the "Thiergarten," a large park, or rather a natural wood, broken only by some avenues and lakes. It is a grand place and almost always thronged with people, including a good many engaged couples, who stroll about arm in arm, sometimes the arms are a little differently arranged. American lovers seem to want to get

off by themselves before beginning their "tootsy-wootsy" business, but the couples here are not bashful and the main avenues of the Thiergarten suit them very well. It is like the riding.

I would like to write up all the statues and public buildings, but it would make my little sketch too long. Then, too, as I've never been inside some of the buildings, it would be taking a mean advantage of the reader. The Frederick statue, however, cannot be passed without notice. It is one of the renowned statues of the world, and I think its commanding stateliness justifies its fame. Frederick the Great was not a handsome personage, a little wiry scrap of a man, but there is something about this statue, the arch of the horse's neck, his step as if scorning the earth, the akimbo position of the rider's arm, hand on his sword hilt, the tilt of the head under the old cocked hat, the general "I'll-have-my-way-about-it-or-know-the-reason-why" look that makes it worthy of the "Last of the Kings" as Carlyle calls him, and a good thing wherewith to close a sketch.

D. C. BRANSON.



#### MORE GENERAL INFORMATION ON THE PART OF COLLEGE GRADUATES, A DEMAND OF THE AGE.

It is a problem, the solution of which has never been universally agreed upon, to know just what is best to constitute a college course. While men in this particular may not agree, each has the right to express his opinion. But it is not my intention in this paper to enter into a long polemic against either the ancient or modern idea of a college curriculum, neither to argue against a fair knowledge of mathematics, Latin and Greek, each of which is indispensable to a well rounded college graduate, but only to speak of the last year's work in college.

The demand of the age for practical young men, for men



posted upon social problems and political questions, becomes more apparent every day, hence the necessity of a college curriculum that will equip its men to meet such demands.

We live in a progressive age; an age in which living issues are to be discussed and difficult social problems solved. Life is real and man's journey from the cradle to the grave something more than a long dream; man's duty something greater than a mere existence in a non-offending state, and his education something higher than an accumulation of facts.

That young man is to be admired, but not more admired than pitied, who leaves his *alma mater*, a Greek and Latin Cyclopaedia or a bundle of logarithms without some original thought or some knowledge of the great and living issues of the day.

There is a prevailing idea, especially among the common people, that the prime object of our education is to enable one to avoid laborious work. But readers of this paper know that education means something more. It means training. Training for what? That merely college chairs and high school positions, the judge's bench and public offices be filled? No! That men of professions, both high and low, citizens at large, be elevated to a higher plain of moral, social and Christian life. That a large number may take a more active part in a more intelligent way in raising the family, church and state to their ideal position.

Then for well read men, men whose ideas are not contracted by the deprivation of more thorough training in more general lines is the crying need of the day. But when will this information be obtained if the desire for it and the knowledge of its great necessity be not germinated in college life? The average man who leaves college and enters life without having acquired a taste for such reflection, amidst greed for gain, fights with poverty and ambition for wealth has but little pleasure or inclination to enter a field where all is new; he, therefore, leaves it to the more fortunate few. The preacher

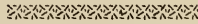
whose Greek and Hebrew and Sectarian doctrines have crowded out all general knowledge and practical ideas, is only too glad to slip behind the screen that shields him from the so called contamination of political and living questions of the day. The teacher, over anxious to pursue the work in his special line, fails to enter foreign fields of thought. The tendency of men in general is to cling to the lines of thought and conduct with which they are acquainted and to reject the less familiar.

Then from the school-room comes the cry for well informed men, that the young minds may imbibe the spirit of progress and a thoughtful attitude towards things at large. The pulpit is calling for such men, that a broader field may be surveyed and a deeper meaning given to life. The home is thirsting for such an influence that the youth may the sooner learn of the close relation that he bears to society. And the country at large is intensely suffering from a base system of unjust laws and taxation, both local and national, emanating from unjust legislation fostered by money kings and careless and ignorant citizens.

Whence the remedy for such existing evils? Go to the colleges that are preparing men to fill prominent places in business life; to become the leaders in social circles; to be the learned in the home community; to be the model for shaping character; to be the partial ideal and walking example for the young and a source of information for the old, and ask them if special opportunities are given to these graduates. If not why not? A four year's term in college, we admit is not too long even though life is short, and three years added to it would be profitably spent. But how few young men there are who are able, or if able, are willing to take a university course. Such training then, if done at all, must be done before leaving college, hence the necessity of raising the college curriculum to make the first three years embrace the text-book work, and to lay the foundation for the fourth year's

duties, which should consist in doing original work, making investigations of important questions of the day and reading parallel works by the best authors on the same. This it seems would send out, if not better scholars, evidently more active men into a practical world, and would be the means of a broader foundation for future work and general good.

G. W. GUILFORD.



### LIFE AND PROGRESS.

It is a conceded fact that life is the most marvelous phenomenon observed by man. It appears in its lower forms as plants and trees, giving us the vegetable kingdom, and in its higher forms as sentient beings, animals and man, giving us the animal kingdom. In ancient times philosophy undertook the discovery of its original basis and many were the speculations indulged in and theories set forth. Later both chemistry and physics undertook to discover its origin.

The chemist claimed that it was produced by some subtle chemism that he could little understand, much less explain, while the physicist naturally concluded that all life found its origin in the vitalizing rays of heat and light emanating from the sun. Draw a screen, he argued, over that luminary, cutting off his golden beams for a time, and the pitchy darkness which would envelop "Mother Earth" would be a fit emblem of the death that all things living must undergo. This terrestrial globe, no longer warmed by sun-lit fires, like a lifeless corpse, gradually grows cold and icy. No varying temperature hurries the restless winds o'er land and sea or disturbs the mighty deep with flowing streams and currents. Old ocean's thundering voice grows hoarsely silent and like a stagnant pool, filled with its dead and dying, it becomes a putrid liquid mass, while death's cold embrace transforms it into one solid icy tomb. Chaos again reigns supreme and ebon night drapes the inanimate earth.

Remove the screen and let the God of day again appear, weaving gossamery rays of light about the cold and lifeless face of Nature—let the warmth of summer's sun but touch its cold and lifeless pulse, and it begirds the earth with life and beauty. From the tropics the green wave spreads both North and South, scattering gladness and joy in its wake. The mighty pulse of Nature begins to throb again, as the currents of the seas go forward on their tireless journeys. The gentle zephyrs and piping winds begin to make music again upon the deep-sounding organ of the world.

After the research of centuries, all scientists, who are honest with themselves, agree that the origin of this inexplicable force must be traced to one Self-existent Being. Modern biology lights up the truth and enables us to see that it is produced by chemico-physical laws, and not by any miracle as many once supposed. The Divine Creator has so arranged the balancing and operation of natural elements as to cause them by their very interaction to produce life. He, like the accurate jeweller, solved the problems of his machine before constructed. The operation and movement of every piece was fully understood before the world was founded.

In this divine economy there is nothing more noticeable in the biological world than the progressive advance that all life has made and is still making. The geologist as he throws wide open the wonderful epitome of creation's history, reads in unmistakable language the story of the world from its rocky page. The hieroglyphics of God's own hand are scrawled on every stratum. These fossil remains of ages past tell of progress and advance. Beginning at the first, he reads of the dawn of life. From this, the age of mollusks, he turns to the next page or era, that of fishes, amphibians and acrogens. Another leaf is turned, and we have the age of reptiles. Another, and the age of mammals; and still another, and the visible world is before us and all who run may read.

Not only do we find the development of different species, as traced by the geologist, but the progress of individual development may be seen on every hand. The sturdy monarch of the forest, moss-grown and old, was once a tiny acorn till sun and showers nourished it and gave the oak tree birth. The butterfly, riding on the sunbeams, developed first from an egg into a loathsome worm and then into its adult form of painted beauty.

So also development is made in the psychic life. As the innocent babe rests in the arms of its loving mother, it is but a bundle of grand possibilities, the germ of manhood and of mind. The mind, passive and unobservant, is 'waked gently into life. A mother's love, a father's care act like sunshine to the bursting bud. The little life unfolds and all surrounding nature conspires to make it noble, true and good. Its mind lives in a world of delightful fancy. Little sister's old rag doll was to her the height of beauty and perfection. When the arm of her wax doll was broken, the blood seemed to her to pour in streams until sympathizing mother mended it again. Then too, our rocking horse and marbles, hoop and kite seemed to us endowed with every human power. We could hold converse with them as entertainingly as with father or with mother. The cats and the dogs, the cows and the horses were also friends of ours. The world was peopled with cunning fairies and playful elves. Those were happy days of innocence and childish joy, and many are the recollections of childhood's happy hours. While the mind has grown, and with it care, yet these, like the glimmering light of the lost plead, cast their lingering glory athwart the heaven of memory and silvery lock are changed to childish curls.

As the student looks back upon those halcyon days and beholds the progress he has made, no longer should he feel discouraged. The mind has constantly grown stronger ; things once mysteries to him have long since ceased to be noticed on account of their simplicity. Unperceived, his mental life has expanded and unfolded as quietly as the flowers of spring. Study has not been in vain.

CHAS. E. TURNER.



## EDITORIAL.

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L. T. HARTSELL,	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
B. PHIFER,	-	-	Assistant Editor.

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There are quite a number of students in college who do not belong to either of the literary societies. Experience corroborates the statement that these students are losing a great deal. Could not something be done to prevent such an existing state of things? There might be a law, as many colleges already have, passed by the faculty compelling all students to join one or the other societies, but other means would probably be better. We would suggest that if more interest and rivalry were developed in the societies, that might have a tendency to bring the "stray sheep" within the fold. Why could not public contests in oratory and debate be given by the societies more often? This would undoubtedly arouse interest and would doubtless have the desired effect.

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The ARCHIVE had hoped that this year it would not have to make the customary Macedonian cry to the students and alumni. But it would be out of line with other college papers if it failed to notify its readers of the phenomenal fact that it can not be published without financial assistance from some source or other. Furthermore, the student who prefers to read his neighbor's ARCHIVE rather than have one of his own, seems to need some kind of hue and cry raised against him. Possibly the alumni have attained to such high honors that they think their *alma mater* should feel proud to send them the ARCHIVE free of charge, and some few, to judge from their promptness in paying dues, seem to think all the back debts should be cancelled.

Then we hope the students and alumni will subscribe and, last but not least, pay their subscription.

Among the opportunities of college life, none is greater than that afforded by good literary societies. They cultivate one's social nature, and at the same time prepare one for the problems of life.

How few students make the most of this great opportunity? Leaving out those that do not belong to any literary society, there are a great many who are members that seem to be only ornaments in the hall, and by this inanimate state fail to improve their talents in oratory and logical reasoning. You can scarcely meet an alumnus but that he will tell you the greatest mistake made in his college life was his failure to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the society.

The wasting of these opportunities presented by such societies may be due to several causes, but can, in the main, be summed up in the one word LAZINESS, that is, that natural disposition of most students to graduate with as little work as possible.

It seems that this state of things could and ought to be improved upon. A certain amount of society work could be required for graduation as well as a certain number of recitations, or if this appears impracticable, a report of the work done in the society might, at least, be sent to the parents of each student, this would have a tendency to stimulate some to greater action.

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Journalism has now come to be regarded as a distinct profession. But unlike other professions it has as yet very few schools for its special study. Whenever a proposition has been made to establish schools of journalism in connection with colleges and universities it has been looked upon with disfavor, especially by editors.

Notwithstanding this opposition to the movement, many of our more progressive colleges, and Trinity among the number, have arranged for regular courses of instruction in practical journalism. The usual course is such as cannot fail to

be of the greatest benefit to those intending to follow the profession. Besides including those branches of study, such as Economics, Civics, and Political Science, of which some knowledge is almost indispensable to the journalist, it requires the student to do such practical and original work as is daily done by the newspaper or magazine editor. All the details of the editor's work will be given in the best schools of journalism.

After the student has taken the full course he is prepared to enter at once his chosen profession, and can from the beginning compete favorably with those much older in the cause. One of the great drawbacks to entering any profession is the fact that, as a rule, it takes about a third of one's life to get fairly started. The young lawyer or doctor will illustrate. If the aspirant for fame happens to be poor the chances are that he will be driven out of the race altogether. Especially in journalism is it necessary that success be met with from the first. For it has been established that comparatively few editors successfully continue their career late into life.

If the School of Journalism meets with the success that now seems easily possible, it will soon be regarded as one of the most important branches of a college curriculum.

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The management of the library last year was anything but satisfactory. So at the beginning of this term a new plan was adopted, and the control of the library was virtually placed in the hands of the Societies. It is gratifying to see that the change has been decidedly for the better. The present system is much fairer and much less arbitrary than was the old one. But a college library must be an exceedingly difficult thing to manage. It is such an easy matter for those so disposed to slip books from the shelves when the librarian's back is turned! One's coat may not fit any too well and a book tucked under it only serves to give it a little more dressy appearance. The opportunity is often too good to let pass, as

the not uncommon sight of a boy walking out of the library with a book under each arm proves. Those taking books in this way intend no harm whatever. They simply wish to keep the book out longer than the laws of the library allow, and so adopt this course as the one requiring least trouble and involving only a very insignificant compromise of conscience.

But what does it amount to even if books *are* taken from the library in this manner? What are they for, if not to use? And how, pray, is a person to make better use of them than by always keeping them near at hand in his room? If one sees fit never to return a book of which there is no record, what better method could be devised for increasing his private library? Probably no one will be found who will answer these questions favorably to the book-cabbager. Indeed it might seem a little suspicious for him to do so. But if certain trunks and closets not far off could speak they would utter whole 'volumes'; and they might be of some help in putting a stop to the habit of appropriating other peoples' property.

It is to be hoped, however, that the present rules of the library will not be so unsuccessful as to require the assistance of said trunks and closets in checking future violations.

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"A new broom sweeps clean"—too clean at times. When an attempt is made to be extremely zealous sometimes one gets the merited opprobrium of meddling and being uselessly officious. This is often a weakness of a student, but occasionally it is found in the ranks of the professors, and then it produces a very noticeable and unpleasant effect.

\* \* \*

It is the royal prerogative of a professor to lecture and advise a student, but now and then the student who has common sense and experience reverses the usual order of affairs and counsels the professor. This is one of the times. Were I called upon to advise a young professor whom I

know, I would say to him firmly but in tones of utmost respect: Sir, you must be more careful; you talk too much. Your speech at times is calculated to produce discord and bad-feelings, and this is unworthy of you. I desire to be charitable to you because of your youth, but when you take advantage of this fact in gaining the confidence of the students and then reporting it privately to your brother professors and in meetings of the faculty, your action must be condemned. You are, I regret to say, too curious, too inquisitive, too prone to exaggerate what you hear. Look around you at the older, wiser heads, and, emulating, be a considerate, broad-guaged man and do not, with multifarious speech, exhibit again your subtle, meddling, double-dealing propensities. ✓

And when I had finished I feel sure that his good judgment would prevail and that he would thank me for speaking to him as an honest, fair man should speak to another.



## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

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Nothing can alter the fact that out of the four games of foot-ball played this season we won three ; nothing can alter the fact that we have the State championship. Defeat was hard, bitterly hard, however, in spite of this last fact as a consolation ; making it a time when moralizing upon the "uses of adversity bring sweet" seemed a mockery. Even now the recollection of it brings the sting of humiliation and of crushed pride ; yet in spite of all this we still have room to feel proud of our team and even for congratulation. Throughout the whole season we have tried as best we knew how, whether in victory or defeat, to play a fair, honest, gentlemanly game of foot-ball, and we have the assurance of our college and the public generally that in this we have been successful. To lack this feeling would hurt us more than a score of defeats. If as a team we have been so indiscreet as to provoke censure or criticism that is presumably just, we are sorry and take this opportunity to apologize, even as we have apologized in the past ; and if any individual connected with this college has spoken any rash, unwitting word, we regret this, for we desire above all else to leave behind us a clean, pure, manly foot-ball record.

\* \* \*

We defeated Wake Forest by a score of 12 to 6. There was nothing to mar the harmony of the game. From beginning to end not one iota of the good-will and friendship existing between the two teams abated in the least ; and when at last the game was over there was a total absence of both the insolence of the conqueror and the piqued pride of the vanquished. With the memory fresh in our minds of victory on the one side and defeat on the other we congratulated each other with mutual good-will and friendliness.

The game with the University of North Carolina was played in Durham on the 28th of October, and resulted in a victory for Trinity by a score of 6 to 4. The game has caused a great many hard, unkind comments, and for several reasons it would seem best that it had never been played. A great many members of the University have not hesitated to say undignified, unworthy and scurrilous things privately and in print about our team and our college generally. This has of course, been offensive to us, yet with no desire to institute a comparison, we have tried to make amends for any fault committed, and the best element here has rebuked and apologized for any censure of the University team or students. Through the pages of *The Tar Heel*, the weekly representative paper of the University of North Carolina, and in the columns of one or two other papers the University side of this unfortunate misunderstanding has been given in boring and exaggerated detail; but we have remained silent, thinking that may be the aid of outsiders might be dispensed with in adjusting college disputes.

\* \* \*

The misunderstanding was caused by the manager of the University team thinking that in accordance with a previous agreement we should play them a second game, while our manager thought the reverse, and, voicing the wishes of the college, refused to play another game. The facts of the matter, as they are learned from our manager, are as follows: At the first of this season and just after the University had accepted Trinity's challenge to play a game of foot-ball, the former proposed that for financial reasons we play a series of games, mentioning the 12th, 21st and 28th of October as dates. Our manager at first accepted the two last dates, but finding subsequently that it was impossible to get our team ready to play the University team by the 21st, he, with the consent of the latter's manager, cancelled this date and agreed to play the game of the 28th inst. at Chapel Hill, a

second and third, of course, being arranged later on. Later on for financial reasons the place of game was changed to Durham, the other part of the arrangement still holding good. This arrangement was agreed to about the the 24th of September, if I am not very much mistaken, and the only reason that our manager refused to play the second game when called upon, was that everything that had transpired since the date mentioned, tended, either by express words or by implication, to revoke the agreement. Mr. Baskerville, the University manager, in a letter to our manager, mentioned the matter of a second game, but no positive date could ever be agreed upon; and no objection in the least was made when it appeared that all available dates had been filled with other teams. Coming back from Lexington, Va., our captain acting as manager, compared schedules of games with Mr. Baskerville, the University manager, and it was found impossible for the two teams to play each other in November, as either the one or the other of them had dates for every Saturday. Dr. Venable, of the University, who was sitting near, then spoke up and said somewhat authoritatively that if we could not play on Saturdays we could not play at all, as the University team could not play on any other dates with us. The matter was then dropped, and our manager thought that the idea of a second game was abandoned by both sides. From this time until after the game of the 28th, no mention was made of a second game, though a good many letters were exchanged. The University of Tennessee had agreed to play the University of North Carolina, Trinity and Wake Forest on the 3rd, 4th and 6th, of Nov., respectively, and so when this team about seven or eight days before the 28th, cancelled all those of the dates the University naturally knew we had no engagement for the 4th. This was also a blank date with them, yet nothing was said about playing on this date until after the University *had been defeated* on the 28th, when the previous agreement was recalled to our minds. We refused to play

and this has caused the trouble. This is a plain, unvarnished exposition of the facts as we see them,—nothing more and nothing less.

\* \* \*

Charges of failure to perform contracts and of fear have been laid to us and innuendos of a very harsh nature have been unhesitatingly used. We are sorry—sorry not because we feel the sting of guilt, but because the uninterrupted peace and harmony that have existed between our two institutions for some time and which have been increased by the friendly spirit of athletics have been broken. A year sometimes makes a wonderful difference in the sentiment of a college. Men—ruling men—go, and are replaced by other men of different ideas and temperament, so it happens that we can count on no state of affairs as being permanent. Last year when Mike Hoke, Baskerville, Crawford, Biggs, Barnard and Devin were the ruling spirits in athletics at the University, we were humiliatingly defeated on our grounds by a score of 24 to 0, but even with that sense of defeat which is felt by proud men, we gathered around them and cheered them, feeling that defeat was in a measure robbed of its sting by the fact that we had met it at the hands of broad-minded, gentlemenly men. Soon afterwards our monthly magazine, embodying the ideas of the student body, congratulated the University because of its victory over us and wished them success in all their other games. And later when they defeated the University of Virginia in Atlanta we sent them numbers of congratulatory letters and telegrams; for as North Carolinians we were proud of their success. The result of this year's game brings about a peculiar antithesis. This year the usual college custom of cheering was noticeably lacking on the University side; and *The Tar Heel*, the weekly representative paper of the University of North Carolina, on its first issue after the game attacked us from every point of view, insinuating that we were dishonorable, slurring at Mr. Turner, our referee, saying that

they played scrubs against us and many other complimentary little things in a speech that was highly bombastic and

“Like a tangled chain—  
Nothing impaired, but all disordered.”

When we played the University of Virginia on the 11th of November at Lynchburg, quite a delegation was sent from the University of North Carolina, who wore Virginia colors and, who, elated at our defeat, shouted themselves hoarse. Not contented with this Mr. Murphy, the editor-in-chief of *The Tar Heel*, the weekly representative paper of the University of North Carolina, wrote to the *Salisbury Herald* and charged that we forfeited the game and left the field because “we didn’t have the grit to face the music.” At the same time Mr. Murphy says in his editorials that the umpiring was rotten and that we should have quit the field earlier. What beautiful consistency! As a matter of fact Mr. Murphy has been abusing Mr. Spicer, the man who umpired the game between the two Universities last season, for the past year, and has a worse opinion of the University of Virginia than we can possibly have; he *knows* that an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, whom he respects and admires greatly, advised us to leave the field long before we did; he knows, and has said that we were treated unfairly; yet, prompted by some motives that we know not of, he seeks the columns of the secular press and states what he knows and will admit to be untrue. Is this the fairness and justice that should characterize the representatives of our State University? If so, God save the mark! The author of “Pluribus-ter” in speaking of “Hiawatha” said, “No Indians that resided in the time of Hiawatha ever resided in my time;” and we in our turn, would repel such evidences of fair treatment, college courtesy and good-fellowship, as is shown to us, for their quality is foreign to our somewhat surprised eyes.

\* \* \*

Yet how useless all this is. “Dogs delight to bark and



bitc." As members of respectable institutions we cannot afford to indulge in the epithetical, coarse language of pronounced vulgarians. Indifference? Yes, that, if you please. That seemingly endless fund of ponderous sarcasm, that scintillating display of would-be humor, those covert discordant thrusts—bah! it is all infinitely boring and tiresome and utterly devoid of its intended effect.

\* \* \*

At the eleventh hour the University of Tennessee agreed to play on the 4th of November and were defeated by a score of 70 to 0. There were no features of the game worth mentioning. They were simply outclassed.

\* \* \*

The University of Va. defeated us 30 to 0 in the first half of our game with them. At the end of which time we left the field, thereby forfeiting the game. We refused to play longer because the umpire did not give us justice, and refused to alternate positions with the referee, when he had previously agreed to do so in the event there was dissatisfaction. At the beginning of the game we asked to alternate the position of umpire and referee at the end of first half, and though Captain Penton refused to do this he acquiesced to the agreement between Mr. Catlin, the umpire, and our captain, that a change could be made in case of dissatisfaction. We had only two charges to bring against the Virginia team; they played off side and held in the line. This the umpire refused to decide upon, even after he admitted seeing it, and this state of affairs made it impossible for us to play any longer than we did. The Virginia team played a better game than we did and the game would have been in their favor anyway, but we think a very considerable difference would have been made in the score had we received fair umpiring. We regret exceedingly that the step taken by us was rendered

necessary, as it was attended with some criticism that was utterly uncalled for and unjust.

\* \* \*

And now the foot-ball season is over with us. After the game with University of Va. we cancelled some other comparatively unimportant ones, and disbanded. Not disheartened at all—no, not in the least, for everything considered we are reasonably well satisfied with the result of this year's games. I would like to make favorable mention of every individual on the team, but lack of space renders this impossible. It is sufficient to say briefly that each man did his duty as best he knew how, and this is all that could be expected of him. Any merit of our success this season is largely due to the people of Durham, who have been with us in sympathy the whole time. As individuals and as a foot-ball team we are grateful, very grateful, for this.

\* \* \*

Concluding along this line we wish to thank Dr. Crowell. We have known him, respected him and admired him as the President; now we admire him, respect him and love him as the man. Little things, so-called, show real feeling and character; little things affects one intensely at times. We are very grateful to you, our President and friend, for the manner in which you supported us whether in victory or defeat and for the kindness and sympathy which you and yours have shown to us unstintedly throughout the whole season. It is, and ever will be, we assure you, deeply and earnestly appreciated.

A CASUAL OBSERVER.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. W. EDWARDS, - - Editor.

J. C. Montgomery ('89), who at one time acted as Assistant Surgeon for the State Penitentiary, is now practicing medicine at Charlotte, N. C.

"Sport" Ralders, in school at Trinity several years ago and one of Trinity's "Crack" foot-ball men, is now enjoying married life and the banking business amid the balmy breezes of North Dakota.

J. D. Bundy ('78) has been having great success as editor of the *Laurens Exchange*.

Capt. W. A. Bobbitt ('75) is a prominent tobacco buyer of Oxford.

Albert Sydney Johnson, (of the class of '93) well known by Trinity students and graduates for years back, is now teaching school at Glenola, N. C. We hope soon to see him back in college.

Jas. Hill ('78) has a large practice as a popular and well-known physician of Davidson county.

J. H. Scarboro, ('87) who taught for several years at Middleburg, N. C., is now superintendent of an Indian School in Indian Territory. While on a visit to North Carolina in August he reported himself satisfied.

C. L. Jenkins ('86) is now practicing medicine in Edgecombe county, N. C.

Dr. Arch Cheatham ('85) has a large medical practice in Durham.

A. Anderson ('83) is another graduate of Trinity that is

making a success in the medical profession. He is now located at Wilson, N. C.

E. C. Hackney ('76), lawyer and editor, is still in Durham.

Rev. E. J. Poe (of '90) is a successful minister of the North Carolina Conference.

S. P. Burt, (of '93) has given up the idea of completing his college course and is now at Vanderbilt studying medicine.

M. Bradshaw ('78), who for several years successfully practiced law at Ashboro, N. C., at last found that he was called to a nobler work and is now laboring in the cause of Christ as a member of the North Carolina Conference.

Fred Harper ('91), a law student at the University of Virginia, is said to have played the game for the University of Virginia at Lynchburg on Nov. 11, when Trinity was so badly defeated by the University.

Dr. T. P. Wynn ('83) is one of the most prominent M. D's of Tarboro. Report says that he has a large practice.

T. N. Ivey ('90), reported to be in Fall River, Mass, in the last issue of the ARCHIVE has since turned up at Randleman, N. C.

The Rev. Samuel T. Moyle, a member of the North Carolina Conference and for several years a promising student at Trinity College, is to be married to Miss Evie Boddie, sister of Dr. Boddie of Durham. The ARCHIVE extends congratulations to you Sam, and wishes you much happiness in the wedded state.

N. C. English, formerly Professor of Social Science in Trinity College, is now farming at his old home and teaching in the Trinity High School.

F. M. SIMMONS ('73), who won the State for Democracy so gloriously in the last election, has been appointed by the President to the Collectorship of the Eastern District.

In the death of H. M. Alford, which occurred on last August, Greensboro and Guilford county lost one of its most valuable physicians.

Prof. L. Johnson ('52), one of the first graduates of Trinity, and for many years Professor of Mathematics in the College, is now teaching Mathematics in the Trinity High School.

Alva English ('92) is now teaching in Martin county. The ARCHIVE can do no more than wish him as much success as he is reported to have had with the "Belle of Trinity."

It is reported that D. N. Caviness, in school in 1890, '91, '92, and now preaching on the Hillsboro circuit, will soon take unto himself a "better half." Better late than never "Cav."

J. F. Price, in college last year, is teaching school at Qualla-town, in the western part of the State. He hopes to be with us next year however.

T. W. Valentine ('92) a last year's fellow at the University of Chicago spent a great part of the summer at Trinity College, Randolph county, N. C. It is not at all difficult to surmise in what manner his time was occupied.



## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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R. G. TUTTLE, - - - Editor.

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Almost every youth has at some time written some lines of poetry, usually about some fair Dulcimer. Gen. Lee, however, never wrote any poetry except these noble lines, and these, it seems, in his old age:

In early youth I freely shed my blood  
For what I thought to be my country's good,  
In my old age I only crave to be  
Soldier for him who shed his blood for me.

We have in, a goodly number of exchanges for this month and taken on the whole they are well prepared and carefully arranged. Some however lack that nice and careful preparation that is necessary to make a college journal attractive and interesting. In the beginning of our new year let us all try to send out journals that will be a credit to the colleges that we represent and also to ourselves as editors. I would again mention the fact that the number of articles written by undergraduates is very small, and also that nothing gives a better expression of our college life than well written articles on current subjects by students.

The last issue of the *North Carolina University Magazine* came out in good shape and was made up of scholarly and well written articles. The article on "Salem Female Academy" is interesting and instructive.

We are glad to have with us this year the *Tennessee University Student*. It comes to us full of good articles and promises to be one of our best exchanges. The article on Literature of England before the Norman Conquest is well written, and shows care and thought on the part of the writer.

Would also call attention to the article on Rebecca the Jewess. The sketch shows that the writer has studied the character of Rebecca closely and has taken pains to set forth the character of the Jewess in a clear and pleasing light.

The *Western Maryland College Monthly* is on our table and contains some good articles. The one on Memory is worthy of notice and shows that the writer has given thought to his subject. He treats of memory, its cultivation and its usefulness in study. He also speaks of different methods of cultivating memory and sets forth that of Prof. Chas. G. Leland of Harvard. It seems that the student of the present time does neglect the cultivation of memory too much for his own good. We are going from the extreme of acquiring everything by memory to that of entirely neglecting one of the greatest means of acquiring and classifying knowledge.

We clip the following from the *Sequoia*. Stanford University has some poetic talent evidently :—

Beneath the over hanging trees  
 Where sweet, blue iris stems the stream,  
 And where, in passing, every breeze  
 Speaks to the roses as they dream,  
 But pause only to caress  
 The flexous ferns, whose fragile ways,  
 So aerial in their slenderness,  
 Seem fashioned but for fairie's gaze,—  
 There where the linnets sing unseen,  
 With liquid purling, silvery notes,  
 Amid the foliage, dense and green,  
 From out their little golden throats,  
 I lie, and in their music sweet,  
 Forget that things must cease to be,—  
 Forget that joys are incomplete,  
 In their melodious rhapsody.

We are glad to note the continued improvement in the appearance of *The Guilford Collegian*. We clip the following :  
 "A Christian's example and a Christian example may mean two things as wide apart as right and wrong. And because

this difference has not been fully comprehended, many find encouragement in ill doing on the one hand or in the disgrace of the Christian profession on the other. It is therefore very important that every boy or girl entering college for the first time should be careful to set the right example. They should have decided this question long before leaving home or they should decide it immediately upon entering college life." Nothing is more important than making the right start at the first of one's college life, to start once more is pretty sure to hold out, either for good or bad.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
 For that were stupid and irrational  
 But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
 And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

—Ex.

"Ambition is essential to success, as man never accomplishes anything he has no desire to accomplish. You will never achieve great things if you have no ambition. Ambition! what an influence it wields over man for weal or woe. How terrible for woe. How great for weal!"

The *Muemosynean* is on the table and is heartily welcomed. It is a clean toothsome little journal and has some good reading matter. Has a good article on 'The Value of Thinking, also one on Influence of Puritanism on Literature.

The *Wake Forest Student* is again on our tables and is as well arranged as usual. It is one of our handsomest and best exchanges and we must congratulate our Wake Forest brethren on their success as journalists. The last issue has some well written articles which show that they were carefully and thoughtfully prepared.

.....  
**THE PREVAILING THEME.**

"You are foolish," said the maiden,  
 As she veiled her drooping eyes,  
 Listening to the raptured praises  
 Of her love, ardent, wise,  
 "Yes, I know I'm awful foolish,  
 I don't mean it," spoke the lad,  
 When her charming blushes vanished,  
 And she said, "now I'm real mad."

*McNicken Review.*

## LOCALS

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W. W. FLOWERS and E. C. BROOKS, - - Editors.

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Six to four.

Play ball Cholly!

Oh, Tootsie, Tootsie!

Who killed Cock Robin?

Where did those feathers come from?

Lend me your dress suit? No, I'm going to Peace.

Gardner said his arm was coming off when he touched the electric wire.

My friend! your friend! Mr. Friend. Let's all be friends! yes, friends.

"What's the score? Six to four, Varsity tigers on the floor I-told-you-so."

Dr. Boddie, of Durham, gave the second of his series of lectures on Nov, 4th.

Quite a number of students attended the University-Wake Forest game of foot-ball in Raleigh.

Miss C. H. Pegram, sister of Professor Pegram, spent a few weeks recently visiting her brother's family.

The next time the foot-ball team arranges another date don't forget to put the hoodoo on the moon the night before playing.

*Sunday School Teacher*—Street, what should be the highest ambition of a young man?

*Street*—To get married.

What became of the songs the Varsity boys brought over? A bad day for the University poets did you say? Then they really were prepared? What a pity.

“What’s a diaphragm?”

“A long bone with a sticker on it,” says Jimmie as he continued studying the anatomy of a wasp.

*Fresh No. 1*—What did you have for dinner at the hotel?

*Fresh No. 2*—Don’t mention it please. The very first thing was Menu and didn’t I slug it though?

Some of the more daring students went hunting one evening recently, and came in with a wild turkey. Some poor farmer was robbed of his Thanksgiving dinner.

Mathematics is a wonderful science, but Euclid never dreamed of such a triumph as was witnessed a few days ago when “Cholly” found the “density of a harmonious curve.”

The foot-ball team has had its picture taken by Mr. Shelburn, the clever photographer of Durham. All those who want a picture of the state champions of 1893 can get it by applying to him.

The Torbett Concert company will give the first of the college series of concerts and lectures on December 11th. This will be followed by another concert and four lectures later on during the school year.

Prof. B. B. Nicholson has returned to college and resumed his duties as instructor in Law. His health is greatly improved, and it is hoped that he will suffer no further inconvenience on its account.

While the janitor was digging holes for goal posts a thoughtful prep waited patiently until one was finished and then asked what that work was for. “Goal posts,” said the janitor. “Is there much gold around here?” inquired the prep.



Professor Weber lectured at Main Street Church, October 20, on Literature of the M. E. Sunday School. He explained to the members how they could equip a library with books of different standard authors, and have something interesting for all classes and all ages.

The recent games of foot-ball have brought forth quite a number of more creditable yells, but none of them deserve to supplant the old one. In some respects the present yell is a good one, but there are others in which it could be improved, but in lieu of a better one, we will continue to give Rah-rah-rah, Hip-poo-pee, Fizz-bun-tiger, Hip-hur-rah, Hip-hur-rah, Trin-i-ty.

*The Soph Poet*—Here are some verses that I desire to present for publication.

*Editor*—What is the title?

*Soph*—My Heart Passionate Pants.

*Editor*—My friend, this is no second-hand clothing store. You will have to go elsewhere to dispose of your heart's garments.—Ex.

James Young, the young tragedian who impersonated Hamlet and Richard III at Stokes Hall, gave a recitation at the college before the English classes on November 20. He recited pieces from Shakespere's Julius Cæsar and Othello, also Bryan's Thanatopsis. He has made a special study of Shakespere for the last few years and his impersonations were witnessed with much interest.

On hearing the result of the University-Trinity game the Pocalontas Coal company telegraphed the manager of the team that they had shipped him a carload of coal, which they wished to present to the team. This manifestation of interest by a great company in a sister state is greatly appreciated by the team and by the college. THE ARCHIVE speaks for every student when it desires to thank these generous gentlemen for their liberality.

A great many of the college papers and magazines are continually urging the students to come out and witness the practice games, and encourage the teams by their presence. Trinity has no complaint to make on this score. Throughout the entire season, the great majority of the students have been on the field every afternoon. The people of Durham, also, have done a great deal to make the practice interesting. Quite a number have witnessed almost every practice game.

What has become of the papers and periodicals that were to be placed in the reading room? The students have been promised a good collection of the best papers in the country, and they have a right to expect them. But now the first term is almost gone and they are forced to secure their knowledge of outside affairs from a few weekly papers. If the students are expected to keep posted on the current events and subjects of the day, some means certainly ought to be provided to enable them to do so.

Rev. James A. Weston, of Hickory, N. C., delivered his lecture on Marshal Ney in the college chapel on October 17th. He has spent several years in collecting evidence to prove that Peter S. Ney, who died in Rowan county, N. C., was Marshal Ney, of France. He has written a book, which will appear soon and will give the result of his diligent research. The first part of his lecture was devoted to giving an account of Marshall Ney's life and execution. He gave several accounts of the execution written by eye-witnesses, and showed by a preponderance of evidence that it is very probable, if not absolutely certain, that he was not killed. He then gave a detailed account of the life of P. S. Ney, showing the points of resemblance in it to the life of Marshal Ney. He gave an abundance of testimony and evidence tending to prove that P. S. Ney and Marshal Ney were one and the same person. The greater part of his audience was convinced that he has been successful in his attempt.

*Freshman*—Ain't there lots of newspapers in the reading room? I believe I could enjoy myself in there two-thirds of my time.

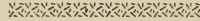
*Sophomore*—Yes, I reckon you could by looking at the pictures. They have nothing in there worth reading—neither Puck, Judge, N. Y. World, N. Y. Sun nor any daily paper worth reading.

*Freshman*—I am surprised to hear you talk so. You know Puck and Judge have such horrid pictures, and those N. Y. papers—Lord, no Christian ought to read them.

*Sophomore*—Well, sonny you enjoy yourself if you can because it seems that we are not going to have anything to read in there except county newspapers with the exception of the Progressive Farmer and the Raleigh Christian Advocate. I am glad they interest you, but there is such a thing as a person desiring to know what the nation is doing, don't you think so?

It was a happy occasion when Miss "Ducky" Bynum and Mr. "Vanderbilt" Westbrook were reunited in that holy relation called the "community of life." The persons present were few in number and they were very select. After the holy ceremonies were performed Miss Eugenia Williams fell upon Miss "Ducky's" neck and in broken sobs told how she had sought to bring about that happy relation. Attorney Carpenter, when he saw there were no presents on the sideboard, allowed a shade of sadness to pass over his face, and after taxing his mind severely for a few minutes sat down on his new plug and remarked that if Ed hadn't stayed so long in R—— he could have made the attendance happy by presenting the groom with some brand new second-hand clothing. The sadness soon passed away though when Vanderbilt stood under the electric light to exhibit his new jeans and there told how he was wooed and won. This levity was kept up until about the third watch when the only rooster on the place squalled for the third time, then the attorney assuming a legal attitude excused himself saying that a more important case was commanding his attention.

Unless you want a certain very conspicuous person to know what you are doing, you had better stop up the key hole. If you do not, the Faculty will have it next morning.



## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

T. A. SMOOT, - - - - Editor.

Our delegates to the fifth annual District Convention at Henderson were Prof. Hinde and Messrs. T. C. Hoyle and F. S. Aldridge. They all reported a very pleasant and profitable Convention.

Mr. L. A. Coulter, State Secretary, dropped in on us Nov. 11th, and conducted the services for us on the following day, Sunday afternoon. We enjoy having him with us, as he always makes the services interesting and profitable.

On the third Sunday in this month, Nov, 19th, the subject was the International work of the Y. M. C. A. Prof. Hinde gave us a very interesting talk on the importance of this work, with a brief account of the origin and growth of the Y. M. C. A., especially in America. After the subject was discussed, a collection was taken in the interest of the International work.

Prof. Merritt will conduct the services Nov. 26th. The subject will be one of his own choosing. The fourth Sunday in each month is usually given to the discussion of missionary subjects, and his selection will be some phase of that important work.

*J. Lamb*

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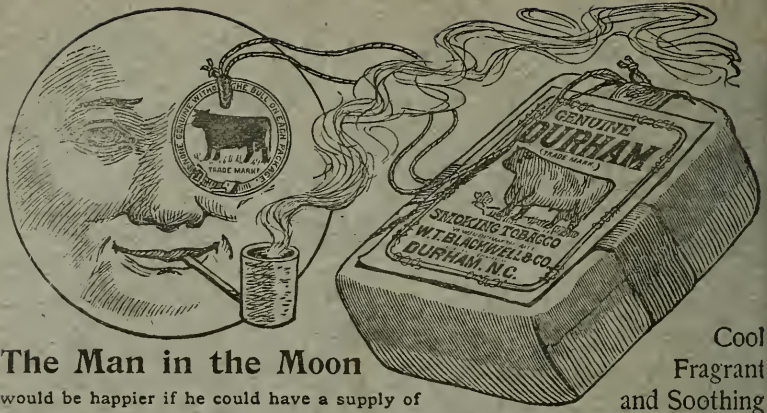
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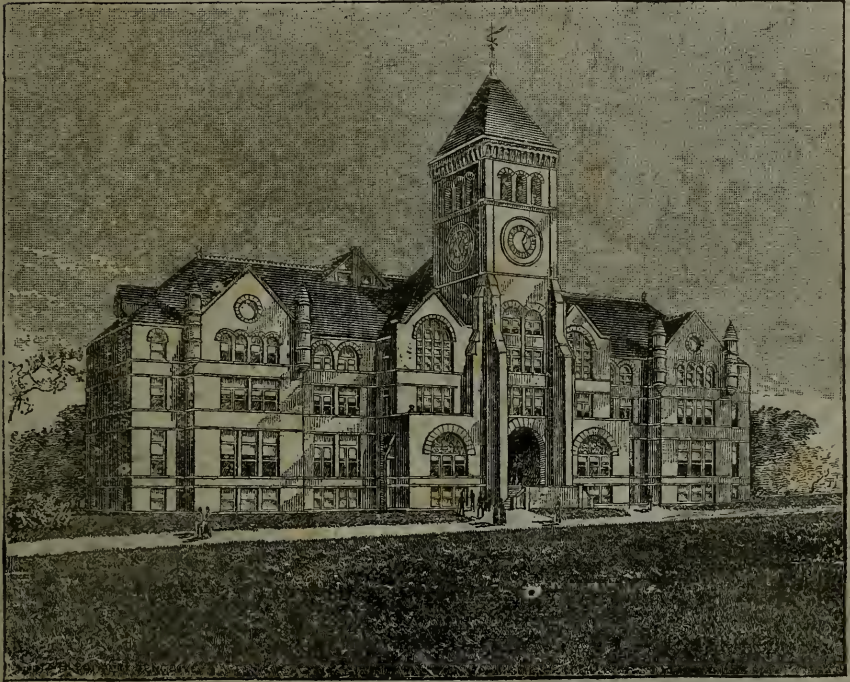
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## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT,

OR;

### WHY THE MESSIAH WAITED 4000 YEARS BEFORE HE CAME TO EARTH.

Why did not Christ come as soon as man fell? Why was the world left for 4000 years to look forward through prophecy to a promised Messiah? Why were the people allowed to eat, drink, and be merry, to marry and be given in marriage, until the flood came and swept them, revelling in sin and sinning in revelry, into a wild, weird, and watery grave? And why, after the flood, did God again allow the earth to be peopled; nations to rise up, and kingdoms to be formed here and there over the face of the earth; and why did He apparently leave these people, nations, and kingdoms to work out their own destiny? Why did not the Messiah come while the world was young, and while the hearts of men were simple and susceptible to the truth?

Three reasons may be given to these questions; (1) The world needed Experience, (2) It needed Preparation, (3) It needed Union. It needed to discover the weakness of human

reason before it could appreciate divine revelation; needed to feel the cold death-grip of sin before it could appreciate revelation. It needed preparation in mind and heart to receive the high doctrine and spiritual message that the Messiah was to bring; and it needed also a language in which to receive and preserve the divine revelation. And as the people began to multiply and scatter over the earth there arose the third necessity of union in government that the spread of the gospel might not be hindered by national prejudices, and union in language that all might receive and understand the message.

“In the fulness of time God sent forth his Son.” (Gal. IV. 4.) All history before his advent pointed to, and prepared for, this great event. “This process of preparation dated from earliest times,” says Dr. Kurtz, “and appeared under the twofold form *Heathenism* and *Judaism*. In the former, the development was left to the unaided power and capacities of man; in the latter, it was influenced and directed by a continuous course of Divine co-operation.”

Heathenism was an endeavor, with the means at man's command, to attain a salvation devised by man; but only to learn the impotency of human reason and resources. “Judaism was to prepare salvation for mankind, and heathenism mankind for salvation. . . . Judaism was to supply to the Church the substance, the Divine reality; heathenism, the human form, and the outward means of developing and carrying out the great work.” [Dr. Kurtz.]

God “suffered the nations to walk in their own ways” (Acts XIV. 16), but He did not utterly forsake them. The heathen in their mythology and deification of nature, and in their pantheistic and polytheistic speculations, were not wholly deprived of the truth. But their original revelation and their religions of nature, which only anticipated some of the religious truths that were to be a later revelation and were to be unfolded gradually, were grossly distorted and hopelessly perverted. And human thought, though heathen, could not



sleep under this their garb of myth and magic, divination and deception. By and by one harness could not meet another without laughing. Human reason and human hope could not rest in a religion so empty and so false.

Then, too, the morals of the heathen had no sure foundation. "When the Church entered on its career of spiritual conquest, it found heathenism in a state of incredible moral degredation." Philosophy had done a great work for the mind, but it left the heart uncomforted and the passions uncurbed. Truly the heathen was without hope and without God in the world." A profligacy had spread abroad among the nations "which probably has had no parallel, before or since, in the annals of the race. Vice and sensuality, cruelty and corruption, luxury and licentiousness reigned supreme. Rich and poor, royal and plebeian, courtly and common people—all shared in the moral degeneracy. But still a few faithful souls looked and longed for the coming Messiah, and for salvation from the wreck and ruin of the reigning evils. "It is remarkable," says Dr. Fisher, "that in the wreck of traditional beliefs, and in the vague yearning for an anchor in the dark and troubled sea, many were inclined to turn their eyes to the East, the seat of ancient, mysterious religions, in the hope of finding their light and help. At this crisis in the world's history the Saviour was born."

But while the morality and mythical religions of the heathen were breaking down and causing the people to feel the need of a holier life and a diviner light, there was also a positive preparation being made.

First, Greek philosophy was working wonders in elevating thought and inspiring a hope for things spiritual and eternal. Socrates' teachings were "the faint echoes, or, rather, the prophetic anticipations, of Christian doctrine and life." And "the lofty, spiritual character of Plato's philosophy was congenial with the tone of the gospel."

Second, the Greek language was being developed almost to

perfection. It is well nigh impossible to conceive what a barrier to divine revelation the imperfections of human speech are. If God wants to make a revelation to his people He has to do it through some medium that they can understand. If He wishes to reveal his will He has to send His word ; and if that Word is to be worth anything to man, it must not be beyond his conception. Perhaps one of the worlds greatest misfortunes was the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. The gift of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost and the power of the Apostles to speak in new tongues, may well be hailed as a most happy reversal of the confusion of speech at Babel.

That the people might perceive and preserve the true meaning of the divine message, then, it was necessary that they have a language at least approximating perfection. This necessity the Greek language met. "The Greeks excelled in an instinct for beauty, and in the power of creating beautiful forms ; and, of all the beautiful things which they created, their own language was the first and most wonderful. . . . The Greeks gradually molded their language so that it could express those fine distinctions and light shades of meaning by very simple means and yet with perfect accuracy. With the help of those little words called particles which answered to the play of features or tone of voice in talking, or by a slight change in the order of the sentence, a Greek could make with delicate precision the meaning which he wished to convey. No one who is a stranger to Greek literature has seen how perfect an instrument it is for human speech to be." [Prof. Olin Boggess]. Bishop Warren says, "Greece did one memorable thing ; it gave the world a language fit for God to speak to man in." And while this language was still flourishing, God spake to man through His Son, the Saviour. But, fortunate for Christianity, the language soon died ; and now the world may go to this rich mine of unchanging revelation and dig from it the precious truths of heaven,

pure and perfect as they were when they first fell from the lips of inspiration.

“The mental culture of the Greeks and Romans,” says Dr. Klutz, “as expressed in their philosophical, poetic, and historical writings, prepared, in respect both of *Form* and of *Substance*, the way for the Christian Church. . . . The *symbols* of the East became the form in which the Divine substance, communicated by Old Testament prophets, appeared and developed. On the other hand, the *dialectics* of classical antiquity furnished an appropriate medium by which to present the truths of Christianity when the symbolic covering of Judaism had been laid aside, and the truths of salvation were to appear in their pure and spiritual character.”

A third and most important preparation for the coming Christ was the union of the world under one government and one language, with universal peace prevailing and with extensive commerce and intercourse binding all peoples into a common brotherhood, and bridging the way for the rapid spread of the gospel when it came. The ruin of one empire after another, until the Roman Empire rose, shook the faith of the heathen in their national divinities, united them under one universal Empire, and gave the gospel a pass to all peoples. Rome was the centre of the world, and from Rome excellent roads run out to all parts of the country. To insure its world-wide spread, therefore, the one thing necessary was to carry the gospel into Rome. St. Paul saw this, and to Cæsar’s household he bore the message of salvation. Then far and fast did the gospel spread. All over this broad Empire, Paul planted churches—at Jerusalem, Antioch, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome—until, says Dr. Fisher, “Paul could say that the gospel had been preached to every creature and was in all the world bearing fruit.”

But while heathenism was thus preparing the world by both a negative and a positive process for the Messiah, Judaism was also being prepared.

To the Jews God made special revelations ; to them were committed the oracles of God. Abraham was called from among his kindred to raise up unto God a peculiar people, who were to live in the strictest exclusion. Everything in their history was to look towards the coming salvation. "Each revelation and dispensation, all discipline and punishment, law and worship ; every political, civil and religious institution—all tended to this goal. [Dr. Klutz.]

By the isolation of Israel from the heathen nations, it was the divine purpose to preserve their purity by holding them under his own immediate "tuition and discipline." In all their history, God's special providence was over them ; in Egypt, when they developed into a powerful people ; in the wilderness, when Moses gave them "a theocratic constitution, laws, and worship ;" in the Holy Land, where the Lord of Hosts was their leader and lawgiver—everywhere God was with them. He gave them poets, prophets, priests, and kings. In the house of David He raised up a royal line of rulers to prepare the people for the coming of the Prince of Peace. And long before the advent of this promised Saviour, the prophets had foretold of His coming, the poets had sung of His glory, and the priests had offered up sacrifices as a symbol of the great High-priest's sacrifice of Himself, to the shame of the Jew, for the salvation of the world. The church was waiting for the coming Christ ; but still he tarried.

By and by the immediate guidance of divine revelation seems to be withdrawn. National degeneracy sets in. The nation falls and is being forgotten, while the Jews are being scattered over the face of the earth. Two good results follow: (1) the haughty, God-favored Jew, looking back on the fast fading glory of the Jewish nation, is covered with humility, and turns to the future to look and long for the Deliverer who exists only in unfulfilled prophesy ; (2) the Jew's national feeling of extreme exclusiveness is now obliterated and a

bridge made for salvation to pass from Jew to Gentile. The very fact that the Bible was translated into Greek (the Septuogint) in the third century before Christ, shows that the Word of God was no longer to be the exclusive property of the Jews, but as Greek was the language of the world, so the Bible was to be the property of all men. And the very fact that God said in Revelations, "I am *Alpha* and *Omega*," seems to indicate that He had purposely chosen the Greek language as the medium by which He was going to reveal Himself to man.

A last and most important reason why the Messiah did not come sooner to comfort his people and to lead back the lost sheep of Israel, was that the people were not ready sooner to receive the high spiritual revelation He was to bring.

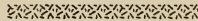
God's mode of revelation to man is progressive. In the first manifestations of Himself to man He took on a very material form. He appeared to Abraham as an angel, and in that material form He made his first revelation. Later He took up His abode in the temple and the priests alone were permitted to see His glory in that sacred place, the Holy of Holies, once a year. Thus He began to move from a material to a spiritual mode of revelation; and thus the children of Israel came to look upon the temple as a most sacred place, because in it dwelt the Most High God. All their sacrificial ceremonies pointed to the great sacrifice that was to be made once for all. And when this great sacrifice is made, what is to become of the temple with all its hallowed memories? Where then will the glory of the Shekinah take up his abode? St. Paul answers these questions a few decades later when he writes to the Corinthians, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (I. Cor. iii. 16) How divinely simple this statement of Paul's to those people who clustered a thousand sacred thoughts around the word "temple." God indeed had again removed His abode from the Holy of Holies to the human heart; God alone could have conceived such an idea—the



idea of first revealing Himself to man in material form, and then gradually working and winning his way into the human mind and heart. And the human head and heart needed 4,000 years of preparation for this event.

Heathenism, then, prepared the head ; Judaism, the heart. St. Paul, with the head of a philosopher and the heart of a Jew, united the two. They were naturally being united before the coming of Christ ; but now nature and grace, reason and revelation, Roman law and Greek language—all conspire to unite the world under “one God, one faith and one baptism.” And “in the fullness of time” the Messiah came to teach the world of that one God, the Father of all, of that one faith, the door of salvation, of that one baptism, the gift of the Holy Ghost.

OLIN P. ADER.



#### SHOULD THE STATE DO MORE FOR EDUCATION?

There is a current opinion throughout the State that the public school system is a failure, and that it should be abolished. There are no doubt some grounds for such an opinion ; especially so, since so little is expected from public schools. Still, the good derived from this short term—an average of two or three months—would be hard to calculate.

In the towns and cities it meets with greater success than it does in the country, because of the graded school system that continues the work begun by the state. A large per cent of ignorance, due largely to poverty, is to be found in the rural districts. Were it not for the free school system there are many districts that would never have any schools, and even if there were, there are many who on account of having no means would never enter a school room. While the information obtained from text books is very limited, yet the association brings the most ignorant in touch with civilization, and the general knowledge of transpiring events will naturally create a desire for knowledge that will raise the most ignorant to the level of a

respectable citizen, making him worth far more to his country as a voter, a jurymen, and as a citizen of the community.

North Carolina appropriated less than any other State in the Union per capita, but one, and that one is South Carolina. The amount in this state per capita is 44 cents, while the average throughout the Union is \$2.24. If 44 cents is a good investment, surely it might be doubled and thribbled to an advantage and not change taxation so as to become oppressive.

But, it has been asked, Is it the State's duty to provide for this education? Why should we look to the State instead of the Nation for this appropriation? No one doubts that it is the duty of the individual to educate himself as far as his means will allow, but there are many without means—the very poorest cannot educate themselves, still it is the duty of some one to educate them.

If the policy of the State or the Nation is to give according to the amount received then it is not so much the duty of the State as the nation. The State is supported by tax on property, etc. This tax is payed by those that hold property—the very ones not in great need of government aid as far as education is concerned, for they can help themselves. The great class that pay no property tax, though, is the class that attract unversal attention, the ones that drift from place to place where employment may be found; where existence may be made more tolerable and the place called home more comforatable. The children of such people are the ones that need help. They contribute scarcely nothing to the State. But the National government with all its machinery derive the power by which it is run from the poor as well as from the rich. Tariff on the necessaries of life draws revenue from over the entire Nation and the working class, the day laborers, pay the greatest part of this amount. Their money protects the monopoly, pays the war debts, supports the pensioners, promotes commerce and keeps up the whole Nation in revenues. If this is

done largely by the poor, they by just rights can look to the National government for support rather than to the State, for by their very existence they run the Nation yet never contribute any support of much consequence to the State government.

It seems very clear that as far as it is the *duty* of any institution to educate the poor, it is the duty of the Nation, if one takes into consideration the returning of value for value received.

Some may say that the individual gets his value returned in shape of legislation—protecting the poor. He gets more protection from the state government than from the Federal government. While the State is to a certain extent dependent upon the general government for its existence, they are by no means existing from Federal suffrage. Their government does not depend upon the Federal government, only in regard to a few restrictions.

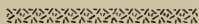
Then it can't be said that the poor are amply repaid by the protection of the Federal authorities, either directly or indirectly, but it owes them something still. They should be taught to see the greatness of the Nation they support, to understand why government is better than anarchy, and why crime is hostile to the best interest of humanity. This is what the Nation owes the individual in return for what the individual contributes to the government.

The State, on the other hand, owes something to the individual. As a member of society and as the society constitutes the State so is one dependent upon the other for safe existence and organization. It is the duty of the individual to improve himself as far as it lies within his power. So it is with society and with the State. It is the duty of the State to increase internal improvements, to fortify against crime and poverty, and so keep its organization that prosperity will be the result. If this is not the case it will not last long as an organization—as a respected institution. That State that

prospers least, will be least in strength and influence. That state that provides for the greatest amount of internal improvements will be a power in the civilized world. For a state to appropriate money for internal improvements without providing for the education of the people, is in a slow way to raise the standard of her standing. To improve the industrial is an indirect way of improving the physical State but a sure way. Now, since to improve the State the individual must be improved, (and the best way to improve the individual is to educate him,) then it seems that the State should provide for this education in order to promote her own interest best.

This State is doing a great work in higher education. The success of the University is due largely to the State—yea, almost entirely. While it is not what it might be still it is doing a great work. The Agricultural and Mechanical College, the Normal and Industrial College—each shows for itself what the State is doing for higher education. While it is above the average in higher education it is among the lowest in primary education. To have an ideal State as far as education goes, all grades must be attended to, but which is better to do—to increase higher education at the expense of the higher is difficult to say. This should not trouble the legislators in this State, for they could easily increase the lower to the same ratio of the higher and then increase both considerably more and not be very oppressive in taxation.

E. C. BROOKS.



#### HOW SHOULD WE TREAT OUR CRIMINALS.

Authority in every age and in every country, has claimed the right to impose penalties on all who offend against it. Punishment is correlative with law. Among the savages the idea is punishment for punishment's sake ; in civilized countries it is to deter others, to reform the criminal and to protect society.

As a celebrated jurist remarks, all seem to have had supreme

confidence in the deterrent power of inflicted pain, and have relied implicitly on whippings, maimings and brandings. The ingenuity of man has been exhausted in the construction of instruments of torture. And it makes no difference how severe the punishment, crimes have increased. The penalty of death did not solve the problem. Thieves, highwaymen, heretics and blasphemers increased. The example set by a nation has a tendency to harden and degrade, not only those who inflict and those who witness, but the entire community at large. It is cited that a man who witnessed a hanging in Alexandria, Virginia, murdered a peddler in the Smithsonian grounds at Washington, on the day of the execution; and that one who witnessed the peddler's execution, went home and murdered his wife on the same day.

The orientals once thought the penalty of death insufficient and tortured the convicted in every conceivable way. Their flesh was burned with hot irons. They were buried alive. Molten lead was poured in their ears. And we have read of one notable case where the victim was securely bound, so that he could move neither hand nor foot, and over his stomach was placed an inverted bowl under which rats were confined and on the top were heaped coals of fire, so that the rats in their efforts to escape would gnaw into the bowels of the victim. Torture has been found insufficient. There were never at any other time as many traitors in England as when his limbs torn and bleeding, were given to the fury of the mobs or exhibited, pierced by pikes or hung in chains.

Degradation has been thoroughly tried with its prisons and cells. With all our well-defined and nicely executed system of punishment, we are not doing away with crime: proportionately criminals are increasing much more rapidly than population.

There is no reformation in our system. "To mutilate a criminal is to say to all the world that he is a criminal and to render his reformation substantially impossible." A man



is taken to the penitentiary and clad in convict garments. He is a slave of the state and is no longer treated as a human being. He is driven like a beast of burden, robbed of his labor, leased, as it may be, by the state to a heartless contractor. All communication is shut off, he is not even allowed to speak with a fellow prisoner. At night, he is alone in his cell; a convict, no longer worthy to associate with his keeper. At the expiration of his sentence, he goes forth a branded man. Can he get employment? Not if he honestly states who he is and where he has been. He assumes a false name, thus laying the basis of his future conduct. No person wishes to employ an ex-convict because he puts no confidence in the reformatory power of the penitentiary. He knows that in there the heart is hardened by perpetual humiliation. If, like Victor Hugo's Jean Valgean, he changes his name and secures work, there will be some detective wretch to betray his secret. Being discharged and again changing his name, he seeks new employment, and is again detected and discharged; then, believing humanity arrayed against him, despairs of ever living an honest life. He feels that the last tie between him and his fellow-man has been broken. Every generous and manly feeling has been trampled under foot. He has been humiliated to the lowest degree.

Under our system the most frightful excesses are possible and many cases of brutal cruelty are laid bare, while vice, obscenity and filthiness and in the ascendant. It was only carrying out our system of punishment in the extreme when Michigan blackened her record by using a copper mine for a penitentiary. "Ohio, to-day," says their board of charity "supports base seminaries of crime at public expense. In our jail system lingers more barbarism than in all our other state institutions together." Howard spent a life of arduous and self-sacrificing labor for the mitigation of suffering in prisons. Cruelty, tyranny, brute-force cannot better the heart of man. He that is forced upon his knees has the attitude but never

the spirit of prayer. The best are liable to fall and the worst are capable of grand and heroic deeds.

Society has a right to protect itself. The right of self-defense exists not only in the individual but in society. "Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. The seeds of malice are sown in his heart and he will hate the hand that sowed the seed." The prisoner returns home a worse man—one of constituent elements of society has been degraded. His stay in prison is only temporary protection to society, during which time, he is being trained by the state in lessons of robbery; he is being prepared to go home and more effectively curse society. Is this the kind of protection society seeks in punishing an offender.

If we are to change the conduct of men, we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. See a man with starvation staring him in the face. Self-respect is gone—he looks down and has neither hope nor courage—he envies the prosperous and hates the unfortunate. If we expect a peaceful country the citizens must have homes. Crime will continue to increase, until, by legislation or otherwise, the mass of the people are lifted from abject poverty into comfortable homes.

Those who are beyond the power of reformation should not have the liberty to reproduce themselves. They should dwell apart and dying leave no heirs. The distinguished Blackstone says, "Convicts should be separately confined during intervals of their labors, debarred from all incentives to debauchery, instructed in religion and morality and forced to work for the benefit of the public. Imagination cannot picture to itself a species of punishment in which terror, benevolence and reformation are more happily blended together. What can be more dreadful to the riotous, the libertine, the voluptuous, the idle delinquent, than solitude, confinement, sobriety and constant labor? Yet, what can be more truly beneficial? Solitude will awaken reflection; confinement will

banish temptation; sobriety will restore vigor, and labor will beget a habit of honest industry; while the aid of a religious instruction may implant new principles in his heart, and, when the date of his punishment is expired, will conduce both to his temporal and eternal welfare. Such a prospect as this is surely well worth the trouble of an experiment."

The state should establish reformatories, especially for those who are not habitual violators of the law. In these the criminal should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him consistent with the safety of society. The state should set the highest and noblest example. Pains should be taken to make the prisoner feel that his is not a hopeless case—that the state is anxious to assist him in his efforts to become a worthy citizen. While he should work enough to pay all expenses, he should, the remainder of the time, receive instruction from competent men. The men in charge should be the kindest and noblest—they should be filled with divine enthusiasm for humanity. From such a reformatory the prisoner will come forth a better man, to live an honest life, to bless society and honor the state. Benjamin Franklin took great interest in the treatment of prisoners, being a thorough believer in the reformatory influence of justice, having no confidence in punishment for the sake of revenge.

But, when the fact, pernicious as it is, confronts us, that a child only twelve years of age who, in need, or led on by an irresistible temptation, or unthoughtedly or accidentally, does something which the state calls criminal, can be confined in these haunts of wretchedness amid chaos of cruelty and foulest immorality, we most earnestly support the reformatory movement. What! a child whose habits are yet unformed taken by the state from his parental care and training, and confined with a den of thieves and prostitutes who become his associates and tutors? By his association the child is hardened in crime in his infancy, and "when he is



tirely abolished, unless some change is wrought. The public, the press, and the players are thoroughly in love with foot-ball, provided it is kept as free from dangerous accidents as it has been for the last few years previous to 1893. But none of these can afford to defend a game in which the summary of the results of the past season are wonderfully suggestive of a skirmish. Various accounts are given as to the number of the killed and wounded, some of which are enormously exaggerated, but even the lowest estimates are sufficient to call for a speedy reform. Those enthusiasts who think there is a conspiracy against the game are blinded by their intense love for the game so that they cannot, and will not see any fault in it. But to any unprejudiced and unbiased man, who is acquainted with the game, it is clearly evident that it is becoming defective. The over-development of the mass-plays bids fair to make the sport too hard for the line men, especially the tackles and ends. When a half dozen strong men get in motion and concentrate their force and weight upon one, two, or three men who are able to get into but slight headway, and who at the same time are compelled to watch for the man with the ball coming behind this mass, the strain becomes excessive, and the only wonder is that more are not injured.

The "wedge" is the principal feature of the present game, and it is undoubtedly an interesting one, but it ought to be eliminated on humanitarian principles. It concentrates the players and the force, and the danger is wonderfully increased. Ten injuries are received to-day to one a few years ago. Not only is the wedge responsible for excessive roughness, but since its introduction the game has lost much of its beauty and elegance. The days of long passes, open plays, free running, and repeated kicking are gone, and with them much of the brilliancy of the game. All the effect of individual effort has been removed, and the force of concentrated effort



substituted. The contest has now become one largely of brute strength and physical endurance.

It is possibly true that the elimination of the mass plays would detract much from the interest of the game. Football is more popular now than it has ever been before. It is a lamentable fact that the interest seems to have increased in proportion as the roughness has increased. "Tis pity 'tis true," but it must be admitted that many spectators of a game are thrilled with feelings that are somewhat allied to those experienced by the witnesses of a Spanish bullfight. The peculiar in seeing blood flow seems to be one of traces of barbarity, which it is hardest to wean civilized humanity from; and certainly the colleges of the country ought not to try to promote this feeling.

Foot-ball is a rough game, and must of necessity remain so. There is a line, however, which separates roughness from brutality, and there are not a few who think this line has been crossed in the past season. This increase in the roughness is largely attributed to the fact that most of the time and attention have been devoted to the development of the mass plays. The development has been wonderful. Ten years ago, no one would have dreamed of the possibility of the game reaching the state of perfection it has acquired. Now, had the development been along slightly different lines, the results would have been more satisfactory. There is no reason for supposing that the game will not be as interesting within a few years without the mass play as it now is. It will certainly be less dangerous and more elevating to the spectators.

This will of course involve some difficulties. In the first place, the players will be afraid of being considered "babyish" and will be disposed to regard the "revised" game as tame and uninteresting as compared with the old game. In the next place, the wedge is so interwoven with the other plays that the change will necessarily be so radical as to demand

an almost complete change of the rules. The great trouble in the present game, is that the existing rules are such that they will allow almost anything. A few things are prohibited, and it is assumed that anything not expressly forbidden is permissible. The American game is supposed to be played according to Rugby rules; but, as a matter of fact, it bears very little resemblance to the Rugby game. The latter game does not admit of the "intereference principle"—the one principal upon which, above all others, our game depends. We did not get the game from our English brothers in its present shape, but we have taken in and developed it according to our own ideas. Some Englishman has very well defined the difference: "In the old game you kick the ball; in the Rugby game you kick a man if you cannot kick the ball; but in the American game, you kick the ball if you cannot kick a man."

It is earnestly hoped that nothing in this article will be construed as an attack upon foot-ball. Some features of the game have been critisized as being objectionable, and some admissions have been made; but by one who loves foot-ball, and one who acknowledges the faults of the game, and would have "reform foot-ball" rather than no foot-ball at all. No alternative seems to have been left Trinity by the conferences, but let us hope for the best.

A. PLAYER.

## EDITORIAL.

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L. T. HARTSELL, - - - Editor-in-Chief.  
B. PHIFER, - - - Assistant Editor.

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IN anticipation of the coming festivities—when Santa Claus will make glad the hearts of many a child, when the college boy and girl will again enjoy themselves around the fire-side of a sweet and long-sought home, and when all nature is alive with merriment and glad—the ARCHIVE wishes all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

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FROM the small amount of poetry we are enabled to get for publication, it seems that the atmosphere around Trinity Park is becoming rather prosaic. There are boys in school who have poetic talent if they would only develop it. According to the wisest men it is not good to develop in one particular line to the detriment of another. The faculties of perception and imagination are being somewhat ignored while the reasoning power, the faculty of abstraction, is being developed above *par*. Poetry is an art that aims not at the practical but at the ideal. As all development and progress depend to a certain extent on the ideal it might be profitable to engage more extensively in metrical composition.

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MENTION has already been made of the good feelings that have been established between Trinity College and the people of Durham. But again the ARCHIVE wishes to voice the sentiment of the student body by expressing its appreciation of the sympathy and interest manifested by the people of the town. The affiliation thus established in the short space of a year and a half is a sure indication of a good moral at Trinity. An honest pride in the good *reputation* of the college makes this manifestation doubly appreciated. Our

victories in foot-ball no doubt had their influence in thus converting the town to the college, but the general conduct and deméanor of the students in their dealings and associations with the people have been the chief means of bringing about this meritorial feeling of good will and kindly regard.

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WHAT with the accumulation of mud and the falling of leaves it is feared that the college building and the sun will shortly disappear from sight, if preventive steps are not soon taken. It is rumored that those rooming in the Inn are already terrified lest some morning they will awake to find themselves inextricably stuck in the quick-mud which surrounds the building. The new well-house seems to be the only building about which no apprehension is felt. It, together with 'faculty avenue', is considered the only safe place of resort in the event of a final subsidence.

With such an awful catastrophe staring us in the face, is it not time to awake from our lethargy and to set about wording off the pending destruction? But, if in the Providence of God, we escape this dire calamity, what earthly or heavenly reason is there for allowing our campus, groves and walks to remain in their present sad state of neglect? We have as handsome college buildings as can be found anywhere in the State, and for these to be surrounded by as ill-kept campus and grove, as ours is little short of a disgrace. For a mere trifle, the grounds could be sown in grass, walks and drives could be laid out, and Trinity Park could be made second in beauty to no other in the city. We would then have buildings and grounds of which all would justly feel proud, and the great inconvenience and vexation to which faculty and student are now subjected would be avoided.

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WHY should not the class of '94 have a class-day? Most colleges have it why not Trinity? It is one of the enjoyable exercises of a commencement. It breaks the monotony of so

much oratory and gives each member of the class a chance to display his talent in any special line. There is no college exercise to which the student after leaving college can look back with more pleasure. Who in the class of '91, the last to have a class-day, does not recall with pleasure the gifted poet and historian of the occasion, and the prophet who "dipped into the future" and saw a happy life for all? So too the present class can have a pleasant and profitable day next June, and when in after life its members are scattered hither and thither, naked, hungered and with not place to lay their heads, they can go forth under the open sky, recall the class-day of '94 and be consoled.

—...—

THE reports of the North Carolina Conferences show that those honorable bodies are opposed to foot-ball. They array themselves against the trustees, the faculty and the students of Trinity College by their would-be "kindest cut of all." The Western North Carolina Conference even passed a clause with-holding from Trinity the contributions of Western North Carolinians if we play foot-ball another year." This fact was gotten from a minister. Assuming the report to be true, we have a few remarks to make, meaning no offence whatever to that body of friends which we so much respect. If the report be false, blame not us, but our reporter.

Now, let us make a few friendly comparisons. Which is the more intelligent body the Board of Trustees or the Conference? The Board is composed of men of all professions, who are selected with an eye single to their unchallenged ability and capability. Men noted all over the State as able lawyers, judges, doctors, preachers and business men fill this position. The Conference is composed of preachers, some with only a public school education; many who have by great and persistent struggling climbed to the mediocracy of a high school and a few who have completed a college course. A great majority of these ministers have never seen



a game, and know nothing about it except what they have learned through the exaggerated report of certain anti-foot-ball papers. Those more favorably situated wrap themselves in a great shroud of piety and announce to the Conference committee that there is betting on the games. Men seem to forget that there is evil connected with every thing. At the very time conference was passing that clause, a bet was heard that a certain man would join the conference; a week afterwards that a certain man would preach at a certain church on a certain Sunday. It would be just as sensible and reasonable to argue to do away with the Methodist Conference and preachers. Men that would use such argument as that against foot-ball would annihilate a law instead of punishing an offender.

Now, may we not ask who compose the Faculty of Trinity College? Certainly no ordinary men—men whose learning has gained for them notoriety in different sections of the Union. Most of our professors from the President down have been players on college teams and their evidence should claim precedence to all other classes. What is their testimony? The majority are decidedly in favor of Trinity's having a team next year, one that will not only hold the championship of the State but of the South. But that august body of preachers in conference assembled, the other day, defied the knowledge of the Faculty. They have challenged the opinion of those more competent to judge from an intellectual standpoint. They have set up their opinion against those who see each day the effect, both mentally and physically, upon those who engage in the play.

Lastly the students who do the playing and are the only ones who have a right to raise a protest, who have at heart the best interest of Trinity, have not rolled this conference act as a sweet morsel under their tongues, nor have they been lulled by it into a sweet, gentle slumbering reconciliation.

If parents are willing to trust their boys to the care of the Faculty, why should Conference try to step between Faculty and parents and say "I've got a finger in that pie." Poor things, they want to do something for Trinity and, for the want of something better, they gave *wise* counsel.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. W. EDWARDS,                      -                      -                      Editor.

A. W. Plyler, ('92) will go to Hot Springs.

A. Haskins, of the class of 1890 (non-graduate) is Recorder of Deeds in Jones county.

J. R. Moore, ('92) has been returned to the Burkhead church of Winston.

Frank R. Shepherd, ('93) is now at Vanderbilt taking a course of Theology.

Will Jones ('93), is still in Germany persuing his studies in music and literature.

J. W. Clegg, who finished the Junior year at Trinity, was sent to East Leicester circuit.

M. A. Smith, a member of the Board of Trustees of Trinity College will work at Bay's Chapel.

S. T. Barber ('92) has been sent to the Jamestown circuit where he has been preaching for the last year.

T. L. Troy, who was in school in '61 and '52, is now in the colportage work for the American Bible Society.

E. J. Poe, an old Trinity boy and afterwards a Theological Institute at Vanderbilt University has been sent to ther Kernersville circuit.

Logan White ('8 ), for several years editor of a paper in Independence, Va., is now in the Drug business at that place. He contemplates studying medicine.

W. H. Willis ('92), who for the last year has been laboring

at Plymouth, N. C., has been transferred to the Western Conference and is stationed at Thomasville, N. C.

Since the last issue of the ARCHIVE, the Western Conference has convened and the field of labor of a number of old Trinity boys and graduates has been determined for the year.

Parker Holmes, who was in school at Trinity several years and joined the Conference in '91, has been sent to Ashboro, N. C. He received "Elder's orders" at the last Conference.

R. P. Troy who was President of Wesleyan Female College, Murfreesboro N. C., before the buildings were destroyed by fire, will take regular work in the Eastern Conference.

Prof. Dred Peacock, (1888), of Greensboro Female College and Rev. P. L. Groome, editor of the Western Carolina *Advocate*, were confirmed by the W. N. C. Conference as graduate members of the Board of Trustees, to take effect January 1st, 1894.

George Pell, an old Trinity boy and for the last two years the very successful editor of the *Mt. Airy News*, has sold out his paper to his assistant editor, Mr. Hamlin and goes to Washington to accept a very flattering position in the Interior Department. Dixie is likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

"Prof. Branson, the new director of the normal department of the Georgia State Normal and Industrial College at Milledgeville, is a native of North Carolina. He is thirty-one years old. After obtaining the degree of A. M., of Trinity College, N. C., he took up the study of pedagogy in the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tenn. Since his graduation he had been engaged in teaching."—*Educational News*.

In the death of Rev. M. L. Wood, D. D., ('55) Trinity College has lost one of its ablest graduates and best friends. He was born in Randolph Covnty, N. C., near Concord Camping grounds, Oct. 25rd, 1892, and died at the parsonage at Gibson Station, N. C., Nov. 25th, 1893. Being tenth in a family of fourteen children, his educational advantages were necessarily limited. He graduated at Trinity in 1855 and then joined the Conference at Wilmington the next year and from then on he faithfully labored in the following places: 1856, Wilkes circuit; 1857, Franklinsville circuit; 1858, Surray circuit; 1860-'66, China mission; 1867, Travelling and lecturing on China; 1868-'70, Mt. Airy station; 1871-'74, Salisbury district; 1875-'76, Iredell circuit; 1877-'79, Greensboro district; 1880-'83, Charlotte district; 1883, President of Trinity College; 1885-'87 Shelby district; 1888-'91, Rockingham station; 1892, Rockingham district; 1893, St. John station. For the ability displayed in carrying out his work, Dr. Wood received Doctor of Divinity in 1884, both from Rutherford College and the University of N. C. In the same year he received the further honor of being elected President of Trinity College. Too much cannot be said of such a life nor too many lessons drawn from it and, either as a President or a preacher, he commands the honor and respect of any Trinitarian and Methodist in North Carolina.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

R. G. TUTTLE, - - - Editor.

Advice to Freshmen: Honor thy professor in the days of thy youth, that thou mayest be solid before thy senior year.  
—*Ex.*

Chauncy M. Depew said to a student of Yale recently: "What made the class of '53 so famous, is that one half of its members went into journalism and praised the other half."  
—*Ex.*

The *Young Men's Era* still comes to hand and we appreciate its regular visits. Each issue contains advice and directions which any young man may do well to follow.

"Love is faulty,—full of mistakes; has always and will always blunder. Thousands of times has it led reason's fair child into disgrace and ruin. Yet love is beautiful. No divinity so divine; no promise so sincere; no sorrow so genuine; no forgiveness so complete."—*Elon College Monthly.*

The *Mephistophelean* is again on our table and contains some very good articles, mainly on local affairs. We would suggest an improvement in the way of publishing articles that have more of the literary tendency in them, and also in the way of making the journal more attractive in form.

"Now that the "Parliament of Religion's" is over, controversy grows warm concerning the value of that gathering to the cause of christianity. Granting that the opponents of christianity usurped the pre-eminence in the estimation of the audience, nevertheless the parliament cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil. It, in any event, opened the eyes of the



christian church to the power of the peculiar forces arrayed against it."—*Young Men's Era*.

The *Elon College Monthly* for October, contains some very readable and well written articles. The one entitled, "The Spectre of Discord," is a well worded inquiry into the why and wherefore of unfriendliness and discord between man and man, class and class, nation and nation. Also the article on "No Circumference without a Centre," is very instructive and shows the need of consistency in every action and in every phase of life. Every action must centre upon some worthy motive in order to confer any lasting benefit upon the actor. A man should have a central pivot for all his opinions, whether denominational, political or otherwise.

We are glad to see the November issue of the *Wake Forest Student* come out in rich and attractive form. The *Student* is one of our best exchanges and reflects much credit on its editors. In the last issue, the article entitled, "The Legend of the White Canoe," is well written and quite interesting. The writer shows care in the choice of language. Few things are more interesting than Indian legends clothed in beautiful and choice language. The article on Michael Angelo is also interesting and sets forth some of the qualities of that man of varied talent in a pleasing manner. Such articles as the above mentioned, always add much to the worth of a college journal and in many instances, more interest should be taken in obtaining contributions of merit from a literary standpoint for our journals.

A freshman knows everything; he has explored the universe and has proved all things. A sophomore has the wisdom of an owl, but like the sedate bird, keeps still about it. A junior knows a little, but begins to be doubtful about it. A senior knows nothing.—*Ex.*

If thou would'st rise  
To worldly honors and immortal fame,  
Lift up thine eyes :  
Humility is not the road to fame  
If thou would'st soar where eagles wing their flight,  
Thine eyes must not be dazzled by the flight  
Of noonday sun within the skies ;  
But bold and fearless face its fiercest beam ;  
And, as the moon that shines within the night,  
The sun's reflected rays thine own will seem.

—*Ex.*

The *Tennessee University Magazine* for November, has some very interesting reading matter and shows that our Tennessee friends take a pride in their magazine and try to make it one of the best. The article on *The Life and Art of Tennyson* is interesting and gives one some new ideas as to the life and character of the celebrated poet. The description of his personal peculiarities and home life, inspires one with a love and reverence for the noble old poet who so long and worthily wore the "laurel green" of England.

The November issue of the *Randolph Macon Monthly* was especially good. The magazine is very attractive in form, which adds very much to its value among college journals. The article on the *Decline of Eloquence*, by Jno. T. Wightmore, D. D., is very interesting and instructive. He gives the elements of true eloquence and makes the distinction between true eloquence and what may be termed artificial eloquence. The writer very graphically speaks of the source of eloquence, and speaks of it as the earnest expression of the truth that is within us—the outward expression of all inward fire. The oration on the *Holy Grail of the Moderns* is also a splendid production, and should inspire every young man to act nobly and truly, having in view as his "grail" some noble purpose which he wishes to accomplish ere his work is ended.

“REVERENCE THE BIBLE. Never make a jest or a poem upon the Word of God ; never allow anybody to do that in your presence ; see that you have great reverence for the Book. I believe in wit ; I believe in brightness ; I believe in social interchange of humorous remarks, but I never want, in any sort of company, to hear anybody make a pun on the word of God. A twist of a verse will leave a perverted exposition on the mind which may never be corrected. Some of us have heard things said about the Bible which we can never forget. I hope that the generations coming, will have a profound reverence for God’s word, and never make it the subject of a jest. May we all show by our conversation that even if we do not understand it, we reverence it because it is the word of God.”  
 —*Geo. C. Needham, in “Preach the Word.”*

“My boy, you look weary and wan ;  
 You are working too hard with your Greek,  
 To try, from constructions obscure  
 Some plausible meaning to seek.”

“No, No,” he wearily said  
 “The meaning I plainly can see,  
 But I’m wornout trying to make  
 The text and the pony agree.”

## LOCALS.

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W. W. FLOWERS and E. C. BROOKS, - - Editors.

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Open up!

Who hit sister J— with a brick?

“Dat’s me and allus is been me.”

Who took “dat bottle out’n my trunk?

My vanished beauty—that foot-ball hair.

Who can study where so much noise is “kicked up” in the hall ways?

The glass-eyed dudes, with their big-headed canes, are again abroad in the college.

Done standing by mirror shaving, enter Street.—“Hello Tom! shaving? Tom.—“No, d—n it! Blacking my boots.

What is that you are reading, the Observer? Has it got anything about foot-ball? If not throw it away for it might corrupt your morals.

Corduroy’s “Bow-wow” and, “Dog Cart” bid fair to supplant all the recent songs—Ta-ra-ra-boom, Comrades, and other songs of a kindred nature will be given a rest.

Slam! Bang! Bleckety,—blang! A general collapse—voice heard from the stairs.—“There you are, drunk again!” He, of the auburn hair from foot of the stairs.”—No ch-sh-sh so (hic)—that ure way (hic) allus come down steps.”

There are several copies of the *Bow Wow*, that famous comic song composed, and so charmingly rendered by *Cholly Corduroy* at the *Smuggy* banquet on Thanksgiving night, for sale at Miller’s Corner.

Say Bud, take your umbrella and go see what kind of weather we are going to have!

Bud—Its raining too hard, but that doesn't change the weather at all, the white flag is up.

Professor—(to P— who had just read a paper on prohibition, Mr. P—, I would be glad if you would write that article in ink, and hand it to me.

P.—I can furnish you with the original, if you prefer.

The class-games resulted as follows: Fresh-Soph game, Soph 16, Fresh 2; Senior-Junior, Seniors 38, Juniors 0. The final game for the championship of the college between the Sophs and Seniors had to be postponed on account of inclement weather.

This term is almost gone, and still those promised newspapers and periodicals have failed to materialize. The powers that be seem to act on the principle that it is better to deprive the students of all the newspapers than to run the risk of their reading something that might possibly contaminate them.

Tuttle, Geo. on seeing celery on the table.—“I wonder what young lady was kind enough to send flowers for our table? There must be a mistake!

Freshman.—“Get out, won't you! make out you don't know a collard stalk when you see it.”

It was such a delightful evening, by the way, when Messrs Jenkins and Randolph surprised the aristocracy of the community by appearing in their evening dress and announcing to a few friends that they intended to spend a few pleasant hours at a stylish soiree in town.

All who wish to be in fashion and sport a Trinity cane can obtain the same by applying to Lip, Wag, & Co. They have been tried and are the things needed to protect life and insure happiness in old age. The great feature though about them is, they are all exactly the right length, having been measured by the great “Wagnomian Standard Measure.”



Didn't that examination question have a hard time? After lingering between life and death for nearly two months, what a hard death it died with! How cruel too! That last stroke, well "that was the most unkindest cut of all," that any Professor should think that class was trying to shirk any work. And they say he didn't vote on the question. That's sad.

A freshman is like other mortals. It takes time for him to learn the ways of a college life. It was experience of course that one needed a few days ago, when he was preparing a short essay on the life of a certain distinguished gentleman. In his confusion he used the pronoun *she* every time instead of the right gender. Who said the innocent thing copied! Certainly not.

At the recent election of officers in the societies, the following were elected in the Hesperian Society: President, R. G. Tuttle; Vice-President W. F. Gill; Critic, O. P. Ader; Secretary, J. S. Maytubby; Marshall, C. R. Thomas. In the Columbian Society the elections resulted as follows: President, Phifer; Vice-president, Dickerson; Secretary, Rowe; Marshall. Aldridge.

Reddy says he doesn't exactly understand the art of letter writing, especially all the technicalities that go with it. He was heard to ask if it was necessary to enclose a stamp when one wrote to a young lady asking permission to call. The young lady unfortunately heard of this and sent Reddy word that the next time he writes for permission to enclose two stamps, for she had already wasted one on him.

It is a wonderful power a person has who is able to control himself whenever he desires. No one could blame any person for being a little conceited over such a power. This attribute was beginning to show itself in the nature of a certain person when he remarked very confidently that he had

a wonderful will power. And when asked why he thought so he replied: "Because I am never troubled about studying too hard, I can stop when I choose." He was left alone revelling in his own conceit.

Montgomery—Boys, if you can't eat I'll put up the turkey until another time. That other fellow though stands higher in her esteem than I do. Just to think how it all came about. As I started over I bought two boxes of that fine candy I was telling you about. You have no idea how it costs—50 cents a box (feeling nervously in his pocket) and I put both boxes in my overcoat pocket, she went to move the coat and the boxes fell out, she picked them up and put them in the wrong coat. There is where the trouble comes in. This is what makes me miserable now. That man had the brass to go and find the candy in his pocket and he brought it in and treated the crowd with—my candy.

Plato.—"Thanksgiving was a bad day for me too, why was my mind wandering so. Oh! it is terrible to have some great regret that you can't dismiss. Erwin, you know when that young lady asked me my favorite musical instrument, I told her it was a banjo, and she said some thing about my being from the country etc., and then went back into the parlor." At this point the light went out for the want of oil and the other members didn't give their experience. Next morning when the crowd made their appearance everybody looked at their red and swollen eyes of unfortunates, and muddy thoughts passed through the minds of some, but they never knew the burden that was wasting their inward life to sorrows.

Tom (as he begins the crowd smiles for they know his reputation)—Boys I'm going to tell the God's truth (extreme sadness) Pierce experienced the same thing, as you can see from his expression. Smuggy, a piece of turkey would kinder settle my thoughts, any of you a cigar? Well, Pierce

and myself went calling and wore our rubber boots taking our shoes in our hand, and we forgot to put on our shoes before knocking, but we knocked and then tried to pull off our boots and put on our shoes before they answered the knock, in pulling off, our boots took everything with them and the door was opened just as I pushed my boot aside. I'll never have the face to go there again, will you Pierce?"

Freshman—I don't play foot-ball, but I think I understand the game pretty well. There is only one thing that gives me any trouble, and that is I have never been able to see the exact difference between a touch-down and a quarterback. [According to some of the literary aspirants, who have a very peculiar tendency to use the walls in a certain part of the Inn, as a befitting place to declare to the world their unmistakable genius, not a great deal is to be expected from a freshman. This, of course is not true of them as a class, but it is at least applicable to at least one member of the Fresh English class. Having been asked to write a composition, he brought to class an excellent piece—so good in fact, that before he had finished reading it, he had worked the other members of the class to a high state of admiration. His reputation for a touching and pathetic writer would have been insured, had his closing not been, "We were so happy in my girlhood days." This is given with no intention to condemn plagiarism, but simply to show what may sometimes depend on the failure to change the gender in copying.]

When the idea of a "lecture series" was first suggested last year, some persons demurred because they thought this would interfere to some extent with college duties, but the objections were overruled on the grounds that at the worst they would give recreation and a needed mental diversion. And so it proved, with the addition that they were about as instructive and helpful as any one department of college work. The effect was so potent and the enjoyment of the student and

townpeople so great and universal, that a like arrangement has been made this year; and it is with the anticipation of much pleasure that we look forward to six entertainments between now and June. The first, Ollie Torbett Concert Co., was in Durham on the 11th and gave expected pleasure to the largest crowd that has been in Stokes Hall this year. Everything about this concert was good and leaves the impress of both innate and acquired art. Words are entirely too soulless to convey an adequate idea of beauty and effect of music, and any attempt in this direction seems lame at best. To say that the sextette was admirable both in quality of tone and training of voices of all the singers, that the piano solos were superb, even if it was a little too classical for ordinary appreciation, and the violin playing of Miss Torbett was intensely delightful and exquisite, is to give a general description that is simply true, without conveying any idea of the separate and combined effect of these upon one who is an impressivist so far as music is concerned. The oft repeated encores, and the fine and subtle but potent effect upon a cultured and discriminating audience attest that taken collectively it was the best concert that has been in Durham this season. The next feature of the series will be a lecture, I understand, and if so it will be good, of course. In spite of the fact that some professor tried to make a distinction between attending these lectures and what he chose to term duty, each student should go and enjoy himself, even if he has to lay aside temporary work that is pressing.

Oh! it was a miserable night. Electricity was no longer keeping the halls aglow with its powerful radiation. All was dark and obscure save in one dismal dormitory where darkness was duped by the dim flickering of a shadeless lamp. Old lady Joyner had long since ceased his day's devotion and with his restless head lying upon his downy pillow he wandered in dream land, his mind in a confused way was carrying him back to the Main hall of the College Inn, there to wrestle

with thousands of electric chords tightening around his whole body, like the snakes of Laocon, or straining with agony, striving to free his body from tremendous logs of wood rolled down upon him by some mischievous Junior. It was surprising to stand in that lonely room and watch the countenance of each individual as the faintly flickering light, bending slowly its flame seemed to suggest to each how fast the noisy wind was blowing the dreary night away. Montgomery, with a deep sigh.—“Boys, my grief seems to surpass and overcome my physical power, I can't eradicate this one thought from my mind, how my hopes for that one evening—an evening above all other evenings—were ruined. Have some turkey, boys? I can't eat.” Erwin, in his soft sympathetic tones.—“Smuggly, dear boy, don't grieve so, take your towel there and wipe my eyes, I left my only handkerchief with my patent leathers, at Blacknall's to preserve them. You never told us your trouble but I will tell mine first. When each one is known then we can sympathize with one another. No, no, I can't chew tobacco, it reminds me of my disgrace. You all know about that masquerade, how I talked about it beforehand, and how I was going to represent Rob Roy's wife, and how I would close my door when I was by myself and go through with all I would be likely to say and stand up before the looking glass to see what an appearance I would make. Oh! the thought of it is killing me. I started perfectly elated over the subject but when I got there—God knows what made the change, I lost all control over myself, and the very first thing I did, I felt for my pocket to get a chew of tobacco—Tommy, let me lean on your arm—and everybody saw it.” A general wiping of eyes.



## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

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T. A. SMOOT, - - - - Editor.

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R. G. Tuttle, will conduct the services on the first Sunday afternoon, after the holidays,—January 6th.

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The meetings continue to be interesting and profitable to all who attend. It is intended that they should come in touch with the every day life and experience of the students. It is the one service that is peculiarly their own, and we wish all would realize that it exists, perhaps more than any other religious service at college, a great influence for good.

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Prof. Merritt's remarks on the fourth Sunday in November, were of a very interesting character. He presented the thought that we are all missionaries of the truth; that one need not go to the foreign field in order to be in that sphere, but that the consecrated christian man should be a missionary in whatever profession or in whatever country he may be.

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Prof. Weber, conducted the services December 19th. His remarks were specially adapted to the student and his needs in college life. He urged the importance of Bible reading and secret prayer; and spoke of the basis of the Christian religion as being the only true basis of character. This being the last meeting before Christmas, he gave some good thoughts on the proper way of spending the holidays.

*J. Lamb*

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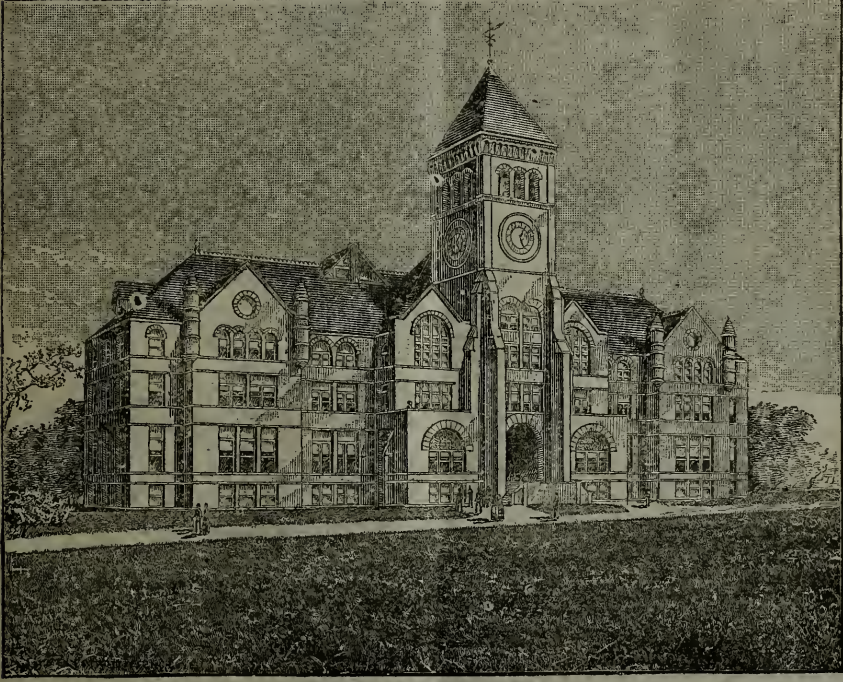
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# THE Trinity Archive.



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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1894.

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## THE FUNCTION OF THE PRESS.

The publication of a newspaper in a free country, governed by public opinion and enjoying the priceless advantage of a free press, is a business, which stands by itself and is peculiar among business and industrial enterprises. It is pursued of course for the purpose of pecuniary profit and so far it differs not at all from other manufacturing enterprises. The men who put their money and their ability into it, make the investment with a motive which is the same as that which induces other men to risk their capital in an iron foundry, a cotton factory or a banking house except in the instances when they are influenced by vain ambitions and false conceptions as to the functions and possibilities of a newspaper. Some people imagine that if they have a selfish object in politics, a hobby in social reform, a theory in religion or an undertaking in business, which they are eager to promote and propagate, the first great necessity for them is to start a newspaper as an organ. If they can get their views in print and give them currency in a newspaper under their complete

control, they think that they can powerfully influence and further indirectly their own selfish and pecuniary interests.

Many journals and other periodicals are started on this assumption and their establishment is a practical proof and substantial acknowledgment of the independence of such considerations and limitations in the really well rooted and successful newspapers conducted on business principles and with a larger and truer comprehension of their public obligations. The people, who want only to grind their own axes in a newspaper, are forced to start newspapers of their own for they find by experience that they cannot turn to their private uses the really influential journals already established in the confidence of the public because of their broader and higher conceptions of the functions of a journal.

It is for the public interest, therefore, that a newspaper should be founded and conducted as a business enterprise and for the purpose of pecuniary profit as its prime object. No really successful journal in the world has ever been run on any other principle so far as concerns the main motive of its publication. It is published principally to make money. The capital employed in it is invited for that end and the ability expended in its publication, whether business or literary and purely editorial and intellectual is exercised for a pecuniary reward; and without such remuneration it could not be obtained any more than a picture of some great artist, or the book of a great author can be had for nothing.

Instead of debasing the newspapers this purpose of securing material profit is essential to its elevation and to the proper performance of its function; a conservative, restraining and broadening influence. By reason of it, the public themselves are made partners in the enterprise and the newspaper is made more sensitive to its obligations to them. Its interests and the public interests become essentially the same, for its prosperity depends on its fidelity to the public's welfare and the consequent popular support it receives. It must earn the

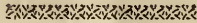
popular confidence and respect by meriting them. Its own interests are involved in its enlightened comprehension of the needs and sentiments of society. It is not for itself alone but for all mankind; not its own critic, merely, but an object for the criticism of all the people.

Hence by the very necessity of its existence as a prosperous business enterprise, a newspaper is forced to adopt principles and methods, which partake of the character of the highest and purest statesmanship and have a distinctly altruistic quality. It cannot take narrow and selfish views. It must survey all society and subordinate selfish considerations to the general welfare. It is a statue carved out by man, but which takes on life and individuality of its own and eventually dominates its author. It is an institution which may never die, while he is a mortal whose span of life is short. He becomes insignificant as compared with the construction of his own hands. All society and not he alone has builded it up. Without the sustenance of popular confidence and favor it languishes and dies. It is for the people to say, whether it shall be vigorous and endearing or feeble and ephemeral; and their decision is rendered in accordance with the vigor and persistency, the wisdom, honesty, sincerity and ability with which it defends their interests and maintains the principles that command their respect. It is a representative elected by popular suffrage; and it must serve all the people and not its individual owners alone if it is to prosper as a commercial undertaking.

This makes the newspaper peculiar among business enterprises. It is as necessary for it to have intrinsic merit as it is requisite that a work of art should have beauty or be a true revelation of nature in order to command critical approval and endearing eminence. To secure parallel consideration a newspaper must be conducted on the principles which underlie all real art; it must get its reward from the singleness of its effort to attain a purely ideal end. Art for art's

sake is a motto applicable to journalism. As a business enterprise established for money making, it cannot succeed otherwise in full measure and permanently. To the great honor of our important and successful newspapers it can be said that generally they are conducted with a sagacious and conscientious regard for their public obligations. They do not forget their representative character but hold themselves as servants of the people, accountable for the use of their stewardship. Their conductors are under no oath of office and no formal bonds for the faithful performance of their public duties ; but they are bound by a sense of obligation, which is oftentimes religious in its elevation. Their functions have a sacerdotal character and their vows of fidelity must be made to God and not to man.

JOHN L. WEBER.



#### WHAT IS ART ?

A prominent writer on the subject says that Americans have no conception of true Art. Yet, presumably, each one thinks within himself that he knows what Art is even though he may not be able to express it. Art is elusive ; one might as well try to grasp the sunbeam or the faint sweet odor of violets. You imprison the mellow golden light in the choicest vase, take it to a dark room to dispell the gloomy shades and it is gone. So it is with Art ; bind it in the most comprehensive definition and you have nothing.

“Art itself is Nature, and Nature is Art,” says Shakespeare and the statement is endorsed by John Stuart Mills, yet Dr. Johnson says, “Art is the power of designing something not taught by Nature or instinct,” and in common language works of Art and Nature are placed in contradistinction. Some one suggests that art is knowledge made efficient by skill. Yet the finest locomotive with its application of mathematical principles and the laws of the physical properties of steam and steel ; the most perfect electric light ; the



most intricate piece of mechanism that performs its work with almost human intelligence ; even the grandest theory of the heavenly bodies, with its hypothesis of their evolution, and the laws that govern their harmonic motion;—these, though triumphs of man's skill in making knowledge efficient, are not accounted Art.

But you say, "The field of Art is in painting and sculpture and architecture and things that appeal to the taste and emotions."

The Latin word from which the term is derived (*ars, artis*) may mean a craft, a science, a work of art, or dexterity, and it in turn is derived from a Greek word (——) meaning to be joined closely or suitably. The Greek equivalent of our word Art (——) means skill, manner, a trade, a work of art and is derived from a verb (——) meaning to bring into the world, to produce. The stoics define Art "To create and beget" and the German idiom is "To know, to be able." Art has been defined in English as "the power, the rules that govern the power and the result." Thus, from derivations the so-called "Mechanical Arts" are properly so-called. But discarding them as not included in the abstract term Art, no knowledge of the real nature of Art has been arrived at save in so far as it is learned what it is not.

The local application of the term varies widely, but it is almost universally conceded that the essential consideration is beauty, and a Royal Academician says "Eternal Beauty, widely different from arbitrary, local, temporary notions of beauty, which have occasional currency as *ton, fashion, mode*. This false beauty which roots itself in affectation has nothing to do with genuine, legitimate Art." What a sermon to those who cater to the prevailing taste and strive to be the *fad!* There is little chance of immortality for one who is content with success. Who will state how many artists have been ruined by being forced to conform to the rules of a "school?" and does not this lay a great responsibility upon art



teachers lest they fetter the wings of the imagination of an aspiring young artist with their *technique*? Yet do not think a rude conception may be crudely portrayed as Art. Art includes knowledge and skill and, as will be learned, obedience to the rules of nature. But here we are demonstrating *obscuram per obscurior*. Beauty is as vague as Art. Whole volumes have been written on the subject without illustrating it very clearly. As a branch of philosophic study it is far less understood than knowledge. Beauty like sight is innate in our minds. It is by a transference of language that we speak of objects being beautiful. Things have no beauty save as they arouse the feeling in us, and their ability to do this varies with their surroundings. The flower that delights us in the desert is passed unnoticed in the greenhouse, the soft half-light of the summer's moon on hill and dell has a different effect on the anxious farmer who sees therein a special Providence to enable him to gather his harvest, and the picnicing lovers who behold but the poetry of its lacelike tracing of leaf and twig on the smooth floor of the forest; the grandeur of the fire, and the beauty and grace of the tongues of living flames as they swirl and writhe, wrapping column and capital in their lurid folds whatever effect they produce on the poet, scarcely rouse the aesthetic nature of the man who sees consumed in a few hours the product of years of skill and toil.

It is said that beauty and perfection are but different names for the same thing, unity, variety and harmony, combined with fitness and the preservation of the design of each species, exact detail of parts with grace and taste—yet it is acknowledged that modern society with intellectual ability and indefinite mechanical mastery has lost originality and force in Art though producing work unparalleled in exactness, and Art is spoken of as ‘a creative faculty different from natural and scientific capacity and only at certain and rare periods possessed by man.’ Thus it is stated that the per-

fection of Art consists not in execution, but on the exaltedness and fervor of the conception.

Four displays of special art are cited that in their completeness fill every susceptibility, touch the higher feelings, through them the mind losing itself in the Infinite:—these are Greek sculpture, Italian painting, Gothic architecture and Greek architecture, though the latter is in so poor a state of preservation that its completeness may be only conceived.

The Egyptians wrought images of males and females in the most durable material, but not in a lifelike manner. Their figures seem neither to act nor speak, resembling dead rather than animated nature. The pyramids and obelisks are the most massive examples of human achievements, but their monuments do not arouse the higher emotions. They observed general proportions in a gross way without attention to beauty or details of parts; so to-day, their works are admired for their vastness and the knowledge of the mechanical arts displayed in their construction, but they are not regarded as true works of art. The Egyptian is an example of conventional art and illustrates that exactness in construction according to the prevailing rule is not the field of true Art.

The claim is made that supreme excellence in Art is attained only when the subject of the artist's thoughts and toils is to him an object of worship. In defense of this theory it is urged that the fine art of Greek sculpture and Italian painting was thus produced, but surely it cannot be said that such was the basis of Greek and Gothic architecture. In addition to the above it is stated that Art in its nature is symbolical, not imitative. If these principles were all that is essential many productions would have to be included that cannot now be allowed within the pale and any approach to Art in modern times would be almost impossible.

Again, this statement may be found that perfected art discovers and works out the inherent capacity of natural forms, when idealized by the imagination to symbolize those spirit-

ual sentiments which form the subject of true Art. What is Art if it does not make one think? What, if it does not arouse emotions, if it does not deal with sentiments? But sentiment is not concrete and may not be pictured.

Says Canon Mozley "one of the strongest and most successful modes of describing any powerful object of any kind, is to describe it in its effects" and this is the method of the portrayal of thought and feeling. Do not Greek and Roman architecture symbolize majestic strength and infinite grace? Appollo is but the representation of ideal man. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. How could the perfect man be delineated, save in the most perfect form. Venus is the expression of tender love and grace. Note the erect being and well set shoulders of the Apollo the fearless steadfastness of the features; the conscious nobility of man is expressed in every curve. Observe the tenderness and warmth of Venus of Molo, the drooping head and downcast eye,—one may almost see her blush. It is not the lifeless marble that possesses these qualities,—that is but the means by which the artist has conveyed his idea to others.

Art is the portrayal of the human imagination for humanity, and, to be a means of communication between man and man, must be within the grasp of the understanding. Therein Art is Nature; man does not accept the unnatural, the form of the woman must be woman as we know her, of the horse as he is. "But the perfect is not in nature, and Art should be perfect." There is a perfection of nature's forms that may be conceived in the imagination. The very discovery of defects proves the perfect concept. Nature is perfected in the imagination and perfect nature is pure. In his lectures on Art Ruskin says, "Look on all foulness with horror." This is in accord with Nature. When Adam and Eve had their eyes opened they were ashamed and hid their nakedness with leaves. Lasciviousness is a corruption of man's taste and

is disgusting both to the true nature and to the nature trained to discern what is right.

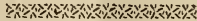
In examining galleries of art one quickly learns that beauty *per se* is far from being the primary consideration of Art. He who but perceives the beauty of line and color in Raphael's Madonnas gains but a small per cent of their artistic value ; abstract from face and form the sentiments expressed and they are of little worth. There is no beauty in the horror and terror of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment and the suffering of Laocoon does not effect this emotion in us ; Shakespeare's Othello does not deal with the beautiful,—yet all these are true works of art, depicting thought, feeling, emotion, through the medium of natural forms, in a manner that attracts and draws forth our higher sensibilities. Moreover, there is even room for the grotesque in Art. As the stars but shine the more brightly the blacker the night, so the proximity of a Hindoo idol may well heighten the portrait of a beautiful woman. There is a value for the grotesque for its own sake. Contrast is sometimes a stronger means of association than similarity, and a sense of the sublime frequently provoked by a sight of the ridiculous. The attention once arrested by the exquisite portrayal of an awkward elf, one may learn that true worth and beauty are frequently hidden under unprepossessing forms, or if the trail of the serpent is revealed by the goblin, he sees that the most venal sins are oft presented in an attractive manner. So far Art is symbolical in that it uses the concrete to express the higher, purer abstract, and thus Art may be regarded as sacred inasmuch as the mind of man conceives it pertaining directly to Deity, and through Art one loses self in contemplation of the Infinite. Art is unnatural in that it strives for perfection and produces what nature would and from this fact it is creative. The imagination never discovers its ideal in nature, but constructs it from parts selected here and there. The concept is of prime importance in Art, (Machines produce work of almost perfect



form, but never works of Art), yet knowledge of Nature and her object in creation is requisite for the preservation of harmony, and efficient skill in portrayal is essential. As crudeness in expression presents the thorough comprehension of the artist's idea, so exactness in detail gives the work the beauty of skilled construction that attracts us even though the primary idea may arouse very different emotions.

Thus each definition embraces some essential feature of Art yet none convey a true, definite notion of the meaning of the term. This may be gained only from a personal study of the subject in its expression.

HENRY P. BOGGS.



#### SELFISH MOTIVES.

It seems to be the common fault among a class of mankind to regard the highest worldly achievement as the summit of human greatness, however base and degrading be the motive that prompts man to action. There is too often a lack of distinction between that which is accomplished for the betterment of mankind and that which is occupied through purely selfish motives. Scan the pages of history and see how many rulers in the world's history, out of the hosts that have swayed the scepter, have had their country and fellow men at heart.

Who does not acknowledge Alexander as a great man, that general who caused the whole world to bow at his feet and yet wept that there were not other worlds for him to conquer? Was it love for his country and fellow-man that led this powerful military genius to overrun all Hellas and lay waste the inviting coast of Asia Minor? It is true that the spread of Grecian influence proved a blessing to the world, yet the conqueror's motive was selfish aggrandizement and his debauched and ignominious death at Babylon proves that he who had conquered the world was not able to subdue his own selfish motives.

Again, revolving the wheel of time through more than



twenty centuries we see all Europe bowing at the feet of France's mighty warrior and it was not till victory decided against Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo that Europe would rest free from the fears of our unrelenting tyrant's power. The crossing of the Alps and the retreat from burning Moscow reveal what misery, ambition, prompted by selfish motives, may bring upon the followers of a man like Napoleon, a man who loved war as the gambler loves his game, a man whose conscience was so seared that he could look upon the weeping orphan made homeless by his own commands and not be touched with a feeling of compassion. Yes, he even thrust from his bosom that creature who should have been the pride and joy of his life in order to appease the gods of his ambition.

But let us look for a while on the sunny side of history. How different was the case with Alfred of England, that zealous patron of liberty and learning whose philanthropic deeds, like those of Washington won for him the honored title of Father of his Country. This Saxon chief was one of the few rulers in the World's history who did not adopt royal power to his own selfish aims, yet when the scroll of fame is rolled back by the historian, the name that stands at the first, gilded in the golden tints of a hero's grandest achievements and filling one with admiration at the sight of such gorgeous colors is this name of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

The humblest cottage peasant who lives unhonored and unknown is far more worthy of renown than he who writes his name high up on a temple of fame with a finger dipped in his country's blood. He who conquers his own selfish motives has overcome a far more formidable enemy than that which Wolf met on the plains of Abraham. How nobly and how strikingly true is the poet's words on this subject.

"All honor then to that brave heart,  
Though rich or poor he be,  
Who struggles with the baser part,  
Who conquers and is free.  
He may not wear a hero's crown

Or fill a hero's grave,  
 But truth will place his name among  
 The bravest of the brave."

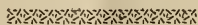
The lives of Alexander, Napoleon, and Ceasar are examples of unbounded ambition, and the names of these men stand, like beacon lights, on the shores of time to mark the dangerous reefs that will inevitably shipwreck the usurper of man's rights.

The politician whose highest ideal is an office feels no reproach of conscience when he has to transfer himself from one political party to another to reach that ideal. The object of the orator, the statesman, and the warrior should be to elevate humanity and not simply to use men as a means by which they may accomplish their own ends.

When the masses of uneducated people shall have become sufficiently enlightened to understand the scheming plots of the modern demagogue, then will the Eutopia, like the morning rose, unfurl its beautiful foliage to a purer atmosphere and send its sweet fragrance through every branch of society, lifting up into the golden sunlight of truth that which has long remained hidder from the eyes of justice.

Let the fate of the exile of St. Helena ever be fresh in the minds of those who would use man simply as a tool to carve out their own fortunes, ever remembering that, though fame hold out her golden treasures to tempt vain humanity, yet "The paths to glory lead but to the grave."

J. L. WOODWARD.



#### WILLIAM DORSEY PENDER.

William Dorsey Pender, son of James Pender, was born in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, February 6th, 1834. His father was a planter, and young William, like most planter's sons, spent much of his early life in open air sports. The continual practice of hunting, fishing, riding and other like feats of country life gave the strong form and quick

determination that afterwards yielded him such good service.

When about fifteen years of age, he secured a position in the store of his brother, R. H. Pender, at that time a prominent merchant of Tarboro. William showed no fondness for the mercantile business. From this, however, we should not hastily infer that he was not an industrious lad. His energy was bent in another direction than the measuring of cloth or the weighing of sugar. While filling such a position, he evinced none of the genialities that afterwards so characterize the future Confederate leader. He was fully convinced that his talent lay in some other direction.

Being dissatisfied with his present lot in life, he turned his attention to some other vocation. Having learned that the appointment to West Point was open, he made application and through the influence of a prominent gentleman he received the coveted position from the hands of William Thomas Ruffin, an eminent jurist of the State. William Dorsey Pender, like most boys of to-day, was delighted at the notion of going off to school.

We must pass the transition after his receiving the appointment and behold him on his arrival at West Point. The four years of college life passed uneventfully. In justice to him we can but say that he was studious, respected by all, modest and unassuming, not affected yet true to his friends and courteous to all with whom he came in contact. He treated with deference both his superiors and inferiors. His class was an exceedingly able one as may be judged from some of its members becoming so noted after leaving West Point, and in it he always ranked among the best. Among his class-mates were such men as G. W. Curtis Lee, S. D. Lee, J. E. B. Stewart and Joshua Pegram.

The summer after graduation was spent in his native State in company with J. E. B. Stuart and S. F. Sheppard, another of his friends and classmates; but, from this group of friends, our young hero was soon called to join his regiment, the

second Artillery at Fort Meyer, Florida. At his own request he was transferred to the first Dragoons. He spent several years with his regiment in New Mexico; but, on the outbreak of the Indian troubles was on the Pacific coast. He was in the battles of Four Lakes and Spoken Plains. The reporters commended him very highly for the skill displayed during the campaign. It was during this campaign, amid such trying ordeals, that he received the training and experience afterwards displayed. After four years of wandering and adventure, he began to direct his thoughts homeward. Receiving a furlough, Lieutenant Pender left for home.

Soon after his return home, he was married to Miss M. F. Sheppard, sister of his former class-mate, S. F. Sheppard.

His stay at his home in tarboro was cut short by a call to Washington on business. After a short stay in Washington, he, accompanied by his wife, left to rejoin his regiment. The two years following were spent in garrison at Forts Vancouver and Walla Walla. During the summer months the monotony of garrison life was interspersed with varied and adventurous expeditions.

In the fall of 1860, he was promoted to the Adjutancy of the regiment. He was soon ordered to report at headquarters in San Francisco, Cal. The hardships of a soldier's life were now alleviated by the presence of his wife. About this time, he seriously thought of resigning and returning to private life. He, however, decided to remain in the service.

In 1861 he was ordered on a recruiting service to report at Carlisle, Penn. The whole land from East to West, from North to South was filled with animosity, caused by the political troubles. The same sectional feeling was entering the army as rapidly as it was spreading throughout the Union. This period was the turning point in our young hero's life. Seeing the outlook, pangs of regret entered his inmost soul, for he loved the entire Union. There he stood halting between two opinions. He knew not which way to bend his

energies. Before returning to North Carolina, he spent a few days in Washington City with his friends. There was no rest for his anxiety, since he feared that he might be *forced* to take up arms against his Southern brethren in case any disturbance should arise at the inauguration of President Lincoln. He left for home on the third of March with a sad heart and a gloomy countenance. On reaching home he was greeted by his friends and asked what course he intended to pursue. The future soldier gave them but little satisfaction, as he was not fully determined as to his course. While at the home of his father-in-law he read President Lincoln's proclamation. This decided him. With pangs of regret he wrote his letter of resignation and cast his fortune with that of the Seceding States. He went immediately to Montgomery, Ala., and offered his services to the Confederate States. He left his wife and children in North Carolina. He was appointed Captain and was assigned to the Artillery, which position he held till his native state seceded. He at once returned to North Carolina and offered his services and was at once appointed Lieutenant-Colonel.

Colonel Pender was sent to Garysburg, N. C., to take charge of the camp of instruction; and, from the first won the implicit confidence of the officials and privates as well

The Governor of the State was not long in recognizing his ability.

F. C. MCDOWELL.

(To be Continued.)



## EDITORIAL.

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L. T. HARTSELL,	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
B. PHIFER,	-	-	Assistant Editor.

---

IN this issue of the ARCHIVE will be found a short biography of Gen. Pender. In each succeeding issue, it is our purpose to have a biography of some living North Carolinian. It is and ever has been the custom of the people to wait until a man is dead before his good deeds are pointed out ; but we purpose to show what some North Carolinians while still living and moving on this mundane sphere have done for the State and for humanity.

---

IN the struggle for knowledge, the school boy often fails to take advantage of the great opportunity afforded for making friends. It is not necessary that you should waste your time trying to be friendly by making continual visits, but rather the contrary. In coming in contact with your school-mates always wear a smile and speak a kind word. Such expressions of friendship cost you nothing and will yield you abundant fruit.

---

THERE is a prevailing complaint of headache and general debility among the students. This is very probably due to two causes, overloading the stomach and lack of proper exercise. The first cause may be easily remedied by using a little discretion at the table ; the second may be overcome by getting up an outdoor game that will amuse and at the same time give exercise. In the football season these complaints were unheard-of among the students. We venture to say if a base ball nine was organized it would have the same telling effect.

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SINCE the great excitement of football has subsided there is a rather dull, monotonous feeling prevading the college.

Can there not be something organized to give more life and spirit and at the same time furnish recreation, which is so necessary to the student? It seems that a glee-club is just the thing needed. Besides giving recreation, there is no art that elevates the mind of man more than music. Shakespeare recognizes its elevating influence when he says:

“The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”

There is, in college, plenty of musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, and there is also a number of musical instruments. In order to get up a good glee-club, the only thing necessary is organization. Why not organize?

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IN a recent issue of the ARCHIVE it was suggested that to arouse more interest in society work there be public contests between the societies more frequently. But as yet there has been no public contests neither has there been any appreciable increase in interest. Every Friday night the same hum-drum programme of debates, declamations and orations is gone through with. All this may be very good. Indeed hotly contested debates are and will continue to be the most important and beneficial part of society work. But every one knows that interest will lag at times and the fixed and unvarying programme will become monotonous. So another suggestion! Would it not be a good idea to make as a part of the exercises a study of the world's greatest authors? A study of the life, style and works of such a man as Dickens or Thackeray would certainly not be time thrown away. It would greatly improve the style of the debaters, besides being useful for the information it would give. Something on this line, some variation of the routine of work, would give more life and interest to the meetings, would possibly cause more members to attend, and would be about as profitable as some of the work now done.

MOST people expect the young graduate, as he leaves college and goes out to mingle with the world, to be an embodiment of knowledge, a veritable walking encyclopaedia. They soon learn however that he falls short of their expectations. They often find that he has very little more practical knowledge,—knowledge that he can utilize in his struggle for his meat and bread—than he had when he first started to college. Latin, Greek, Mathematics and perchance Philosophy he may have in luxuriant profusion. But the more practical knowledge that is daily needed in any profession he may choose, is found to be sadly wanting. We would not underestimate the importance of studying mathematics and the classics. Their value as mind trainers is unquestionable. They develop in a young man the capacity for work, for solving the hard problems of life as nothing else can. It is questionable, however, whether time devoted to these studies to the exclusion of almost everything else is at all justifiable. The tendency of modern education is to give greater space for the study of practical subjects as Economics, Finance, etc.

Situated as Trinity now is in a city where extensive and diversified manufacturing is engaged in, she has good opportunity for making a study of social, economic and financial problems. Nor has she been slow to make use of the advantages thus afforded. Under the supervision of Prof. Dowd the question of factory labor has been carefully examined and studied, also the obnoxious system of municipal taxation in North Carolina.



A COMPARISON of the number of volumes in the different college libraries in the State would bring out facts of which Trinity would justly feel ashamed. That there are at present only about seven thousand volumes in our library is partly accounted for by the fact that a large number—probably two thousand volumes—were left for the use of the students at old Trinity and were never removed to Durham. Heretofore, too,

it has been customary for the societies to make yearly appropriations to keep the library supplied with new books. But this could hardly have been expected of them the last two years, as they have had to furnish their halls anew and make unusual expenditures in other directions. For this and other reasons that could be given there have been no recent accessions of any consequence to the library, with the exception of Dr. Moran's bequest.

Now if Trinity is to keep abreast with her sister colleges it is necessary that her library be enlarged. More and better books must be placed accessible to the student. The works of many standard writers are no longer in the library. The literary department is probably most deficient. The collection of the works of fiction is very incomplete. Every volume of Shakespeare, Emerson's essays, and other works equally important, have been removed from the library or have in some way been misplaced. Some plan ought to be originated as soon as possible to procure these books, as well as to enlarge the library generally and keep it supplied with all the best new books as they are issued.

One department of the library that is probably as useful and valuable as any other is the collection of Magazines and Periodicals. In this our library is not so deficient. Copies of the North American Review date back to 1827. The index shows, however, that many have been lost. Now the alumni and friends of Trinity doubtless have copies of most of the missing numbers. Would it not be better for those having these old Magazines to donate them to the college library where they are needed and would be carefully preserved, than to keep them stored away at their homes for the rats to gnaw, (and read too, very likely)? It is hoped that some will be sufficiently interested in the college to send these (to them) worse than useless magazines. The files for the year 1826-1886 inclusive are very incomplete and any of these numbers will be highly acceptable. Any issue of '89 and '90 can also be made room for.

## ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. W. EDWARDS, - - Editor.

Samuel T. Moyle is on the Nashville circuit.

J. M. Ashby ('82) will go to the Clayton circuit.

T. N. Ivey ('79) was returned to the Wilson station.

Hal. Gibbons (of '94) is in business at Wilmington, N. C.

C. W. Robinson ('86) has been sent to the Pittsboro circuit.

J. E. Thompson ('78) will work on the Mt. Gilead circuit.

N. M. Journey ('74) will remain on the Mt. Olive circuit.

D. T. Edwards ('92) is principal of the school at Kinston, N. C.

M. T. Plyler ('92) will go to Market Street Church, Wilmington.

W. C. Norman ('72) will remain at Grace Street church at Wilmington.

J. J. Baker, in school several years ago, will work on the Aurora circuit.

B. F. Hanes (in school in '92) is traveling for a tobacco house in Winston.

W. A. B. Hearne, one of Trinity's old boys, is now clerking in Salisbury, N. C.

Charlie McCanless ('91) is now teaching in a prosperous school in Roanoke, Va.

B. R. Hall ('75) has been sent to one of the finest churches in the South—the Trinity church of Durham.

W. C. Merritt (of the class of '93) also joined at the last session and was given the Roper City station.



It is reported that Roderick Turner, in school during 1886-'90, will return to Trinity and take course in law.

H. R. Ehrie (of the class of '94) is now at the University of N. C. studying law. "Coote" has our best wishes for success.

R. H. Willis ('93), who has been teaching at Plymouth, N. C., will take charge of the school at Hendersonville, after Christmas.

F. M. Shamberger ('83) has been sent to the Kinston station with the Rev. Edward Kelley, who was at Trinity last year, as assistant.

A. L. Ormond ('92) was sent to the Craven circuit by the last conference. For the last two years he has been on the Burlington work.

R. L. Durham ('91) was married to Miss \_\_\_\_\_ of Rutherfordton on the 27th of Dec. He is the third of the class of '93 that has drawn a prize.

Ed. Dixon, in school at Trinity a few years ago, was married to Miss Mamie Ghant on the 2nd of Jan. 1894. The ARCHIVE extends hearty congratulations.

W. G. Bradshaw ('77), who has been practicing medicine since graduation, is now cashier of the Commercial Bank of High Point, and is considered a very safe business man.

Since the last ARCHIVE was sent to the press, the North Carolina Conference has met and changed the location of a large number of the graduates and former students of Trinity College.

Charlie White, A. M., ('77), now Clerk of the Court of Hauston Co., Missouri, spent the Christmas holidays with relatives in Randolph Co., N. C. He taught school for about eight years in the western part of the State before going to Missouri.

J. W. Wallice, in school several years ago, joined the Conference at its last session and was sent to Core Sound Mission.

R. H. Mitchell ('90), a graduate student at University of N. C. and Vanderbilt University, has been elected Prof. of Chemistry in the Pacific Methodist College at Los Angeles, California.

W. E. Fentress ('87), who has been teaching in South Carolina since graduation until this year, has been compelled to give up his school at Farmers, N. C., on account of continued ill health.

R. T. White, at one time one of Trinity's promising theological students, was immersed and joined the Baptist church at High Point, N. C., on the evening of Dec. 28th and will probably enter their ministry.

E. E. Rose, for three years a student of Trinity College, will work on the Milton circuit next year. Ed and his bride, nee Miss Maggie Upchurch, visited the bride's uncle, Mr. Joseph Upchurch of Durham during the holidays.

L. S. Massey ('91) and wife passed through Durham Dec. 22, '93 on their way to their new field of labor at Tarboro, N. C. He leaves Leasburk with much regret and to the regret of his church, but we predict a pleasant year for him at Tarboro.

Will Reagañ, who was a student at Trinity for several years, will have to give up his position as postmaster at High Point, N. C., on Jan. 27th., 1894. He has filled this office with credit for four years and it is only his politics that makes a change necessary. After that date he will take charge of a school in Davidson county.

In a recent number of the ARCHIVE, J. H. Scarborough of '87 was reported as teacher at Wappanucka, Ind. Ter. which was a mistake. For two years past he held the chair of Mathematics in Pacific Methodist College, Santa Rosa, Col., and

is now instructor in Mathematics at Vanderbilt University. The following from Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, D. D., a member of the board of Trustees at Santa Rosa, appears in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*: Prof. Scarborough won a large place during his two years of service. He was scholarly, alert and secured most perfect discipline. He did it apparently with little effort; and could he have remained, would have been at the front as a teacher of mathematics—indeed, of any department of education. His going away was deeply regretted by not only the faculty, pupils, Board of Trustees, and friends of the school, but by the Church at large, as he was a most efficient worker in the Epworth League, and its first President.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

R. G. TUTTLE, - - - Editor.

This is our first issue for '94 and with it we send New Year's greetings to all our exchanges, and hope that the New Year may bring to each of our college journals a new era of prosperity. We hope to see exchange table flooded with journals full of good material to such an extent that we may nothing to do but praise the editors.

The following lines most assuredly show the true spirit and the "grit" of the successful and daring foot-ball player :

"His head was rammed into the sand,  
His arms were broke in twain,  
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone  
He ne'er would walk again.  
His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear  
The whispers they let fall;  
His voice was weak, but this I heard,  
"Old man, who got the ball?"

—Ex.

The *Elon College Monthly* of a recent date, contains a good article on "The Spirit That Animates."

We are glad to have the *Buchtelite* with us again. It is a newsy little paper and expresses much of the sentiment and humor of college life. We would suggest however that it be put in a better and more attractive form, and that more literary contributions be made. In glancing at its pages we at once come to the conclusion that Buchtel College has some poetical talent. Most of it is expressive of the light feelings and tender sentiments of youth. We clip the following :

"They tell me that Elsie is vain;  
Elsie of the golden hair,  
I do not know, but, if 'tis so,  
T'is surely vanity fair.

And if the fair Elsie is vain,  
 Ye maidens of inanity,  
 'Twere well for you if the book were true  
 That tells us "all is vanity."

The December number of *The Western Maryland College Monthly* comes to us in beautiful form. Its editors and managers have selected a neat and very attractive covering for their journal.

The editorials for this number are good and show that they were carefully written. All in all it is one of our best exchanges, and reflects credit on the college it represents. The article entitled *The Rhine of America* is well written. The author shows that he has a knowledge of his subject and describes the scenes along the Hudson in a way that impresses one with his knowledge of the history and incidents connected with the places and scenes he speaks of.

The following shows that all the energy expended in football is not wasted:

Authur's arms were still around her;  
 Several minutes had gone by  
 Since the first kiss had been given,  
 And he had sworn for her to die.

"Darling," gently lisped the maiden,  
 Red as roses grow his face,  
 "If you never loved another,  
 How then learned you to embrace?"

Joyously he pressed her to him,  
 Whispering in her ear with haste;  
 "Foot-ball trainer's while at college  
 Made us tackle 'round the waist."

—Ex.

From *Young Mens Era*—"It is always well to remember that being 'all things to all men' is not the same as 'when you are at Rome do as Rome does.' The latter aphorism is the plea of a coward, the former of the broad minded christian man. The above is true and a distinction should be made between the two aphorisms. A man can afford to act in dif-



ferent ways under different circumstances in order to have an influence for good over his fellow man and he can do this consistently, 'doing as Rome does' goes farther than this, and in some cases means a surrender of one's manhood and individuality."

We are glad to see on our exchange table a copy of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. It is a splendid journal and is full of good contributions. Also has a few short poems which are very good.

Hope we shall have the Yale magazine with us more frequently in the future.

The *Guilford Collegian* is with us. The number for December is attractive in appearance and contains several good articles. Several articles have appeared in different issues relating to the history of the college or to the lives of some of those connected with it. Those contributing these articles show a commendable spirit of college patriotism which might be imitated at other places to advantage.

The last number has a well written article on how the college became a college. It also contains an interesting article on "Student Life in the University of Chicago."

The November number of the *Western Maryland College Monthly* contains a very interesting article entitled "Glimpses of Sleepy Hollow," by A. N. Waid. The writer describes a visit to Sleepy Hollow and his wanderings among those places made sacred almost, by the pen of Washington Irving. He describes the effect produced upon his mind by being in the lonely grave-yard where Irving lies buried. There is nothing that so lifts the mind up from the earth and into the regions of the spiritual as to wander alone in some solitary cemetery, with only the silent dead around for company, and as our minds try to solve the dark mysterious shroud that envelops the grave and the dark portals of death, then truly does it leave the things of earthly existence and lose itself in the con-

templation of the grand and eternal. At such times the soul truly tries to peer through the dark veil and unravel its future destiny. It is then that noble thoughts come to us and we forget the dash and hurry of the world around us. Such is the effect of communion with the dead.

We are glad to have on our table the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, published by the senior class of Princeton. The Magazine is attractive in form and is full of good articles. The one entitled "The Valley of the Shadow" is very interesting. The article on "Burns" is well written and sets forth in a good light some of the traits of that interesting man.

## VIOLETS.

'Neath trees where shadows dim are shifting,  
 In woodland glade and dell,  
 To me your purple face up lifting,  
 A story sweet you tell.

A thought which cannot find expression  
 In other forms less fair,  
 So sweetly held in your possession  
 And wafted on the air.

Before my eyes a mist arises,  
 And for a moment clear,  
 A distant face my view surprises,  
 Then passes in a tear.

—Ex.

## LOCALS

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W. W. FLOWERS and E. C. BROOKS, - - Editors.

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Loan me some oil.

Who's got dat banjo?

And the cat came back.

Don't fail to hear Hedley.

Where did you get *them* violets?

Is S——taking any lessons now?

Lip arose and seconded the emotion.

P——, how will you have your eggs cooked?

*She.*—"What's the song?" *He.*—"After the ball."

Wanted—A remedy for "Snow Ball," who was once white.

Miss Kate Craven is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Pegram.

Jumbo Hoyle says he is studying the divinity of Economics.

What was the Chief Editor doing when professor walked in the room.

Miss L. says Prof. B. comes frequently to play checkers with her father.

What was that Bob had in his pocket? He was studin 'bout den rocks.

Green says he feels a hundred per cent. better since he has gone to studying.

Found a lantern. The owner will please call at No. 94 and identify his property.

The sickness of the local editors will have to account for the lateness of this issue.

If you should wish to know the price of tustling, apply to Messrs. Scarboro and Turner.

Several of the students have recently had attacks of the Grippe, but none of them have been serious.

*Sparger*—“Atlas, do you love gravy on your 'taters?”

*Atlas*—“Pshaw man! don't you say dem greasy words.”

The successors of *Adam* Armstrong and *Robert* Welch have arrived, and have made the acquaintance of all the students in the Inn.

*Prof.*—“Mr. Lord, is corn indiginous to the American soil?”

Mr. Lord, not very attentive,—“Yes Professor, I think they make it out of that.”

The little daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Crawford has been quite sick with the Scarlet Fever, but we are glad to state that she is much improved.

Green, Forbes & Co. are prepared to appear before the public and exhibit their musical selections, rendered artistically by their peculiar talents and instruments.

Chas. E. Turner, '93, has located in Durham for the practice of Law. The ARCHIVE is glad to have him so near “home,” and predicts for him a bright future.

*She*—“The acoustic in the new church is just perfect, don't you thing so?” I should say so.

*Fresh*—“I never saw better seats in my life.”

Prof. Pegram has taken the Senior Geology class out to examine the geological formation of the adjoining country. The immediate section around Durham is a peculiar formation and affords many points of interest to the student of geology.

Improvements are being made to the campus. This is something all have desired to see for along time. They knew it would be done as soon as possible. With some improvements the grounds can be made the most attractive of any other in the State.

Messrs. W. A. Finch and T. A. Smoot have been elected by their respective societies, as Marshal and Manager for the commencement. These are both very efficient young men and will discharge their duties with credit to themselves and to their societies.

*Professor*—Mr. H. can you tell the difference between the preposition *without* and the adverb *without*.

*Mr. H.*—I readily apprehend sir that there is a great differentiation between the afore said named, but I am incompetent to extinguish between the same.

Certain facts when presented to the students become almost intolerable. This was the case in the first concert of the Trinity College Series for this season, when several students were forced to stand up and allow negroes to hold the seats. This is something the managers should attend to.

*Mr. F.*—“Mr. Dr. I’d like to ask you for a point in eticut, I’ve acquainted with the eticut of ’89 but I’ve got that of ’90 and ’91 a little mixed. I wish you’d tell me whether a young man should raise his hat to every lady he meets on the street. I think the eticut of ’89 required it and I’d like to know if it is required now.”

Prof. B. C. Hinde will not be connected with the college this session. His health has not been good for some time, and his physician has advised him not to undertake the strain of another five months work. He is at present resting at his home in Missouri. The ARCHIVE regrets that his health is such that he cannot be with us, but hopes that the rest will be beneficial to him and enable him to return next fall.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson has been added to the list of lecturers in the College Course for this year. Prof. E. T. Bynum has been largely instrumental in securing him, and to him the college is much indebted for his efforts. Prof. Wilson is too well known to need any comment. The fact that he is to



speak is sufficient to insure a large audience. His lecture will be an intellectual treat that no one can afford to miss.

I. E. Avery, formerly editor to the ARCHIVE, more recently of Morganton, came down on a short visit on the 12th inst. He has since taken charge of the *Morganton Herald*. The Herald is one of the best weeklies in the State, and the ARCHIVE congratulates it on securing the services of Mr. Avery and wishes for him much success in his new field. In addition to his journalistic work, he will also engage in the practice of his profession—that of Law.

Prof. L. W. Crawford has severed his connection with the college as Professor of Theology. This does not imply any reflection upon Prof. Crawford, but is simply the result of the action of the Board of Trustees last June, when they decided to abolish the Theological department after the close of the session of '93. Prof. Crawford will be retained as Financial Agent of the college, in which capacity he has already been of inestimable value to the college. ✓

The first of the lectures in the college course will be given on February 5th, by James H. Hedley. Those who heard Mr. Hedley's lecture last year, on "The Sunny Side of Life" will be glad to know that they will soon have the opportunity of hearing him again; and those who have not heard him should not fail to come out and have an evening of genuine pleasure. Mr. Hedley is an exceedingly interesting speaker, and on this occasion he will have something to say that will instruct and amuse everyone.

Since the beginning of the present session, the college authorities have changed the hour of holding chapel from 7:45 a. m. to 6:45 p. m. This change was rendered necessary by the slight attendance at the former hour. Thus far it has proven eminently successful. A much larger per cent. of the students attend these services than ever before, and it seems to be the

general opinion that the change was a good one. A number of hymn books have been provided so that the students are enabled to participate more directly in the services.

Meow—mow—mow—m-e-o-w. (About 1 o'clock a. m., noise in room.) Blam, blam. (Knocking chairs over gets pistol.) "Come in if you want to, I'm ready for you." (In hall.) Meow, m-e-o-w (with double accent.)

Say there in the next room, what's the matter, what's the noise in the hall for. Speak to me somebody. Say there help!

(Noise in next room) What's the trouble with you over there? Are you going to let a cat scare you to death? Oh! Is that all? I thought something was after me. (Meow) Ugh! don't it sound terrible?

*Professor*—"Mr. J. It is reported to the faculty that you have been indulging too much in intoxicating liquors of late, and I have been instructed to write to your father concerning the same."

*Mr. J.*—"Well Professor, I've been drinking some with cod liver oil (cough) for this cold in my lungs. I have some of both in my room now which I have just been taking."

*Professor*—"I heard that you were taking it with medicine, so I wrote to your father telling him that you were taking whiskey with cod liver oil for your lungs."

*Mr. J.*—"Lord! professor, I wouldn't have had you to tell him that for the world, for he wont believe that I have weak lungs."

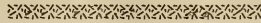
A student has to be on his guard all the time unless he expects to be duped by his fellow students. The latest example of this finding the student off guard was clearly illustrated when Dick rigged himself in his father's clerical coat and best beaver and presented himself as a book agent to several of the students. He was fairly elated over the success he had made in his new disguise, and was smiling to himself while

thinking of the joke that would be told on certain young men next morning. But as he passed down the first flight of steps in the main building he experienced a book agents reception. After collecting his reasoning powers, he arose with a torn and bleeding face, and found that bucketful after bucketful of water, contrary to custom, had been emptied on him and his father's beaver and coat. And either in the fall or the scramble some one had imposed seriously on the beaver's dignity, and it was crushed beyond repairs. He arose and remarked very facetiously that he thought the joke had been turned on him very successfully, and leaning on his staff he walked away somewhat weary in the spirit.

"And the noblest thing that  
perished there,  
Was that new beaver hat."

A death is always viewed with a solemnity peculiarly different from any other event. Especially so in an institution of learning, where one is preparing to live, desirous of unraveling a few of the mysteries of life, thus to learn why it is to live and the meaning of life. When death takes possession in such a case a gloom settles over college life and all connected therewith have unbounded sympathy, both in feeling and in action for all connected with the one placed in such a solemn position. Trinity College has experienced such a sadness in the very beginning of this term, in the death of Mr. Utley. He entered school here for the first time on Jan. 3d, and joined the Freshman class. He was here only a few days before he was taken sick and rapidly grew worse until he died on the 19th. While it was known that his disease was fatal, yet he delayed death by his wonderful constitution for several days longer than it was thought possible. Although he had been told that it was impossible for him to live, he showed by his words and actions that he regarded death as a better change, for he expressed as much and was cheerful even until he became unable to understand the things that would take

place around him. His mother and brother was with him when he died, and to them and all connected with him the ARCHIVE and students extend their sympathies.



## Y M. C. A. NOTES.

T. A. SMOOT, - - - - Editor.

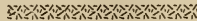
Prof. E. T. Bynum conducted the meeting on the 28th.

Owing to the death of Mr. Utley, on the 21st, there was no meeting that afternoon.

Mr. R. G. Tuttle conducted the services on January 7th, the first meeting of the year.

Messrs. C. C. Weaver and W. B. Scarborough have been appointed as leaders for February 4th, and 11th.

The leader appointed to conduct the meeting for the 14th, could not serve, and Mr. T. C. Hoyle took charge and made appropriate remarks. The meeting being open for remarks, a considerable number spoke, several speaking who had never before said anything in the Y. M. C. A. There seemed to be a greater spirit of enthusiasm manifested than usual, many expressing their purpose to make the meetings more profitable to themselves and others in the future than ever before.



## Resolutions of Respect.

Adopted by the  
Hesperian Literary Society.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our brother and colleague, Fred S. Utley, one whom we all admired for his excellent qualities of mind and heart, be it

*Resolved 1st*, That we show our appreciation for his life as a brother of our order and as a beloved friend.

*Resolved 2nd*, That we extend to the bereaved family our most sincere

sympathies, earnestly trusting that this sad affliction may prove to be one more link in the chain that shall bind them closer to the Great Creator who doeth all things well.

*Resolved 3rd,* That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the records of the Hesperian Literary Society, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and a copy to the Trinity Archive for publication.

B. R. PAYNE,  
W. E. NICHOLSON, } Committee.  
S. S. DENT, }



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10 40 a m lv	Durham	ar	4 10 p m
12 40 p m ar	Henderson	lv	2 10 p m

2 27 p m ar	Kittrell	lv	12 39 p m
2 47 p m ar	Franklinton	lv	12 23 p m
3 35 p m ar	Louisbuag	lv	11 00 a m
3 10 p m ar	Wake	lv	12 04 p m

1 55 p m ar	Warren Plains	lv	1 10 p m
2 26 p m ar	Littleton	lv	12 40 p m
3 00 p m ar	Weldon	lv	11 54 a m

3 54 p m ar	Boykins	lv	10 58 a m
4 32 p m ar	Franklin	lv	10 30 a m
5 09 p m ar	Suffolk	lv	9 54 a m
5 45 p m ar	Portsmouth	lv	9 15 a m
6 00 p m ar	Norfolk	lv	9 00 a m

5 56 p m ar	Ptsbg. (A.C.L.)	lv	10 05 a m
6 10 p m ar	Richmond	lv	9 15 a m
11 10 p m ar	Wash. (P.R.R.)	lv	4 30 a m
12 48 a m ar	Baltimore	lv	2 50 a m
3 45 a m ar	Philadelphia	lv	12 03 night
6 53 a m ar	New York	lv	9 00 a m

Read up

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THE

# TRINITY

# ARCHIVE.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

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COL. J. S. CARR.

# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, FEBRUARY, 1894.

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Direct all matter intended for publication to L. T. HRTSELL, Chief Editor, Trinity Park, Durham, North Carolina.

### SUBSCRIPTION.

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## COL. J. S. CARR.

Julian Shakespeare Carr was born October 12th, 1845, at Chapel Hill, Orange County, North Carolina. He comes of good parentage, highly respected and in easy circumstances. He improved his opportunity, taking advantage of his educational surroundings. Completing his course at the University of North Carolina, he was prevented from going higher by the outbreak of the war. After the war he spent two years in Arkansas. Returning to North Carolina in 1870, he settled in Durham where he has since lived.

His early life was spent in quiet search after knowledge. He learned from his parents the highest truths of life,—to be industrious, honest and upright in all things. These principles have influenced and guided him ever since he quitted his father's house. He was reared by good Methodist people whose example he followed by uniting himself with that denomination. The sympathetic and charitable spirit which he imbibed while in the family circle, veils his afterlife with splendor.

Mr. Carr made a good soldier in the Confederate Army.

He fought in Company K, Third North Carolina cavalry, Barringer's brigade of W. H. F. Lee's division.

It was Mr. Carr's ambition to make a fortune that led him to Little Rock, Arkansas, after the surrender. He engaged in the mercantile business, had liberal success, but his fortune was not increasing fast enough, so he returned to his native State.

Soon after his return (possibly the cause of it!), he was married to Miss Nannie G. Parrish, the accomplished daughter of Col. D. C. Parrish of Durham. Their home has been brightened with five children, two daughters and three sons.

His business career commenced in 1870, when he was admitted into the tobacco firm of Blackwell & Co. With only a few thousand dollars capital, they manufactured their smoking tobacco on a small scale—the house was wood and machinery was wanting. Industry, pluck and talent will always tell,—the business grew rapidly. Soon the old houses were pulled down and large brick buildings erected, to which, additions have continuously been made, until now the huge structure covers more than four acres of ground. More than eight hundred hands are employed in this factory. You have a faint conception of the size of the immense business of the Blackwell Durham Corporation, of which Mr. Carr is at the head, when you are told that its capital stock is \$4,000,000. The Durham Bull is the most widely known *man* in the world. "He is known as far as civilization extends."

Mr. Carr's ability is acknowledged by his countrymen, and especially by those most intimately acquainted with him. We form some idea of the man from the many prominent positions he has held, most of which he still holds: viz; the presidency of the Blackwell Tobacco Company; of First National Bank, Durham; of Commonwealth Cotton Manufacturing Company; of Golden Belt Manufacturing Company; of Durham Light Company; of Durham Home and Loan Fund; of Durham Street Railway Company; of Consolidated Land

and Improvement Company; of Tobacco Association of North Carolina; of Board of Trustees of Durham Methodist Female Seminary; of Greensboro Female College Association; of Southern Manganese Company; of North Carolina Bessemer Company, McDowell county; of Atlantic Hotel Company, Morehead; of North Carolina Veteran Association: vice-presidency of Durham & Lynchburg Railroad Company; of Durham Cotton Manufacturing Company; of Durham Bull Fertilizer Company; Consumer's Phosphate Company: member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the University; Trustee of Trinity College; of Davenport Female College; of Kittrell's Normal School; of American University of Washington, D. C.; Director of Oxford Orphan Asylum; of Oxford and Clarksville Railroad; &c., &c. Mr. Carr has, in most instances, been given the highest position in whatever association, company or organization he was a member.

Mr. Carr has ever been a strong exponent of Democratic principles. His patriotism prompts him to speak and labor for the general welfare of the State. He has never sought political preferment. He has twice been elector at large for North Carolina. He was appointed on the committee which framed the platform on which Cleveland was elected. He has been strongly advocated by many for high position in State and nation; but he could never get his own consent to seek the office. In 1892 he was urged to become a candidate for governor, in 1893 he was prominently spoken of for a Cabinet officer, and now he is supported for United States Senate to succeed Ransom.

Mr. Carr has surrounded himself with a halo of glory by his great philanthropic spirit, exhibiting itself in kind words and deeds, charity to the poor, and donations to churches and educational institutions. The misery and pangs he has alleviated by giving to poor starving families, have never been recorded save by Him who sees all things, and who will say, 'I was an hungered and you gave me meat: I was thirsty



and you gave me drink: I was a stranger and you took me in: naked and you clothed me: I was sick and you visited me: I was in prison and you came unto me.'

The Carrolina Hotel at Durham bespeaks his progressiveness and liberal spirit. He was the man who made possible the erection of Trinity Church which is the finest in the State.

His large donation to Trinity College of Sixty-four acres of land lying in the city of Durham, now known as Trinity Park, and additional aids, have won for him supreme admiration from the Methodists of the State and other friends of the institution. But his liberality is not limited by denominational prejudice. He has given no small amounts to Wake Forest, Davidson, the University, and other institutions of learning.

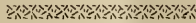
Prof. Dowd, in his "Sketches of Prominent Living North Carolinians," appropriately says: "Mr. Carr has not come by his wealth by speculation, but he has won every dollar by his frugality and foresight. No worthy object ever appeals to him in vain. To lighten all, he is a conscientious and consistent Christian; \* \* \* a pleasant and affable fireside companion, in friendship he is constant, and in all his affairs he is manly and sincere. His great business ability, his strict adherence to honest principles in his transactions, \* \* \* his high honor and domestic virtues—these things conspire to render him one of the finest characters that North Carolina has ever produced, and one of her greatest benefactors."

We now quote from the Cyclopedia of Representative men of the Carolinas of the Nineteenth Century: "In Mr. Carr's daily intercourse with his employees, he never forgets to be a gentleman, and finds time to advise and help them in their own private matters. Mr. Carr has, by his superior business talents and management, and together with his most excellent traits of character and commendable works, become not only one of the wealthiest men in the State, but has become deserv-

edly one of the most influential, honored and beloved, as well as popular, leaders among the public spirits of the State. He has given to the hungry; he has aided the sick; he has educated the poor urchin; he has given honor and success to the poor veteran and maimed soldier; he has supported poor preachers, schools and churches."

We have briefly sketched the deeds and achievements of a man who is still in the prime of life. A young man whose past life has been so fruitful with kindness, sunshine and joy, may surpass, in his days to come, the expectations of his most sanguine admirers.

P. STEWART.



#### NAUTILUS.

To all animal life there is an instinctive fondness for shelter from inclement weather, for a retreat from pursuing foes, for a known into which escape is possible from the unknown. Man has the same fondness and can only be happy in that place where he is familiar from long association with every nook and cranny, in that place where only his friends may enter, the place he usually calls home. But a home for the body is not sufficient. From the time he builds his first play-house without windows to the time he occupies his narrow windowless home man is ever constructing and reconstructing an intellectual house, a home for his mind.

The alterations in the architecture of this house form one of the principal diversions of its sole occupant. At first it is only adapted to child's play and children's playthings but soon childish things have to be put away. The untempered mortar of youth does not make a fit habitation for the manly mind. Truth is the only building material that endures. But truth is always more or less adulterated. The commodity which passes for truth constitutes our various beliefs. And the conviction gradually takes possession of us that in spite of parents and early teachers many of the timbers which

we so carefully worked into the early structure were "shakey," had perhaps less of truth than fiction. These imperfect timbers have early gone to decay and it has been necessary to replace them by others or have no house at all. The 99 per cent. pure of faith in man has varied all the way to the zero of "every man has his price." "In six days God made heaven and earth" has been pulled out and its place supplied by a beam yet in the rough hewn from the geologic forest. The walls were once adorned with the advertising cards of many men of many minds but the first gust of iconoclastic criticism swept them all away and the yard is strewn with Robinson Crusoes, Romulus and Remuses, William Tells and other bric-a-brac, of the childish fancy. Some of the choice paintings went too. Shakspeare is not what Shakspeare wrote and dear old Homer is only a freak of the imagination, a composite photograph as it were without identity. Surely a wolf has been admitted into the fold.

Some serious defects in the structure were revealed by the storm of yesterday. Upon the keystone of the arch was the inscription "It is wrong to lie." The new school of architecture have proven conclusively that lying is at times permissible, that lying is at times advantageous, that lying is at times right before God and man. The poor arch of childhood is condemned. Mother's Christ with many an anxious prayer was laid as the chief corner stone of the boyish structure. But He was only a good man. The Trinity is incomprehensible and irrational and therefore must needs be rejected. Thus weakened the whole fabric comes tumbling down and the tenant goes forth into the world a mental tramp.

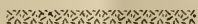
Our schools and colleges and universities are sending out into the world to-day untold numbers of mental tramps. Our youth are taught everything else; but how to build an abiding place for the mind is not in the curricula.

It is as essential for the mind as for the body that it be housed,

clothed and fed. Only one part of the problem can be solved by those that teach. The student must see to it that he be the systematic builder of his own mental structure. The house must be builded with care and judgment. It will not do to reject material which has stood the test of ages for that which is ephemeral. The superstructure must rest on the eternal verities, on the invariableness of truth, on the rightness of being truthful, on the unchangeableness of God, on the divinity of Christ. He must build with the approval of the Great Architect ever in mind.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!  
 Leave thy low vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

A. H. MERITT.



#### REASONABLE DEMANDS UPON DENOMINATIONAL COLLEGES.

This age may justly be characterized as one of education, and, one might add, collegiate education. It is now fashionable, if not a "fad," to go to college, and many boys are now in college halls, not for the sake of an education, but because it is customary for people of their standing so to do. As a result of this, one sees numerous schools whose grade is not beyond the High School, calling themselves Colleges or "Collegiate Institutes." Colleges are plentiful in this State, for nearly every religious sect has one or more, besides many non-sectarian ones. The pertinent question to thinking men is: what qualities should characterize these colleges to make them worthy of the support and patronage of the people? what in justice should the people demand of an institution before they recognize it as a college?

Denominational colleges do and ought to have a place in the educational world. They can, if properly managed, do

effective work for the cause of education and of God. But there are certain necessary conditions which must be complied with in order to accomplish this purpose. Every college to be successful must have a good plant, must be well endowed, and have a first-class faculty in every respect. It has been well said that three factors are essential to every college—"a plant, boys, faculty." Each of these are equally necessary. There can be no college without them all.

It is a pity that the idea ever went abroad that brick and mortar made a college. It is more important to have first-class men than first-class buildings.

The faculty in a church college should have three requisites :

1. They must be broad-minded and liberal in all their views. Narrow mindedness is never more out of its place than when it dons the scholar's gown and takes a professor's chair. Under no circumstances, should a youth be put under tutorship of a man who has only distorted views of truth. Liberal views is a mark of a well-rounded man, and only such men have any right to be instructors of the young. This, however, does not mean that a college professor should have no views of his own, but that he should recognize truth wherever he sees it, and be willing to admit the right of others to their opinions ; that he should be able to see both sides of a question ; that he should encourage young men to investigate for themselves, and accept no man's opinion as final ; in short, that he should imbue them with a scientific spirit, which will be worth more to them than all the dry facts in existence can without this spirit. No amount of erudition can take the place of this quality in a teacher of any kind.

2. The faculty in a church school should be eminent for piety and religion. Any one who knows anything at all of college life, will admit that this sphere has peculiar temptations. The student is apt to become indifferent to the cause



of religion, in the same proportion that he becomes absorbed in his work. Here is one great danger. Besides, home life, with all its restraints are thrown off, and the young man face to face with temptation often yields in the unequal struggle. And when it is remembered that in all colleges there are some vicious boys, one can readily see that the danger is greatly enhanced. It is a matter of surprise and regret that so many young men make shipwreck of faith, and often of all that is valuable in life, while in college. A gentleman of prominence, said to the writer, "In my freshman class of one hundred young men, three-fourths were Christians; four years later of the forty who graduated, there were only three." This may be exceptional, but many cases may be found where similar results can be seen. Statistics show that a majority of those who leave college irreligious, remain irreligious. If this be so, as it is, then his college course is a crisis in a young man's life, and every legitimate means should be taken to influence them for good while there. Church colleges can do this more successfully than state colleges; for as the state is composed of all religious sects and many who belong to none, a state college can in justice to its constituency teach the tenets of no religious denomination, but a church school is expected to do this very thing. While the tenets of church are not the important part of Christianity, yet it has been found impracticable to teach Christianity in abstraction from some creed.

3. The faculty must be equal in intellectual and scholastic attainments to those of secular colleges around it. The prime object of a collegiate education should be intellectual culture, and this end should be sacrificed to no other. Young men, prepared for college, recognize that to teach the alphabet, one must know more than the alphabet. Any person of common sense knows the difference between being under the instruction of a master and of a tyro. It was said of a certain teacher away back in the dim and shadowy past

that he taught the alphabet in order to learn it himself. It might be asked with some propriety whether the same thing ever happens nowadays. However that may be, it is an established fact that the only way for a college to gain and keep patronage is to do good honest work in all the lines it claims to teach; and to send out no graduates unworthy of the college. The cry of "loyalty" to church is not to the point; and many times patronage is repelled rather than attracted by such work. A minister of some prominence in speaking on this subject said in substance, that church institutions are damaging themselves in the eyes of sensible people by questioning the loyalty of church members who patronized state institutions; men of judgment would patronize sooner, if you will show your church schools equal to the state schools. Another mistake sometimes made is equally great and culpable, that is, to pull down secular institutions to make room for those of the church. This is damaging to the cause of education and shows a spirit ill becoming an institution called Christian.

To obtain such a faculty requires money, and in this day of endowed colleges, a college without an endowment is already a doomed failure. That fact itself is an evidence of her want of progressiveness. It is only a *dead* college that does not need money. All growth requires expenditure, and you may be sure that if your college is not needing money, it is dying if not dead. The desire on the part of so many that colleges should be run without expense was born in the brain of an ignorant man and is futile. Give a college a first-class faculty and a good plant, and boys will come; and it is not reasonable to expect them until you do. There has been whimpering enough about Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist boys going to state schools. Make your own schools what they ought to be, and you will get patronage enough.

T. C. HOYLE.

## WITTENBERG AND LEIPZIG.

One chill and windy day just before Christmas, Will Jones and I got out of the Berlin train at the little town of Wittenberg. The first glance around showed us only a tiny station, but that meant a place for coffee and rolls, so we promptly marched in. The waiter went to get a drosky for us, but returned with the news that what appeared to be the only such vehicle in Wittenberg had left with a previous passenger. However, he told us it was an easy walk to the Luther house and other objects of interest, which was consoling. And five minutes walk did bring us to a big house which we knew at once to be the place we sought. Going through a passage from the street, we entered an open court, a cloister-like place, built around on three sides. Over one of the doors stood a tablet with a relief of Luther. A clock-tower, with "catty-cornered" windows and a breakneck winding stair led to the upper regions. Little balconies and gables projected from all over the house. Outside the wind was blowing a would-be cyclone, the trees threshed their bare branches together and windows rattled dismally. "This is the eeriest place I've seen yet," said Will, and I thought the same. But persistent tugging at the door-bell brought a woman, who did not look eerie at all, but rather vastly substantial. She took us into Luther's room, which is kept just as it was when he occupied it. We saw his writing table, the old porcelain stove, and the combination chair in which he and his wife used to sit. We lingered here some time and left unwillingly, but there was more to be seen. We passed through rooms hung with Cranach paintings and crabbéd prints of Reformation celebrities. We saw the manuscripts of Luther's translation of the Bible, and of the great choral; saw Melancthon's autograph; saw mementoes and relics of numberless crowned heads who had made this pilgrimage before us; saw Peter the Great's signature, written with chalk over the door, also the piece of crockery which the said Peter smashed

in a royal rage when he was not allowed to carry it off as a souvenir. In short, we saw it all, bought photographs and such like, and went our way.

We came next to the house where, as a bronze plate informed us, Melancthon used to live. Then just ahead is the University which he and Luther made famous and where Hamlet spent his student days. We got just a glimpse within. It is a barrack now, and gawky recruits pace the courtyard instead of the melancholy Dane. A little further on is the "Stadt-Kirche," about the most picturesque old church I have ever seen, with its bulging tiled roof and its twin towers about which doves continually circle and flutter. But we leave it and come, after a short walk to the end of our line, the "Schloss Kirche." On a door in the side of this church the epoch-making theses were nailed. *The* door is no longer there, it was burned some century or more ago and replaced with an iron one, but we saw the place, at least. The church has been almost entirely rebuilt of late years, and is not a handsome affair. It is clumsy and ill proportioned and it has a generally raw appearance and—well, to sum it up, it is a modern German church. But we easily excuse outside appearances, for within are the tombs of Luther and Melancthon. The graves have each a metallic slab with a short Latin inscription, nothing more. The severe simplicity would be impressive, if one's attention were not distracted by the rather flashy altar behind, and by the circus-suggestive throne reserved for Imperial highness when it deigns to visit Wittenberg.

We have now gone the rounds, and so wandered slowly back to the station. Except for the unfortunate church just mentioned and one or two new dwellings, Wittenberg has little of the nineteenth century about it, but is as perfect a bit of antiquity as could well be imagined. We passed some children playing in the street and heard one little "kid" yell

out to another : "*Ei, Luther, was willst du da?*" It seemed entirely in place. Luther pervades everything.

We took the road once more. We passed through a flat country, with little red brick villages all huddled together and looking as if they had been there since the flood. Dutch windmills flung their long arms in every direction. We changed cars at Bitterfeld, where there is somewhat less to be seen than at any other railway station I know of in the whole world. Then, after a short run, and after the train had prowled aimlessly around the outskirts for some time (at least so it seemed to us), we arrived at Leipzig.

It appears a pleasant, compactly built old town. A sort of promenade, or porch, runs around the line of the old city walls, making the limits of original Leipzig. We missed seeing the battle-field, time being limited. However, we saw the new Supreme Court building, now nearing completion, and approved of it. We also visited the world-famous Conservatory. As we approached its portals, three American youths stood on the steps whistling : "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow !" That is our musical reminiscence of the great Conservatory. We had supper in Auerbach's cellar, where Goethe used to while away the time in his student days. It is full of his pictures, autographs, locks of his hair, etc., also some old pictures of Faust. If he looked like those pictures, I can't understand Margaret's taste. As the reader will remember, one of the scenes of "Faust" is located in Auerbach's cellar, that peculiar satanic scene with the wine. The old cask of the tragedy is there yet. We saw it. An underground passage leads off from this cellar. I am told that it connects, or used to at least, with the University prison and students long since departed would sneak off when their professors, good old souls, thought them safely locked up, and have an old time picnic here.

We had had enough touring and sight-seeing for one day, and were glad to crawl under our beds and go to sleep. I



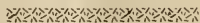
ought to explain that a bed in that neighborhood means something you pull over you instead of sleeping on it. It is like the child's definition of the heart: "A comical shaped bag," being somewhat thicker than a mattress at one end and tapering to airy nothing at the other. I didn't understand it, but could have slept anywhere that night. We rose with the lark next morning to take an early train for Halle. I regretted leaving in such haste, as I did not finish my coffee and rolls, and the rolls were actually soft and edible. By this I mean no reflection on Berlin bread, which has its strong points. I think it must be the most durable bread in Europe. For building or paving it would be great, and in case of invasion by a foreign foe all they need is just to stack up a rampart of these Berlin loaves. Krupp guns wouldn't make an impression on it. But I had rather *eat* Leipzig bread.

We had an hour in the old town of Halle, where students of former days used to intrigue with the Devil and get chased by the Inquisition, and where the soul of Judas Iscariot is said to have entered the body of a certain student, causing him to do various horrible things. We got a running panoramic idea of the place from the platform of an electric car, then started for home.

In the course of the afternoon we reached the city of Kaiser and the little "swing around the circle" was over. To conclude, the whole trip was taken on the impulse of the moment, and in cannon-ball haste, but we are both agreed that it was a genuine success, and we hope to go there again some day.

D. C. BRANSON.

*Berlin, January 11, 1894.*



#### IS THE COLLEGE BOY NEGLECTED?

Is the college boy neglected? This is an important question and one too that the older and more settled members of the student body, as well as their instructors, should conscientiously consider. If such should be found to be true

then more strenuous efforts on the part of both students and faculty should be made to find and to apply a remedy.

No matriculate of college is cognizant of the entire duty that devolves upon him until he realizes that he is there to give as well as to receive. No professor, it seems to me, is endowed with a full sense of duty until he feels the necessity of reflecting as far as practicable, not only in a theoretical, but also in a social and practical way, the better elements of his being.

While in college, each individual, student and instructor, is a member of a little world, for the success or failure of which he is personally responsible, so far as his good or bad influence may be felt. College is a place where much is to be learned in addition to hard facts culled from dry textbooks. It is a place where mutual aid should be given and received; a place where every man should be his "brother's keeper." He who fails to recognize this has lost a valuable part of college life and a golden opportunity to do his Christian duty.

When a young man, or a boy, as it often is, verging on the eve of manhood, leaves his parental roof to enter college, he carries with him, only in memory, the sweet and hallowed influences of a mother's love, a sister's smile, and a father's timely advice. Memory is short, human nature depraved, and those early impressions may easily be supplanted by those of an evil nature. When he reaches college he finds that a new era has dawned upon him; faces are strange, customs new, and at first everything seems chaos and confusion. It is a mere chance into whose company he falls. The vilest boy in school—and that school is fortunate that has not that baser element—may if he but manifest an interest in him become his confidential friend. It is true he meets at different times those fellow students who might give him good advice and consolation, but they, anxious over other duties, pass him by with few words and fewer thoughts. In a corri-

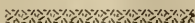
dor or on the campus he meets a professor who manifests his extreme politeness by bowing low and lifting his hat, but who fails to visit that boy in his room or to deal out such words of advice, comfort, and encouragement as would lift the burden from that heavy heart and send sunshine and joy where only despair had had its home. Politeness in any one is greatly admired but it cannot be made a substitute for genuine interest and good will towards our fellowman. It of itself is only the dead form without the soul, the flower without its fragrance; it is that which attracts a stranger but which will fail to hold him as a friend.

This lack of genuine interest on the part of some members of college and high school faculties is not only felt in the social life but it always defeats the best results in the literary pursuits. Instructors, while as a rule zealous enough in their class-room work, too often forget that they (if qualified to do their duty) are in possession of ideas, though foreign to the text-book work, which would be of immense value to the student were the instructor not too formal or indifferent to the student's welfare to encourage or permit a consultation. The average student, feeling that his instructor is hedged in by an impregnable wall of formality, or interest in his thoughts on individual work, hesitates, unless he is bolstered up with cheek, to climb those walls over which only thieves and robbers go. He thinks that he dare not invade the professor's sanctum by asking questions or soliciting advice not bearing directly upon class-work. When students have just cause for such hesitation the term *in loco parentis* becomes a misnomer and the teacher to a large extent a failure. When that close contact and mutual interest between teacher and pupil cease to exist the best results need not be expected.

If those concerned would have that genial spirit so essential to a cultured gentleman, if they would breathe the wholesome air of that good old Southern hospitality that we all admire, they must step down from off their stilts and assume

an unassuming air that draws friend more close by to friend and unites the community in one common brotherhood. Each individual as a rule is social enough in his contracted circle but that circle is far too small, in many cases for the individual either to give or to receive the greatest good. If all would visit a larger number, not merely for the purpose of exchanging a pleasant joke, but with the idea of dropping here and there a little word of kindness for the drooping heart, they would help to make life easy by unconsciously bearing another's burden and sending through the densest cloud a brighter ray of hope and encouragement.

G. W. GUILFORD.



### WILLIAM DORSEY PENDER.

#### PART II.

Colonel Pender rose rapidly in rank and popularity. He was appointed Colonel of the 3rd North Carolina Volunteers and shortly afterwards was made Colonel of the 6th North Carolina Regulars upon the death of Colonel Fisher.

He was sent to Baltimore during the summer of 1861 on secret service for the Confederacy and remained there until the fall. While on this mission he was thoroughly tested as regards his capacity and shrewdness pertaining to important matters.

Colonel Pender displayed much gallantry in the battles around Richmond. He bore a conspicuous part at the battle of Seven Pines. It was in this battle that he was made Brigadier General, the promotion reaching him amid the roar of artillery and din of battle.

General Pender was wounded at Malvern Hill, but was not compelled to leave the field. He was again wounded at Chantilly and had it not been for his hat it might have proved serious this time. When Harper's Ferry was taken, General Pender was with General Stonewall Jackson in this and other adventures of similar nature. The advice and views of Gen-

eral Pender in the Council of Officers were highly respected and quite often taken.

“At the battle of Sharpsburg General A. P. Hill’s Division, General Pender being a Brigadier of the same, arrived at a very important crisis, checked the advance of the enemy and contributed materially to the total repulse.”

In the summer he obtained a short furlough, which he needed so much. He spent this short interval with his family near Salem, N. C. Such repose and quiet was seldom accorded to the soldier. We may compare this rest to that enjoyed after returning from the Indian Troubles. He enjoyed to the fullest degree these few moments of rest. At home he was free from excitement in which he had lived so long. How free he could feel when casting off the cares and responsibilities of his command. General Pender, boy-like, lying upon the grass, accompanied by his wife and boys, exclaimed:—“This is the happiest day of my life; never have I felt such perfect content; what a fortunate fellow I have been anyhow. I have never had a wish ungratified. My heart, as a boy, was determined on going to West Point; at my own request I was transferred to the Dragoons; I married the woman I loved best; my promotion in the Confederate Army has been as rapid as any reasonable man could expect and even these little fellows,” pointing to his children, who with their nurse were playing near, “are all I could wish, but,” with a sigh, “there is no rest for a poor soldier.”

General Pender’s brigade suffered terribly in the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 12th, 1862. His forces had no protection whatever against the deadly artillery of the enemy. In this engagement he received a wound so severe as to be removed from the field, but so soon as it was dressed he returned to his command. He spent the remainder of the winter in winter-quarters near Fredericksburg. The suffering was intense, but when the privates saw their leader sharing the



same hardships and privations, they bore up under them so much the better since they loved him most dearly.

General Pender received his promotion as Major-General at Chancellorsville. This was but an evidence of his favor and growth in popularity as an officer. By some it was thought that General A. P. Hill was slow to give General Pender his proper dues and that such slowness was but tardy justice from the hands of General Hill. The predilection of President Davis was that promotion be given according to seniority. This system was rightly abused when General Pender was promoted, for General Robert E. Lee and General Jackson had often recommended him for promotion.

It was at Chancellorsville that General Pender displayed such heroic qualities that should be remembered. The 22nd N. C. Regiment being subject to a terrible fire and being discouraged by the death of their brave Colonel, General Pender moved forward, seized the flag and carried it over the breast-work, followed by the rest of that brave regiment. He did this heroic deed when his men seemed to waver. His bravery was but an incentive to his men to be equally as brave. This instance of true heroism reminds us of the "*comitatus*" of the earlier centuries of the Christian era.

The short, yet noble, career of our hero was soon to come to a close. The cool head and strong hand were soon to lie in the grave. General Pender ever bore in mind the thoughts of death. His chief desire was to prepare for death and make peace with his God. Naturally he desired to survive the cause he so earnestly embraced, yet he often said, "What is the loss of a man's life compared to the good of his country?" A short while before he received his fatal wound, he wrote to his wife as follows:—"Do you ever think of my desire to live in the country and be a pillar in the church? It is one of my fondest day dreams, but then some feeling comes over me, which shows that my destiny is to be some-

thing like poor Joe's—'to move on, to move on' to the grave, the doom of all earthly creatures."

The part taken by General Pender in that awful conflict, the battle of Gettysburg, can be easily judged by reading a portion of an historical article by General James H. Lane. "All know that Gettysburg was carried on the first day by Ewell's Corps and Heth's and Pender's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps; and that, while the former command entered Gettysburg on the left, the latter, after a bloody struggle, carried Seminary Hill on the right. On the 2nd of July, Pender's Division, composed of Lane's, Scales', McGowan's and Thomas's Brigades, extended from the Fairfield road to the right, along Seminary Hill, in the order mentioned above and there was gallant fighting that day along its front between its sharpshooters and those of the enemy for the possession of a road running between the two lines of battle. Our men succeed in driving the enemy from the road and held it. It was General Pender's intention to advance that afternoon had the attack on the right been more successful. While on the right of his command, watching the progress of the fight, our accomplished and Christian Division Commander, who had won so many laurels on so many hard-fought-battle-fields, received his fatal wound and the command of the Division developed upon me, its Senior Brigadier."

General Pender was taken from the field and hoped to reach home, but was detained at Staunton, Va. by a very alarming hemorrhage from his wound. Here he was joined by his brother, Captain David Pender, and many kind friends ministered to his wants. For several days he appeared to be improving and every hope was entertained for his recovery until the return of the hemorrhage when the physician in consultation decided that amputation was necessary. The operation, which he survived only a few hours, was performed on the 8th of July 1863.

When the first hemorrhage took place, having been ques-

tioned by the Rev. Mr. Williams, his Chaplain, as to the state of his soul, he replied:—"Tell my wife that I do not fear to die. I can confidently resign my soul to God, trusting in the atonement of Jesus Christ. My only regret is to leave her and our two children. I have always tried to do my duty in every sphere in which Providence has placed me." General Pender was truly a Christian and in this fact lies consolation to his surviving friends. He greatly admired the character of St. Paul. In his daily life he seemed to emulate the integrity, zeal, and fidelity of that great Apostle. The Sunday before his death he had read to him the account of the Apostle's labors at Athens. During the reading, he exclaimed, "What a splendid character!" The baptism of General Pender was publicly performed in the field, near Manassas August, 1861, the Rev. A. T. Porter of Charleston, S. C., officiating. Colonel Benjamin Allston and General S. D. Lee were present at the baptism. It was stated that General Pender was very much annoyed at the publicity given him by the newspaper reporters and that while in camp near Richmond, he rode quietly in the city at night and was confirmed. These traits of character are but evidences of the man, unassuming in all things.

In all the associations and transactions of business he was grave, dignified and reserved in his deportment, but was very hopeful, cheerful, agreeable, and pleasant. General Pender held this doctrine about discipline—that it is a protection to the good soldier in that it compels the indifferent ones to strive to do their duty. In the words of his son:—"He was disinterested and unselfish, never asking self aggrandizement, generous and magnanimous, never withholding the meed of praise due another." When he saw himself in error he readily confessed his faults.

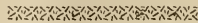
This *summary* comes from one that best knew him. He says:—"In person William Dorsey Pender was of medium height, well formed and graceful, with large lustrous dark

eyes, a voice soft and low with a winning gentleness of manner, fascinating in the extreme."

General Robert E. Lee on being asked if General Pender was dead, said: "Yes, General Pender is dead. *There* was an officer who never held his proper rank. He ought to have been one of my Corps Commanders."

One more quotation from General Lee during a conversation with General Wharton and General A. P. Hill suffices to give us a true estimate of our hero:—"I ought not to have fought the battle of Gettysburg; it was a mistake," then after a short hesitation he added, "but the stakes were so great I was compelled to play, for had we succeeded, Harrisburg, Baltimore or Washington was in our hands, and," with great emphasis, "we *would* have succeeded had Pender lived;" then turning to General A. P. Hill he added, "General Hill, I think General Pender was the most promising of all our young officers." General Pender was carried to Tarboro, N. C. and there interred. He sleeps the sleep of a hero as one whose life is worthy of emulation. Does he not upon the whole give to us complete life? He spilt his blood freely for that cause, which he, with the many thousands, believed to be right. He died in full hope of the ultimate success of the Confederacy. It is a burning shame that the State has not erected unto him some monument to commemorate his death. Let the people of the State be aroused to action in this matter, in honoring one of her most loyal sons; a son that proved himself a true son in "those times that tried men's souls."

F. C. McDOWELL.



#### A LOVE-SICK SOPHOMORE'S SONG.

O cupid, thou, with piercing dart,  
While softly flying round,  
Hast smote me to the inmost heart,  
And brought me to the ground.

And now, I prostrate at her feet  
Forever there remain,

Until she kind in accents sweet  
 Bids me arise again.  
 This fire which burns my very soul,  
 With love's eternal flame,  
 With unrelentless fury holds  
 My weak and prostrate frame.  
 Since it is thus, this is my prayer :  
 That she may smitten be.  
 For, Cupid, oh, it is but fair,  
 That she should bend to me.

—G. T. ROWE.

S— ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS BEST GIRL.

The secret of my grief, my dear,  
 It pains my heart to tell,  
 For every word so harsh and clear  
 Sounds like my funeral knell.  
 I had a sweetheart long ago,  
 Dearer than life to me,  
 Why I am grieved, you soon will know,  
 She'll soon another's be !  
 Memories dear and fond and sweet  
 O'erflowed' my downcast soul,  
 Of how, in love, we used to meet,  
 And take our evening stroll.  
 Indeed, those were delightful days,  
 To us were merry hours,  
 When in the many nooks and ways,  
 We gathered summer flowers.  
 Fond recollections cluster round  
 The pledge she softly gave,  
 By which together we were bound,  
 "Till silent in the grave."  
 But all my hopes are shattered now,  
 All fond remembrance gone,  
 Beneath my load I humbly bow,  
 And bear my fate alone.  
 Away ! all dreams of wedded bliss,  
 Away ! all memories dear,  
 As false as Judas in her kiss  
 Though outward pure and clear.



## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE.

May all her days quite happy be,  
With bright and shining sun.  
And may her life, so bright and free,  
End as it has begun.

May no great sorrow ever blight  
Her young and buoyant soul,  
And may she "conquer in the fight,"  
And safely reach the goal.

—G. T. ROWE.

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# TRINITY ARCHIVE.

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L. T. HARTSELL, - - - - Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. FLOWERS,	} Hesperian Society.	B. PHIFER,	} Columbian Society.
E. C. BROOKS,		P. STEWART,	
R. G. TUTTLE,		G. T. ROWE,	

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## EDITORIALS.

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THE cover of the ARCHIVE has been changed ; also, some alterations have been made in the general arrangement of the material. We trust that these changes will add both to its attractiveness and its utility.

THE faculty by a unanimous vote has recently declared student government inoperative and have *presumably* taken it out of the students' hands. In other words they have abolished an act of the *Legislature of the State*. ✓

THE editor of the Alumni Department, Mr. Edwards, has severed his connection with the ARCHIVE. We regret that his work is such that he has not the time to devote to this department. He has been both faithful and efficient as an editor. Owing to the great trouble in obtaining Alumni news, no separate space will be set apart for such in the future, but any item of interest will be found under Locals and Personals.

A LITTLE devilish imp is at one extreme of life, while a long-faced, solemnly pious minister is at the other extreme. Which one does more good in the world would be an appropriate question for the Parliament of Religions to discuss at its next meeting. A parent or a teacher who expects youth to be correct in all its ways and circumspect in all its acts ought

to be punished for some of his crimes committed in old age. To inflict heavy punishment upon a boy because he is caught in a little innocent fun, is worthy of fools and tyrants. It may be a good policy to inflict light penalty because the boy was not shrewd enough to be kept from being caught up with. We do not say to be mischievous is a mark of greatness, but most great men have been of this character. Crush a boy's spirits and you had as well kill the boy; you will have a boy without a soul

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THERE is a general sentiment that college life is demoralizing. This may be true with some institutions and partly true with all. But in forming such an opinion, the critic is prone to overlook many facts. The boy in college grows mentally; his spiritual compass is extended; he becomes more liberal in his views. As this takes place he exonerates himself from the superstitions, dogmas and creeds, which characterize heathen religion.

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THE mutual good will now existing between Trinity and Durham is favorable to the institution and complimentary to the members of the faculty and to the students who have affected it. Leaving out the effect produced by foot-ball, possibly the greatest element that contributed to this harmony is the social circle. Our society exponents, while calling two or three times a week, not only cultivate their own æsthetic natures by seeking finer faces and more lovely forms, but they do a lasting service to the college.

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IT cannot be denied by any one who has observed closely, that the general behavior of the students this year is superior to that of last year. But we have not reached perfection by any means. Recently at a lecture given in the college chapel, gross disrespect was shown to the speaker by continual applause without any cause for so doing. Also, at the Trinity

Series of lectures given at Stokes Hall, the conduct on the part of a few students has not been as good as it should have been. Cheering one of the students alone *might* be overlooked; but when any one enters with a lady and a howl is set up, the height of bad breeding is shown and it is beyond the dignity of any student. The students should see to it that this impolite practice is put down, for the tone and dignity of a college is made up of every matriculate, and the impolite acts of a few will bring disrepute to all.

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## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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“There’s one detestable college bore  
 Who, when he comes at last to die,  
 Will not a drop of pity get, I’m sure.  
 It is the ‘bum’ who, starting late to go,  
 Stops more than once to say ‘good-bye,’  
 And lets the cold air rush in through your door.”

—*Exchange.*

Professor (to pupil)—“Define the verb ‘to cheat.’”

Student—“Well, if you were to allow me to fail on examination, I should be cheated.”

Professor—“How so?”

Student—“To take advantage of another’s ignorance is always cheating.”  
 —*Exchange.*

“Shall I brain him?” cried the leader,  
 And the victim’s courage fled,  
 “You can’t; it’s a Freshman,  
 Just hit him on the head.”

—*Exchange.*

Corbett, the pugilist, gets \$20,000 for a nine minutes’ exhibition of his muscular powers in mauling his English antagonist with his fist, while Talmage, the greatest preacher of the age, gets the same amount for a year’s work in trying to uplift the race to a higher level, and men pay \$25.00 to witness the fight who would not accept a seat to hear Talmage preach. What a community!

The Senior sees his work near done,  
 He strolls the streets with haughty grace;  
 The Junior numbers, one by one  
 The months before he’ll end the race,

The Soph looks backward on a year  
 Of freshness, folly and regret;  
 The Freshman blindly looks nowhere  
 But proudly puffs a cigarette!

—*Exchange.*

Ohio has altogether twenty-one colleges. This is more than any other State in the Union possesses, and Ohio is by no means a large State. What is more, all or nearly all, are thriving, while several take a very high rank among American institutions of learning.—*Exchange.*

Herbert Alward, captain of the Chicago Athletic Association Foot-Ball Team, has some ideas on the subject of changes in the foot-ball rules. He is in favor of abolishing massed interference altogether and of having five yards between the teams when they line up and of increasing the distance be gained to ten yards.—*Exchange.*

The Bedouin is not an idealist. His idea of the beautiful consists in naturalistic description of the things around him. This trait enables us to study the inner life of the sons of the desert through the writings of their poets. The Arab poet nearly always begins by speaking of himself. He praises his own virtues and belittles his enemy. Sometimes he sings the deeds of some chief whose good will he will gain. Then he proceeds to give a most vivid description of his lady, comparing her face and figure with the trees and flowers and animals of the desert. The terms used by those Arabs would not always be considered complimentary by Western ladies. The form of the poet's lady is generally compared to that of a palm of the desert or one of those sacred trees which the sons of the desert love to decorate with bits of ribbon and votive offerings to the lesser genii. Then he begins to draw upon the animal world for his comparisons, especially the antelope and sheep. Antara, one of these poets, actually addresses his beloved with "O, darling sheep," which need not surprise us when we remember that the Biblical name for Rachel means ewe.—*Exchange.*

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## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

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Messrs. Forbes and Creech attended the New Berne fair.

Mr. J. H. Fitzgerald attended the National Y. M. C. A. Convention at Detroit.

The new announcement at the book room: "In God we trust, others must pay cash."

✓ The Teachers' Association meets in Durham the 22nd inst. On that night Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, will lecture; the fifth in the College Series. His subject has been announced to be Democracy.



Mr. R. A. Creech left college the 28th ult., and will study law at Raleigh under Judge Avery.

Miss Kate Craven, who has been visiting Prof. Pegram's family has returned to her home at Trinity College.

Mr. Frank Armfield ('92) was licensed to practice law in February and has settled in his native town, Monroe.

Mr. Shelburn, the photographer, says it keeps him working night and day to keep enough pictures for the students.

"Eli Perkins" delivered his lecture on the "Philosophy of Wit," on Feb. 21st. This was the fourth lecture in the College Series.

Prof. Nicholson recently spent two weeks at his home in Washington, where he went to attend court, which was then in session.

Trinity is sure to succeed when baldheaded merchants become so generous as to offer the hair of their head to make a mattress to go in the gymnasium.

Mr. J. F. Shinn, '93, principal of the graded school at Concord, has just recovered from a very severe spell of fever, and is now down with rheumatism.

Mr. I. E. Avery, of the Morganton *Herald*, has accepted the position of Private Sec. to Hon. Thos. R. Jernigan, who has recently been appointed Consul to Shanghai. He will leave about March 25th for his post.

It is positively forbidden for Fatty Hoyle and Chubby Lord to sit on the same bed at the same time. This is done not because any one wishes to damage the character of either one of these gentlemen, but bed springs must be preserved, for the tariff on them is so high.

*Bob (to a certain young lady of a Female College)*—"Do the seniors wear caps and gowns?"

*She*—"Well, I'er —no more than the other girls."

*Bob*—"Do they use any uniforms I mean."

*She*—"Oh! no"

At a recent meeting the class of '94 decided to have a class day. It will come off on the night of the 12th of June. The officers are: President, C. W. Edwards; Secretary, F. C. McDowell. The following is the program: Orator, L. T. Hartsell; Poet, O. P. Ader; Historians, E. C. Brooks, R. G. Tuttle and G. W. Guilford; Prophets, W. W. Flowers and P. Stewart.

New themes for some of Shakespere's subjects: The Tempest—Destruction of the Grand Council. The *Three* Gentlemen of Verona—Alex-Plate and Phonze. Measure for measure—Let's Have Your Nose next. The Comedy of Errors—A Young Lady's Idea of Calcus. The Taming of the *Shrew*—Reform—the Hall Disturbers. As You Like it—Give up Your Pass Key or Git; The Winters Tale—The Rise and Fall of College Democracy.

The debaters for the Public Debate are as follows: from the Hesperian Society, Messrs. T. A. Smoot and E. W. Fox; from the Columbian Society, Messrs. P. T. Durham and P. Steward. The orators are Messrs. R. G. Tuttle and E. K. McLarty, from their respective societies. The subject chosen is as follows: Resolved, that suffrage in the U. S. should be limited to those who can read current literature. It will take place on April 13th.

A day in the near future will be set apart to commemorate the great and glorious deeds of the late lamented Grand Council, of whose sudden and violent demise the readers of THE ARCHIVE have been apprised. Grand-High-Low-Muck-a-Muck Luther Tiberius Hartsell, will preside. The memorial address will be delivered by John Sergius Ben Israel Edwards. In the absence of Grand Inquisitor Webb, Caius Publires Phifer will read the Charlotte Declaration of Independence. After other addresses by members of the Council, the Fifth Avenue Band will render "After the Ball" with variations.

At last Trinity has a glee club. Many people have wondered why it is that Trinity has such a good foot-ball team but no glee club. In fact some of the extreme opposers of the aforesaid harmless and innocent game have called for its abolition on the grounds that it excludes the proper exercise of the vocal powers and the musical talents of the students. Some public-spirited students, recognizing the justice of the above claim, met in No. 1312, cor. Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and organized the Grand Consolidated Glee-Banjo-Harpsichord-Clevis Club. The following compose the club: Wilhelm newie von Green, Leader, 1st Banjo; Signor Alphonso de Avara, 1st Guitar; Count Palatine of Durham, 1st Base; Corduroy de Wagner, Short Stop; Monsieur Set-back Brooks, Clevis; Gonsalvo Sparger, Harpsichord.

A stranger once came within our gates and hospitality was readily offered him. The hostess treated him kindly and gave him the best bed in her Inn, for he told how his Journey had wearied him, how he had walked all day long with neither script nor coat, beginning before the sun had reached half way to the tops of the trees, neither eating anything nor stopping to rest on the way. The kind hostess was moved with pity long before his tale was ended, and after he had gone to rest his weary body from the troubles of the day, the good lady called her children around her and in a very low sympathetic tone told them to be quiet and allow the good old man to rest in peace for his troubles were many and his weariness was great. The children were kind-hearted and were easily persuaded. They took their leave and each one tiptoed up stairs to his resting place which unfortunately was above the old man, who had been asleep long before the good lady had finished her lecture to the children. Suddenly a tremendous noise like an earthquake tearing timbers apart was heard. The old man was out of bed instantly, grabbed his pants and cleared the window all at a single bound. He shielded his head with his hand if perchance any splinters should be falling, until he was out of danger. He stood with pants in hand gazing at the building. Nothing new was to be seen, no sound was heard save the receding noise of

a light foot step which quickly disappeared down the hall. After studying over the matter for awhile, but not coming to any certainty as to its nature, he again retired and it was not very long before his disturbed mind was again at rest in sleep. He was quickly called to his feet again. This time every hair of his head was standing up-right and he swore that a cyclone had struck the dining department, for he heard crockery as it was crushed in pieces. He was continually interrupted throughout the night. He at times imagined his door was coming down, again that the sleepers of the whole house were breaking. This noise ceased just before day and the good old man fell into long sleep that continued for hours in the following day. In the meantime rocks and broken bottles had been removed from the old man's door. Next day he was astonished that no one knew anything about what had happened but himself. The good lady did remember something about it but it didn't disturb her. She asked the boys if they knew anything about it. *Hart* said he heard it soon after he got in bed. *Chubby* said it worried him considerable and he wondered whether it disturbed the old man or not but neither one got up to see the cause. It was a strange thing to the old man that they didn't regard it more seriously than they did and before he left he wanted to ask the hostess if her crockery was all right but left pondering these things.

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## FOOLS' GOSSIP.

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*Prof.*—“ Was Queen Elizabeth a very truthful woman ? ”

*B.*—“ No sir. She was the biggest liar that ever lived, Mr. C. not excepted.”  
Cap felt highly insulted at the intimation that he was excelled by any one.

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What made the Professor cast reflections on the Junior's dignity ?

Simply because he was celebrating Washington's birthday by engaging in an exciting pillow fight.

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*Prof.*—“ Mr. B., what does *euphuism* mean ? ”

*B.*—“ I am not certain, but have a faint idea that it means to tell one to do anything kindly.”

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The boy who has a mania for taking electric light globes, wherever he can find them, was rather bold when he took that one out of a recitation room right before the Professor's eyes. You are in danger. Beware! Young man, beware!

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There was a plucky little Sophomore, who successfully resisted the powerful strength of our flaming Freshman, who wanted to whip him for holding an opinion contrary to his own.

Let dogs delight  
To bark and fight

And likewise Freshmen too,  
 But let us fight  
 With all our might  
 To nobler actions do.

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Green is truly one who is "tossed about by many a doubt, and every windy doctrine." Recently a Seventh-day adventist proved to him conclusively that the earth is flat, and that there is no fire within it, except at the bottom of mountains.

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Dear Father: You told me in your last letter that burning the midnight oil would make me a great man. I have searched the town over, and cannot find any of that brand anywhere. Please send me a gallon by next express.

Yours, etc., Mc—.

---

*Literary R. (Freshman).*—Bovs, I have decided to write a novel. Attorney will be the hero, and Sallie the *heroess*.

---

It is being seriously debated among the Freshmen whether or not they shall make the Seniors raise their hats to them.

---

*Mc.*—"Zach, you've got a mighty big head not to have any more sense than you have.

*Zach.*—Yes, it was made big just for fools to talk about.

---

The snow, the snow,  
 The balls of snow,  
 Look up very high,  
 See the balls fly;  
 See it the Freshman take,  
 And rapid way make  
 Till with a great sound  
 It fell on—the Professor's door!

---

Midnight clothed the earth in darkness,  
 Nothing made a single sound,  
 Till that Freshman, wielding crockery  
 Made the walls and floors resound.

---

The Professor who found black ribbon on his door is vainly endeavoring to find out what the boy who put it there meant by it. Has his ability to tell when an action of the Faculty goes into effect departed this life?

---

*Prof.*—"Mr. Scar, are these two terms mutually exclusive?"

*Scar.*—"I think the first one is, but the second one is not.

Ask Jimmie where he got the impression that Englishmen still worship Woden and Thors.

---

Parting the hair in the middle is no longer characteristic of the Freshmen class. Since the course has been raised one year, this practice is limited entirely to Sub-Freshmen. It is to be hoped that, when the course is raised another year, this foolish habit will disappear entirely.

---

Was it force of habit that caused Billy while reading, on Rhetoricals, to insult Dame Van Winkle, Rip's wife, by calling her D—n Van Winkle?

---

*M*—"Look here Sam, this map is not right."

*Sam*—"What's the trouble with it?"

*M*—"England and Ireland are separated."

---

Bob said she set his watch back and this was the reason he stayed until 1:30 o'clock.

---

*Broughton* (*seeing pineapple on table.*) "Who in the world cut them Irish potatoes up in my saucer?"

---

Wanted to know who that Junior was who was studying geology and astronomy after the manner of Socrates' disciples in the "clouds."

---

Wanted—to know why the two longest men in College were seized with an uncontrollable desire to practice sprinting, while they were quietly strolling along the street after the "show."

---

*Plato*—"What are you doing, Phonzo?"

*Phonzo*—"Studying."

*Plato*—"Studying what?"

*Phonzo*—"Dumas."

---

Visitor (to student)—"What a noise! You don't keep an apartment for lunatics, do you?"

Student—"No, that is just the Freshmen going on History."

---

When Zack came back this spring he started to rooming with a mountain Freshman. Late in the night he heard a mighty knocking and kicking accompanied by "Gee, Gee! Whoa! Go long there, you confounded one-horned son-of-a-cow!" Zack immediately vacated, and swore that he would never sleep by a Freshman again.

---

*Fuller*—"Channing, what are you going to do about that check that was given on the Trinity College Bank. It has been presented for payment and the cashier says you have no such funds deposited there."



*Channing*—"Yes Fuller, I understand my condition thoroughly. I was not aware that the whole amount had been invested until I went to deposit enough to satisfy my creditors. If this misfortune is made known, I never will be able to restore confidence again. I wonder if they couldn't be negotiated down on Ramseur street? There is where the whole amount is deposited."

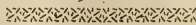
*Fuller*—"If you understood the chicanery in commercial transactions as well as I do you would have left an opening so that you could have escaped. When my check was made, three days of *grace* was allowed. You see I can put it off indefinitely having three days every time it is presented for payment.

*Professor in Philosophy*—"Mr. S. I have the impression that you are a white man, but how do I know it? Descartes would say that I know it from my impression. What do you think of that?"

*Mr. S.*—"I don't believe I have an explanation."

*Prof.*—"Mr. H. can you explain?"

*Mr. H.* "In the example you just gave, Descartes would take into consideration only outside appearances."



## Resolutions of Respect.

Though acquainted with Prof. Hinde but a short time, yet we found him a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian; and his departure from life fills us with sadness. Living, he was to us a true friend; dead, he leaves to us, a hallowed memory.

Genial as a companion, generous as a friend, and consecrated as a Christian, he won our esteem, our reverence, our love. To him we gladly pay the homage of our admiration and our tears; and in memory of this man of God, the Church's friend and ours, the Saviour's brother and ours, we adopt the following resolutions:

*Resolved I,* That, while we deplore the death of Prof. Hinde, yet, we bow in meek submission to the will and wisdom of that All-wise Creator and All-loving Saviour and would, as participants of their sorrow, point the bereaved friends and family to our common Father and to Heaven, and to that day of happy reunion and of remission of life's sorrows, for "earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

*Resolved II,* That the life of our brother furnishes us lessons of encouragement and inspiration to scholarly attainments and to Christian virtues.

*Resolved III,* That in the death of Prof. Hinde our college has lost an influential worker, the faculty an intelligent member, the student-body a faithful friend, the church a strenuous supporter and Christian educator and earnest devotee.

*Resolved. IV,* That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the ARCHIVE, *Raleigh Christian Advocate, W. N. C. Advocate* for publication, and to the family of the deceased and a copy be spread upon the minutes of the Hesperian Society.

OLIN P. ADER,  
J. S. MAYTUBBY,  
CHAS. C. WEAVER, } Committee.

In the Providence of God our beloved Professor and fellow-worker, B. C. Hinde, has been taken from our midst.

Professor Hinde was with us nearly two years and during that time was one of our most earnest and zealous workers in the Young Men's Christian Association. It was always his pleasure and delight to do everything in his power for the Association and to aid in elevating the Christian standard among the boys. Missing him as we do and the interest that he manifested in our Association, we would put on record this tribute to his memory.

*Resolved 1st,* That in the death of Professor Hinde the Association has lost one of its most able and efficient workers, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, firmly believing that our loss is his eternal gain.

*Resolved 2nd,* That his Christian character and example is worthy of emulation and that his influence will continue to be felt among the members of our Association.

*Resolved 3rd,* That we extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathies in this their bereavement and point them to the Father who alone can give consolation.

*Resolved 4th,* That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the Association, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and a copy be sent to the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

S. F. ALDRIDGE,  
HAROLD TURNER,  
JNO. H. FITZGERALD, } Committee.

WHEREAS: Almighty God, in His Infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst, our highly honored and respected member and beloved professor, B. C. Hinde, to His eternal reward, be it

*Resolved 1st,* That, while we humbly submit to the will of God, we recognize the loss of a true, loyal and valuable member, and a sincere friend to the student. -

*Resolved 2nd,* That, not only our Society has sustained this great loss, but also the faculty has been deprived of one of its most earnest and faithful members, and that the cause of higher education has also suffered a great loss by his removal.

*Resolved 3rd,* That in this sad affliction, we extend to the family of the deceased our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

*Resolved 4th*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, that a copy be spread upon the minutes of the Columbian Society, and that a copy be presented to the ARCHIVE for publication.

J. B. KOONCE, }  
W. A. GREEN, } Committee.  
G. T. ROWE, }

WHEREAS: It has pleased God in his Infinite wisdom to remove from earth to Heaven our beloved and honored member William Elmer Fentress, and while we bow in humble submission to His Divine will, be it

*Resolved 1st*, That in the death of William Elmer Fentress, the Hesperian Society loses one of its best, brightest and most loyal members.

*Resolved 2nd*, That we point to his life as one worthy of the emulation of all youth of purpose and ambition.

*Resolved 3rd*, That we extend our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his stricken family.

*Resolved 4th*, That a copy of these resolution be sent to the bereaved family, a copy spread upon the minutes of the Hesperian Society and a copy sent to the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

GEO. B. PEGRAM, }  
J. H. WESTBROOK, } Committee.  
K. P. CARPENTER, }

---

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Lv Statesville . . . . .	.....	7 11 PM	.....
Ar Salisbury . . . . .	.....	8 00 PM	.....
Lv Salisbury . . . . .	4 47 AM	10 10 PM	9 49 PM
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Ar Winston-Salem . . . . .	*8 35 AM	*8 35 AM	*8 35 PM
Lv Greensboro . . . . .	7 40 AM	12 01 AM	.....
Ar Durham . . . . .	9 47 AM	3 35 AM	.....
Ar Raleigh . . . . .	10 55 AM	7 30 AM	.....
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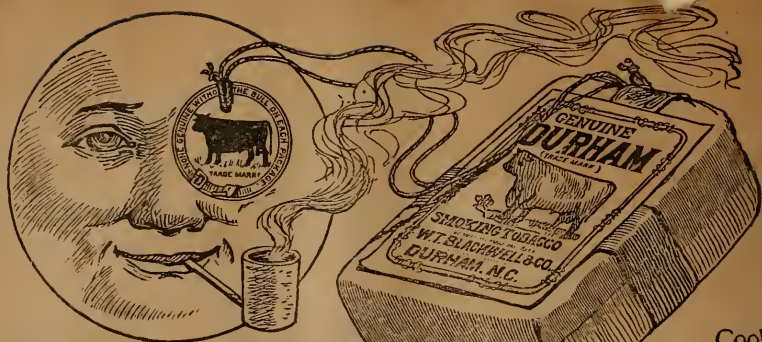
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THE

TRINITY 

 ARCHIVE.

MARCH, 1894.

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TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1894.

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## WASHINGTON DUKE.

Washington Duke was born on the 20th of December, 1820, in the county of Orange, now Durham, N. C. His father, Taylor Duke, was an intelligent and progressive farmer of Orange, and an honored and respected citizen; this fact being shown by his having been elected to hold several official positions in the county. He was a man of sound judgment and one whose opinion was considered valuable. Being the father of ten children he was necessarily frugal, but he was possessed of a large and generous heart. Though he could not give his son a broad education, yet he instilled into him those sterling qualities, which so strongly marked his character.

The early life of Mr. Duke was one of faithful labor on the farm. He had poor educational advantages, and did not get to attend school more than six or eight months in his life, but his long business life, his strong mind, and patient search after knowledge have gained for him a liberal education. At the age of twenty-one he left the old homestead to take up the occupation of his father. He rented land, settled down to hard work, and in four years saved enough to buy him a

small farm. Buying adjoining lands, he kept adding to his farm from time to time, until it covered three hundred acres. He continued to prosper until 1863, when he enlisted in the Confederate army. He led an honorable life as a soldier, doing his duty at all times, and was distinguished by his excellent management of artillery, and was promoted to the rank of orderly sergeant. When the war was over he was given transportation as far as New Berne, whence he walked a distance of nearly 150 miles to his home. Defeat did not conquer his energy, and he immediately went to work again on his farm.

In 1844 Mr. Duke was married to Miss Mary Clinton, of Orange county, N. C., and as a result two children, Sidney and Brodie, were born. Sidney died early in life, and Brodie is a prominent business man of Durham. In 1847 Mr. Duke lost the chosen partner of his life, this leaving the boys motherless. Mr. Duke again grew tired of single life, and in 1852 was married to Miss Artelia Roney, of Alamance county. By this union he was blessed with three children, Mary, Benjamin and James. His second wife died in 1858.

Mr. Duke came home from the war with but fifty cents in his pocket. He gathered together his scattered family, and began life anew. Undaunted by adversity he still kept pressing onward, and with nothing but his land, he set to work with more energy and perseverance than ever. He was not one to mourn over what he had lost, but he kept his eye on future hopes of prosperity and happiness. His only fortune was determination, but that was destined to place him at the head of business men, and make him the owner of millions. Patience, pluck and perseverance are what made him a successful and prosperous farmer, and these, together with a strong, reasoning mind, have made him a successful business man and millionaire.

In connection with his farm, Mr. Duke and his sons manufactured smoking tobacco in a little log house. Little did he

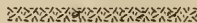
then think that that house was the beginning of the largest tobacco factory in the world. He knew that honest toil would be rewarded, but scarcely hoped for such wonderful results. His business rapidly increased, so that he had to enlarge his factory. The log house was deserted, and in 1873 he removed his factory to Durham, N. C., building the house three stories high and employing fifteen hands. In 1875, in order to meet the increasing demand for his tobacco, he enlarged his factory, but in the meantime he consolidated his business with that of his son B. L. Duke, who had been in Durham manufacturing tobacco for three years. They have been enlarging their factory from time to time, until now it is the largest cigarette and smoking tobacco factory in the world. They are doing an annual business of nearly five million dollars, and employ about 900 hands. But North Carolina cannot hold their energy within her borders. Going to New York they have established there a branch factory which employs over 500 hands. Their products are not only sold on this continent but throughout Europe and Asia, throughout the whole world. The name Duke is seen by Frenchman, German, Japs and Chinaman, and it is the name of him who started in life by working rented land. What an example of what pluck and courage can do !

Mr. Duke has been a close observer of public events, has watched public men, and has been thoroughly acquainted with public policy, yet he has never engaged actively in politics, nor has he aspired to political honors. He saw that secession was not right, and used his forces against it, but after the South had seceded he was not the man to desert his native State. He has had no ambition for political fame. His ambition was to excel in business, and he has doubly succeeded. By a gradual rise through fifty years he has attained to the height of fortune and success.

Though Mr. Duke has millions he is still the plain, frank, and open man he always was. A friend to the weak, charit-

able to the poor and kind to every one, he will long be called a benefactor of mankind. He does not hold himself aloof from those who have less of this world's goods than he, but realizing the fact that he and they are the children of one common Father he is kind and generous to them. He has always been careful not to fall into those evils with which wealth is so often attended, and he uses it for the benefit of himself and humanity. Being a Christian he gives liberally to the church and her institutions. It was largely through his instrumentality that Main Street Methodist Church, of which he is a valuable member, was built and organized. He gave abundantly of his means to build the church, and still gives liberally to support it. When the Louisburg Female College was about to collapse he purchased it, and put it under the auspices of the Methodist Church, thus again standing up for the cause of education, and spending his money for the benefit of humanity. But while Mr. Duke is honored by all for his numerous good works, he is especially loved and honored by Trinity College for so generously coming to her rescue. To her he gave \$185,000, the largest sum of money that has ever been given by one man not only for education but for any purpose, in the State. It was he that made the erection of those magnificent buildings possible, and helped to open for Trinity a bright and useful career. His influence for good by this gift alone will be unbounded. After these buildings have crumbled away, his name will still be remembered with honor and with love. So long as education has a place in the world, just so long will his name and good works be remembered.

GILBERT ROWE.



#### COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

PRESIDENT CROWELL'S VIEW OF THIS ABSORBING QUESTION.

President Crowell has been giving considerable attention to the question of athletics, with the view of eliminating from them any features that may have proved offensive or



objectionable to the public or have been damaging to the best interests of the students. He regards college athletics as essential to the best moral welfare of the college, says that the physical inactivity of college students is certain to be followed quietly but certainly by the introduction of petty vices whose growth is sure to crop out into mischief, disorder, and systematic degeneration.

There has been much talk about the action of the University trustees in regard to football.

President Crowell is an ardent advocate of college athletics.

A *Globe* reporter interviewed President Crowell on the subject.

"We believe in them at Trinity," said the doctor. "There are plenty of people who do not. I haven't found anybody who doesn't believe in college athletics who offers any substitute. People who oppose athletics are those who rarely ever participate in them.

"The nerve of good government in colleges, consists largely in a steady promotion of voluntary athletic exercises throughout the year. My experience is that whenever the interest in athletics lags, the government of a college becomes difficult, and unsatisfactory. There is a vitality which must assert itself in some way—a gap of leisure which must be filled in by something other than serious strain of thought. A college that fails to provide rational opportunities for diversion will always have plenty of disorder on hand in the behavior of students.

"The most disgusting refinements of meanness may be looked for at any time.

"Industrial institutions by their physical labor dispose of part of this problem, and so have less need of athletic developments, but a purely literary institution, as Trinity practically is, is exposed to enormous risks which the outside public knows little or nothing of.

"Without athletics as a stimulant to exertion every phase

of college interest loses something for the lack of better physical conditions.

“The attempt to argue about athletics to some people is a waste of breath, and much injury to the future development of a strong college character is being done by persons whose fund of vanity and ignorance impels them to decide for colleges and universities what they ought to do. But the great majority of people believe that the college authorities are capable of and willing to do whatever in the long run is regarded as best for the colleges. It is neither wise nor rational that the sails of institutions should be trimmed to every wind of opinion that finds expression in private conversation or public print. My own conviction is that athletics is only one of the many phases of college growth that needs attention, and that the scare about athletics is exaggerated in the public mind.

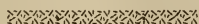
“I believe the educators in our higher institutions have so firm a grasp on the main purpose for which those institutions exist that there is no danger that athletics or any other manifestation of college activity will force these institutions out of line with their most exalted purpose.

“Nevertheless, I should regard it as a surrender of principle which is essential to the development of colleges and universities, were the management and direction of the internal life of these institutions to be taken away from the governing powers within them and transferred to the boards of trustees who are barely more than the holders of property, are scattered throughout the State, and are willing but incapable of realizing the real character and strength of the movements with which the inner athletics have to deal.

“In the long run, then, I believe that less wrong will be done if the management of institutions is given all possible scope, than if they are looked upon as not being capable of self-government and to be held in the tutelage of a kind of absenteeism. College athletics are by no means slow to study

and watch manifestations of public opinion. They have both to be guided by it, and to teach it, but they make a mistake when they yield an essential principle of their growth to a sudden gust, however violent, of popular sentiment.

“We may lose a quarter of a century of growth by hampering restraints put on from outside. If we do, posterity will lay it at the door of the colleges, and not to the forces that hedge them in. Therefore those who are responsible ought to be free from all necessary limitations in management.”



#### REPEAL OF TAX ON STATE BANKS.

The history of banking corporations in the United States has shown the power of economic error in licensing any corporation without sufficient restrictions to furnish capital, sound or unsound, to the currency of the nation. Either centralization or reckless extravagance has been the direct outcome of every system proposed. The first system used was known as the national banking system in which one great corporation had lesser banks branched off and the nation was the principal stock holder. It was conclusive to Andrew Jackson's mind that this great corporation was becoming too powerful, so he withdrew the national stock and distributed it among the States. State banks had been in use before this time but had been kept in the back ground by the National bank. Restrictions were placed upon the number of banks by Congress but the people having the idea that paper money created wealth finally constituted a Congress that gave them all liberty to issue such notes as they pleased. No restriction was placed upon any one that desired to circulate such a note as money, consequently no safety nor stability could be guaranteed. From this condition the different States attempted reform with much success. The model for the present banking system was instituted by New York. It required all companies desiring to raise money to deposit with

the State securities to the full amount of the circulating notes. Other States began to require some securities until a National banking act was passed in 1863 providing for the establishment of a National bank bureau in the treasury department, the chief office of which to be called comptroller of the currency, at the same time giving in detail all the requirements for the establishment of the present banking system. It was thought that the State banks would readily be converted into the new method but it proved to the contrary. So two years later, a tax of 10 per cent. was imposed upon all notes of any person, State or corporation, used for circulation, or paid out by any banking corporation. This had the desired effect. The present National system was instituted and the private or State banks were destroyed.

The four attributes of a perfect banking system are, "safety, elasticity, uniformity, and convertability." The present system contains all of these except elasticity, or contains them as far as possible. The non-elasticity has caused prejudices to arise in different sections of the country and discontent in Congress. The West is especially inconvenienced. The principal amount of the capital is in the New England States. There money is easily obtained. Even in the late panic money could be borrowed readily at 6 per cent., while, it could not be borrowed at any per cent. in certain sections of the West and South. The West have the least benefit. Trade and traffic have increased wonderfully beyond the Mississippi while the currency has remained the same. Whenever there has been an increase of money it must start in or near Wall Street and then widens like a wave set in motion in a stagnant pool, the farther it gets from the starting point the weaker it gets. Like the \$50,000,000 worth of bonds issued a short time ago, they are taken up almost before the far West can get knowledge of their being on the market. This centralization caused the West to cry for free silver. They need an increase of money to keep pace with

the increase of trade. This is not the case. Consequently trade is restricted. They, therefore, can never have the force and power that the New England States have. This monopoly of the New England States is especially envied since it is done at the expense of the whole country. While it is intended to be National it is only local, while it is intended to benefit the whole nation it is the monopoly of the few. In time of a panic when trade is blocked due to the lack of money, instead of there being a means to increase the volume the whole currency is contracted. What metal there is, is locked in the vaults and an enormous amount of interest is necessary to withdraw it. In case of an excitement payments are lessened, while the very antithesis of this is the thing desired. These are the conditions where the circulation of money is absolutely necessary for the life of the enterprising, and the farther one gets from the great money centre of Wall Street, the more one is dependent upon the steady circulation. Since the charter will expire in 1907, the question of renewal will necessarily be brought up and this is one reason another method is advanced, either to test the workings of the State banks in its different aspects, and if successful, it will eventually destroy the National banks, or then to let the present system continue with reforms, for some reform will necessarily come to alleviate the condition of the West.

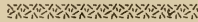
The great benefit that is claimed to be derived from the State banks is that credit can be obtained when most needed, that instead of a contraction in case of a panic the currency can be inflated. Another benefit is that centralization will be destroyed, that each locality can furnish the necessary circulation, that the whole system will be general and at any time ready to respond to the locality. These influences being brought to bear on the produces of any section will naturally cause the prices of everything to increase, for with an increase of money it is an unexceptional rule that prices will vary correspondingly and the rate of interest will likewise be low-



ered. If these benefits could be derived exactly as they appear, the repeal would have taken place before now, but State banks have ruled the panics of the country for a time and, while it is unfair to compare the two, yet some of the evils that appeared in the days of "wild cat" banking will probably appear when the 10 per cent. tax is repealed unless great caution is used. If it should be repealed unconditionally the system would be local, and extremely so in a sense. For if one corporation in a certain county of North Carolina issued money on their bonds, even if the State made each one personally liable for all the notes circulating, they would circulate over a few adjoining counties and probably over the whole State being accepted at par value, but a person in Baltimore or New York wouldn't accept them as such, no more than he would a common note unless some one that he knew to be competent, guaranteed its redemption at its face value. Then in all transaction between two different sections the metals would be used, or if the notes, at a discount which would be at the loss of the person holding such notes. Then the notes would remain in the locality while the coin would go out. Speculation is carried on considerably now and these bonds are the material for speculation. Then how much greater would be the speculation when notes are issued on the bonds that already afford means of speculation. It would also cause an inconvenience of travel, for a person could not always supply himself with sufficient coin and he would be put to trouble to keep security that would go with him and be accepted. A check to-day, on any bank, when carried abroad is not accepted until confidence is first established. These notes would be questioned in the same way. So gold and silver would be the only money that could be relied upon in every emergency and the notes would maintain their value only in or near their birthplace where the persons issuing them were known to be able to redeem them. In case of a panic gold and silver would be obtained only at a great pre-

mium. And while the panic lasts a person being well supplied with all the necessaries for him to continue business could proceed as well as if there was no panic, but such a person is seldom found. A constant trade and intertrade is absolutely necessary for prosperity. And this would depend entirely upon the metals. Thus the States would find it impossible within themselves to regulate the banking system unless it was carried on similar to the present system, which would throw the whole circulation back on gold and the remedy would not be effected. It would become necessary for the Federal Government to require a certain per cent of the capital to be deposited as security, and restrict the circulation upon the bonds, and then make each note national instead of local. This would give them the same force as the present bank note. But under National supervision there would be a tendency and actual practice of filling the country with notes, that before depended upon the wants of the people. Take a corporation in North Carolina worth \$1,000,000 taxable property and they were allowed to issue \$500,000 worth of notes. Before they could not have issued so much unless the locality desired them, but now the notes would be accepted anywhere in the nation and of course they would be issued. Every corporation would then issue to the limit of its taxable value and the country would soon be robbed of its gold, the silver would soon be hoarded in the treasuries and the country would have only the paper to circulate. Panics would be the inevitable result. There would have to be a limit to the volume and how would it be fixed? Would each State be limited to the same number of notes and each corporation according to its capital? If this could be done States with no resources or capital stock would have the same amount as that of the wealthy. This would certainly tend to tear down a very rich enterprising State to the same level of a poor State and at the same time endeavor to raise the poor State up to meet the rich, for it would be to the interest of capitalists to

move where they could issue the most on their capital stock. But this is more theory than could be put into actual practice. To prevent confusion the limit would have to be very definitely defined, and to do this some would naturally be excluded which would certainly cause discontent. It seems that if this tax is repealed that it must take some of these forms unless it should follow in a parallel line with the present National banks; and the system seems to be the most suitable which will be protected by Federal Government, which will become National in its scope; but whether this will remain so as to be of better service and secure a safer system than the National banks can be seriously questioned.



#### STUDENT LIFE IN BERLIN.

The Berlin University stands on the lower end of the Unter den Linden, one wing of it facing the palace of the late Emperor William I and the Statue of Frederic the Great, and the other the Royal Opera, with its frankly pagan inscription: *Fridericus Rex Appoloni et Musis.* In front of the University are statues of the brothers Humboldt. The building itself encloses three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being upon the street, and is a rather handsome three story affair. It has nothing resembling a tower, (wonder what they would think of it in Durham?). On entering you find yourself in a large hall, stuck all over with academic and "*Verein*" notices. Students promenade here, talking loudly in any number of languages and dialects, munching sandwiches and smoking unusually bad cigars. Most of them wear the colors of their "*Verein*", and every other face is hacked and slashed from duelling. I have seen students on the day after a duel whose faces only seemed to hold together at all because they were swathed in bandages and cotton.

This is the first thing one notices, the second is that, though the atmosphere of the place may be scholastic, it is also close.

There are no arrangements for ventilation, though there may be some precautions against it. To a foreigner there is something ludicrous about the German terror of fresh air. Wherever they are, University, Theater, Church or what not, the more they can make it resemble the Black Hole of Calcutta the more they appear to enjoy it. Germans are not afraid of most things, but when it comes to a draught they weaken.

Matriculation here is something immense. I went down one Monday morning about ten o'clock, and was told to come back at twelve. I came, and was told to come back to-morrow. I did so, and was told to come back Thursday; on this last date, however, somewhat to my surprise, I got it all attended to. It is an elaborate process. I went round a table at which some dozen men were seated. Each one asked me questions which, all combined, pretty well covered my whole previous history. Then they gave me a big diploma-looking parchment stating in signboard letters (in Latin), that "Under the auspices and by the authority of the most August and Powerful Lord William II, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia"—I had matriculated. With this went a smaller one, a sort of baby-diploma, which kindly referred to me as "*vir ornatissimus*" and some other pet names. I thought it very nice of them thus to recognize my good points at first sight, but they ought not to give these documents to new students, at least not to foreigners unaccustomed to European thunderousness of phrase. It might make them conceited. And beside, if they let out this literary cloudburst on a young matriculate just entering, I don't see what they can have left for him when he comes up for his doctor's degree.

But, when one becomes a student, he has several privileges. To begin with, the police cannot arrest him (though they can make life a burden to him, as to any body else, in the score of ways known only to the abnormally constituted intellect of a human police bureau). Then too, he has access to the

Royal Library, which is very large and complete, and from which ten volumes may be taken out and kept a month, a rather liberal provision. Students also get reduced rates to all theaters, concerts and the like. This is important here, for the Berlin Stage is in many respects the best I have ever seen. Instead of eternal wandering over creation, a company of actors is stationed permanently in a theater. And instead of one "star" subordinating everything else, the Germans have discovered that it takes several characters to make a play, and the most conscientious care is given to the minor parts as well. Shakespeare is magnificently given here, especially plays like "Mid-summer Night's Dream" and "Tempest," which are seldom or never attempted elsewhere. There is also a difference in the audiences, which one wants time to get use to. Here it is not considered fashionable to come in late, disturbing everybody else, and then talk during the rest of the play. Any one attempting it, instead of being looked up to as an ornament of society, would get the most resounding hiss he ever heard in his life. And the women take off their hats before going in, for which purpose mirrors are provided in the corridors. I had thought that a woman would die before she would show such consideration for others, but in this strange land it is the custom.

Student life here, is not, in the main, social. With several thousand students, working along different lines and scattered all over the city, it could not be otherwise. The "*Verein*" and the "*Kneipe*" bring men together to a certain extent, but the balance does not seem to be on the side of comradeship. And they miss one prime socializing agency, the great American game of foot-ball. Something is played here, something that here and in England passes for foot-ball. I walked out to Tempelhof one day to see a game of it. Such a disjointed, disheartening wildcat scramble I had not witnessed up to date. The mere fact that no one may touch the ball with his hands takes all organization and coherence out



of the game. When any one does happen so to touch it the other maniacs yell out "Hand!" "Hand!" which brings things to a stand still for the time being. Beside, kicking the ball, the means of progress are to butt it with the head and thump it about with the elbows and shoulders and knees, and on these interesting little instances they become quite expert. But the American game is not approved. He thinks it is brutal, does this mild and peaceable German student. He prefers duelling, and will take a long rapier and carve a theorem of geometry on his opponent's face, and feel better for a week afterward.

Berlin is interesting to a student of history because, especially in the last two centuries, so much of it has gone on in this neighborhood.\* I remember, the other day, on the lecture speaking of the revolutionary outbreak of 1848 and describing how barricades had been thrown up in the streets and the mob had seized the palace of the Prince of Prussia (afterward William I) and thrown his pictures and other belongings out of the window and inscribed "National Property" over its doors; my interest in his remarks were heightened by the fact that I had only to look out the window to see the street and palace in question.

And I think we have witnessed an historical occurrence here in the past few days, certainly one which made Berlin for a time the target of all eyes in Europe. This was Prince Bismarck's visit to the Emperor, after their four years of bitter estrangement. Few imagined that these two men would ever become reconciled, and when it was learned all at once that they had made peace, and that too with an exceptionally overflowing heartiness, or at least every appearance of it, the news came as a dazing surprise. I shall always remember and be glad that I was in Berlin as the mighty ex-Chancellor rode once more through its streets. And what an ovation they gave him! Long before the hour set for his arrival the whole way from the Lehrter Station, through the

Thiergarten, through the Brandenburg Gate and the whole length of the Linden to the Royal Castle was densely thronged with people. Every window and balcony was crowded. Portraits, busts, flags, everything that might add expression to the boundlessness of welcome was there. And when the great lumbering state-carriages appeared, heralded and followed by the fluttering pennons of its cuirassier escort, it was worth having come early and waiting long to hear the shout that went up all along the line. The crowd made a grand rush, carrying the police back like nine-pins in their eagerness to cheer their idolized Bismarck. The epoch-making old man sat leaning forward in the carriage, with his hand raised in an almost continued salute to the madly cheering crowds. I had the good fortune to see him several times during the day and finally when, accompanied by the Emperor, he returned to the station: but if I had only the glimpse it would suffice to fix his features ineffaceably in my memory. Never before have I seen such a man, or ever expect to again. He is one of those land-marks of history that occur centuries, or as an English writer has said of him, "A solitary Colossus with a Continent for a pedestal."

If the reader has waded through this article in the hope of getting a deep insight into German scholastic methods, he may reasonably complain that it wanders. I can only say that to a stranger Berlin itself and the life and ways of Berlin are a study, and in many respects an entertaining one. If this still does not satisfy, he must put up with its being like Artemus Ward's lecture, one of the peculiarities of which (according to Artemus), was that it had little to do with its subject.

D. C. BRANSON.

BERLIN, 1894.

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\*NOTE.—In fact, my landlady, a native of Berlin, informs me that the history of the world is practically German history. She says that perhaps a few things *have* happened in England, but that doesn't alter the general result.

## CLASS DISTINCTION.

Student life has within the last few years undergone remarkable changes. College undergraduate life is largely molded by external circumstances; and as we trace the history of any college we will find that the every day life of its students has followed a course of development along with the institution itself. Nothing is more interesting than to study the history of the student life in our old institutions of learning as it is related by old graduates, and to notice the great difference between the customs which prevailed when they were students and those of the present day. We are forcibly impressed with the extent to which class distinction was carried. Before going further it might be interesting to some to notice the strange and sometimes ludicrous rules and regulations governing the conduct of the freshmen towards the other members of the college community, which existed in some of our old educational institutions.

Among the old rules of Harvard College we find the following :

1. No freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full.

2. Freshmen are to consider all other classes as their seniors.

3. No freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there.

4. All freshmen(except those employed by the government of the college) shall be obliged to go on any errand (except such as shall be judged improper by some one in the government of the college) for any of their seniors, graduates or undergraduates at any time except in studying hours or after nine o'clock in the evening.

5. A Senior sophister has authority to take a freshman from a sophomore ; a middle bachelor from a Junior sophister ; a

master from a Senior sophister ; and any governor of the college from a master.

6. No freshman when sent on an errand shall tell whom he is going for unless he be asked ; nor be obliged to tell what he is going for unless asked by a governor of the college.

7. When any person knocks at a freshman's door, except in studying time, he shall immediately open without inquiring who is there (Quincy's Hist., vol. II, pp. 539-40).

These "Laws, Liberties, and Orders" and many others of a similar nature are said to have remained in force during the seventeenth century.

An ancient statute book of the University of Pennsylvania gives us an insight into the college life of the last century ; and as we read and ponder it requires no great effort of the imagination to picture to ourselves the every day undergraduate life of a hundred years ago. We find in this institution there existed an old college custom which compelled every student upon his admission to have at least one pugilistic battle with one of his classmates, in order to establish his claim to the honor of being called an "Academy boy."

Did space permit, numerous incidents might be given to show the peculiar customs in existence and to what extent class distinction was carried. As great respect was paid to rank, the students throughout their course were "placed" at recitation, at commons, and in the chapel according to their social position.

Of course these things seem very unwise as we look at them from our point of view. No one would think of advocating class distinction if it brought about such a state of affairs as these incidents would seem to indicate.

We must however remember that the influences affecting student life intellectually and socially have altered greatly in the growth of our colleges and that which is distinctive of student life now could hardly be asserted of it within the memory of living graduates. The scenes of ancient college

life are forever passed, and while in some institutions there are relics of ancient customs they are rapidly fading away. The old time honored custom of hazing which has been a prolific source of trouble to college authorities will soon be a thing of the past in every institution which can hope to receive the patronage of the best class of people. It must be admitted that class distinction in the past may have had its objectionable features, that is in some institutions. In speaking of classes we mean only the undergraduate classes in colleges. In many of our comparatively new colleges, such a thing as class feeling has been discouraged, and many objections have been raised against it. While in every institution there exists a certain kind of interest in the class to which the student belongs, there is very little genuine class pride among the students of many of our colleges. Without considering the matter it is a recommendation to have it said of an institution that there is no class feeling existing among its students.

As an objection it has been urged that when class feeling is high there is a tendency to haze new men. This seems plausible and yet experience shows that in those institutions where this barbarism is unknown that class spirit runs highest. It is also argued that it stirs up hostility between the students. This need not necessarily be so, any more than between members of different literary societies and other student organizations. There is possibly nothing which will do more to elevate the moral tone of an institution, and to restrain men, than well governed class organizations. This may seem to be a broad assertion and yet it can be shown to be true. There is in every class a large percentage of level headed conservative men, who will exert a restraining influence on those who are disposed to be erratic. Every class should have an organization with a president and other officers. They should have regular times for meeting and a regular place for holding these meetings. Every member of a class with such an organization will take a pride in trying to make his class the best in



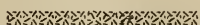
college, the best in deportment, the best in scholarship, the best in appearance, the best in athletics, the best in every sense of the word. Every man likes to be thought well of by his class-mates, and he doesn't care to get into any trouble that would cause his class to look upon him with disapproval. Also this class distinction causes the lower classes to have greater respect for the upper classes and this is always to be desired, because it exerts an elevating influence over the whole student body. The conduct of the student body is shaped largely by that of the upper classes, and these classes can be relied upon to preserve their dignity and to exert an influence for good. There is more in the expression "the dignity of the Seniors" than we generally ascribe to it, and the more closely class ties are drawn the harder will the Seniors strive to uphold the reputation of the class. As a general rule in institutions where class distinction is marked, the Seniors have more influence over the lower classes than any other set of men connected with the institution.

In order to foster this spirit the different classes should engage in contests of different kinds. In many institutions the class day is the great day of the year. In one noted institution the class day is marked by one particularly pleasing incident, the presentation of a wooden spoon to the man who has endeared himself most to his classmates. To elect him spoonman is the highest honor a college class can confer on a classmate, and it is an honor to be remembered for life.

The graduating week is also marked by the publication of *The Record*, the literary souvenir of the graduating class. It contains statistics from all the departments of the institution, and of all the organizations, the personal records of the members of the graduating class, the class day exercises, and miscellaneous articles of a somewhat apocryphal nature, and within its pages is many a bit of real wit, and many an artistic gem.

All these things tend to increase ones college pride, and

even after graduating the interest he takes in the institution is greater. The class organizations are often kept up after graduation, frequently for years. When the annual meeting of the alumni is held the roll is called by classes. It is these matters of undergraduate days, many of which seem trivial in themselves, that do much to elevate the moral and, we may say, intellectual atmosphere in which the collegian lives for four years, just at the very period when a young man is most susceptible to external influences. ANON.



#### UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

There has always existed a great gulf between our Universities and the masses of the people. Higher education, or even education at all till very recent times, has been the possession of the few—culture has worn the badge of exclusiveness. Production, and not distribution, has been the aim of the scholar. The learned professor continues his researches along philological, or scientific lines, and the college graduate uses his education as a means of furthering his own designs. With all the modern developments, however, towards the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, with the revulsion from the old idea that a few, in religion or politics, can speak for the many, there has come a similar change along educational lines. An ideal is being set up that contemplates a wider and more extensive education for all classes of people. It is a significant fact that the two great Universities of England have seen the grandeur of this ideal, and are using their strength and enthusiasm for its attainment. The agency that they have decided upon is University Extension, and it is into the distinctive features and progress of this movement that we wish now to look.

Richard G. Moulton, one of the leaders of the movement in England, defines University Extension as "University education for the whole nation on the basis of itinerant teachers." There are in every community those who have received only

a common school education ; others who have taken only a technical course ; others, standing high in their professional lines, yet lacking a broad and liberal education. For these adults, whose minds are mature, and reach out after food for thought, a "University education" is proposed. Imagine a College or University near such a community with men trained along special lines of work, offering to the people series of lectures on literature, or history, or the practical sciences. A single lecture on a subject is of little service, and so a unit course of twelve lectures, extending over three month's time, has generally been adopted by Cambridge and Oxford. To enable the audience to more intelligently follow the speaker, a syllabus is given out, giving a synopsis of the lecture as well as references to periodical and other literature, that the lecture may be supplemented by reading in libraries. Out of a miscellaneous audience there will be those, who desire to pursue still further the lines of study suggested in the lecture, and so a "class" is formed, in which lecture and students are brought into closer relations. Exercises, consisting of answers to questions propounded by the teacher, and demanding original thought are handed in and carefully criticised by the teacher. At the end of the course an examination is held, and upon the combined results of the examination and the weekly exercises certificates are issued. These are, in brief, the distinctive features of the plan as adopted by Oxford and Cambridge. Experience shows that much good can be obtained from a single course of this kind—the mastery of one subject is an inspiration for independent work along other lines, and a general rise in the public taste for reading and studying has been created. As the work increases in interest and its full import is recognized by the community, series of lectures on the subjects will be demanded, and in a few years a good sized curriculum may have been mastered by the people who would not otherwise have the privileges of a college education.

The success of this movement in England has been very marked, and its practicability and expediency fully established. In 1867 Prof. Stuart, of Cambridge, gave a series of eight lectures on Astronomy at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Sheffield, going from one town to another each week. So pronounced was his success that in a few years Cambridge adopted the plan and began to establish "centers" throughout England. In 1876 Oxford did likewise; and now the map of the British Empire is dotted with towns and cities, where courses of lectures are given by Professors from these Universities. Sometimes when the "centers" are too far away for Professors to go, men are prepared for the special work of University Extension lectures, and these are known as the "itinerant teachers" mentioned above. A town that wants a course of lectures applies to the University, and upon paying a fee of, say, \$500, one of the unit courses is given. During last year there were 250 courses given, and a total attendance of 40,000 people. The benefits and blessings arising from all these are beyond the province of figures to express. Says one of the leaders: "In almost every quarter of England into which we have gone and given a three months course of lectures, we are certain in that town to hear it said that the whole character of conversation and intercourse between people has been altered." One of the greatest goods arising from this movement has been the education of the working men in the economic and historical problems. One of them says: "I cannot tell how much I owe to these lectures. They have worked a revolution in my life. I am able to take broader views of these questions."

So marked has this success been in England that, within the past few years, we have taken it up in the United States. We have had something approaching University Extension. In the old Lyceums of New England there is something similar, but they soon degenerated into attempts at forensic display, and there was the lack of concentration on some one

subject for a length of time. In our Chautauqua system we again see tendencies in that direction, but in this, as well as in all correspondence teaching, there is the lack of personal contact with an intelligent and enthusiastic speaker. The first institution to take hold of the idea of the University Extension movement in this country was Johns Hopkins University. One of the first men who put the idea into actual practice was Dr. E. W. Bemis, a Hopkins student, and now professor at the University of Chicago. He gave a series of lectures in Buffalo, N. Y., on the labor question that resulted in a better adjustment of the relations of labor and capital in that city. The success of these lectures gave an impetus to the work, and so we see here and there "centers" established on the same principle as those of England. The work was not permanently established in this country, however, until the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching was formed in 1890. The presidents and faculties of the most prominent institutions of the country have entered heartily in the work; a magazine is published in the interest of the movement at Philadelphia; thus in many ways it is becoming a fixed thing in our educational system. The University of Chicago, has secured the services during the past year of Professor Moulton, of England, who has infused new life into the work in this country.

The American people have developed to a very high point the common school system. In University Extension another need of our institutions is supplied. The people will be enabled by a study of the problems that demand solution to better understand the requirements of an intelligent suffrage, and the duties of American citizenship. After a careful study of the movement we can agree with George William Curtis, when he said that it was the greatest fact in the recent history of education.

EVERETT.



# TRINITY ARCHIVE.

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L. T. HARTSELL, - - - - Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. FLOWERS,	} Hesperian Society.	B. PHIFER,	} Columbian Society.
E. C. BROOKS,		P. STEWART,	
R. G. TUTTLE,		G. T. ROWE,	

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## EDITORIALS.

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WHEN Trinity College was first opened up in the new buildings at Durham, it was a requirement that all Seniors and Juniors room in the Inn, and the other classes in the main building. This was never enforced, it was a provision which died without trial. The racket that the average freshman makes is not congenial to the happiness or welfare of the members of the more advanced classes. You can frequently hear some Freshman in the hall-way braying, or a congregated number ferociously discussing some question which is wholly incomprehensible to beings of their order. At present there is such promiscuity that a Senior can hardly be distinguished from a "Freshmore." The present Junior class ought to petition those in authority for separation during the coming year. Let the original arrangements be re-enacted and strictly enforced. ✓

EVERY year we have a few boys in College who spend most of their time visiting their friends, and unfortunately they accept the doctrine that all are their friends. They are called "bores" and they bore the life out of one who has work to do. They enrage their hosts, they sullen their friends, they cause bad lessons and low grades, they blight hopes and bedim bright prospects, they supplant joy with misery, happiness with pain, they fill the heart with sadness and the soul

with disgust. The departure of the bore is sought but he hangs on. He says by his acts: "Yea, though you walk through the valley and shadow, you need fear no evil, for I am with you always; I will never, no never forsake you even unto the end of many weary hours."

—...—

SELF-CONFIDENCE is valuable in school life. The boy who studies his lesson knowing that he can master it, seldom fails, while he who distrusts his own ability, nods and toils and slumbers over his lesson for hours without accomplishing much. Self-confidence or self-esteem well curbed and regulated is a good attribute of the soul. But when it trespasses upon big-headedness, it is a most contemptible thing and is characteristic of an empty head. It is infinitely disgusting to see a college boy strutting, his head rocking, his hands very precisely held, every act and bearing, his very mien making a portentous display to the world, as though he has the wealth of Croesus, the lore of Socrates and the wisdom of Solomon combined in him. It takes several years for such to learn that they are fools; some never learn it.

—...—

WRITING and marking up the walls of buildings is neither good taste, nor a mark of good breeding, nor a sign of great intellectual superiority, but rather the opposite of these. No one would think of writing his name or other nonentities upon the parlor walls of his home. To deface college property is worse. Last year hardly a mark was discernible on the walls of our beautiful buildings; this year you cannot pass down any aisle without seeing in bold relief the artistic display of some freshman's uncouth hand. The mere act of marking on the plastering is vicious in itself, but when this is used as a place on which to write somebody else's name or to express your contracted opinion of some professor or student, whether that opinion be good or bad, it carries with it the additional crimes of brazen cowardice and pure dishonesty.

This vandalistic spirit on the part of a few can and should be checked, if not voluntarily by themselves, force should be applied by those in authority.

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IT is very profitable to study the character of men in order to see their good and their bad qualities. One cannot always see his own faults but, by studying the nature of others and by comparing his own with theirs, he may be able to discern many defects in himself. There is a vast difference between studying human nature and the ordinary fault-finding. Many of us would like to excuse ourselves from the pernicious practice on the ground that we are studying others in order that we may benefit ourselves. You can scarcely go among a crowd of boys or into the ordinary society of to-day but that the drift of the conversation is about persons instead of things. If the conversation should be about things men would not be so often slandered; there would be more peace and happiness, and the store of knowledge would be very much increased.

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THE average college boy has commonly no conscience in regard to public property; his insight extends only towards personal relations. Even those who are exceedingly strict in their dealings with their school-mates are woefully lacking in conscience where the college, a corporation, is concerned. There are boys whose honesty would not let them take the least advantage of their schoolmates yet they can take electric light globes and other college property without the least compunction of conscience. This is clearly shown from the fact that an electric light globe cannot be kept in the hallways, the chapel, etc. A great many boys have the idea that the college property is a common where every one may forage for himself. These things by no means always imply conscious wrong-doing on the part of the student. They are rather due to the fact that the student has not yet reached the con-

✓

ception of social duties at all and needs, to make a specialty of the study of ethics. Until the conscience has been elevated to extend over the field of public as well as private property, there should be strict laws and penalties imposed and the faculty should take the place of the wanting conscience.

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## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

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Billy, have an egg? Small one if you please.

Several of the students spent Easter at their respective homes.

Miss May Carr, of Trinity, N. C. is visiting at Prof. W. H. Pegram's.

J. L. Weber, late Professor of English, has returned to his home in South Carolina.

Several new apparatuses for both the Chemical and Physical Laboratories have arrived.

"When will the sorrowing cease from trouble and the weary be at rest," said B. when he found that the rocks had been taken from his room.

E. T. Dickenson, '94, who has been taking a course in medicine at the Richmond Medical College, has returned and will graduate with his class.

*Wag* has received his new bicycle, and desires us to announce that it is at the disposal of the public. He can now accommodate his friends.

Rev. W. B. Lee, '91, spent Easter in Durham, and preached twice in Main Street church on Easter Sunday. He is preparing to go to Brazil as a missionary.

Prof. E. W. Sikes, of Wake Forest, the captain of last season's foot-ball team, was one of the attendants at the Association of College Professors, also at the banquet.

Rev. Wm. Hubbard, of Indiana, delivered an address in the chapel March 14th, on "Peace and Arbitration.",

Several of the students attended the game of base-ball between Yale and the University of North Carolina, and also the receptions at the Female Colleges of Greensboro.

Who accused those two Trinity boys of borrowing dress suits to wear at the "G. F. C." reception and then were caught riding bicycles and playing tennis in them next day?

Mr. I. E. Avery passed through Durham on the 29th, on his way to Washington, where he was going to meet Consul General Jernigan. He sailed from San Francisco on April 5th.

Freshmen, Freshmen,  
Give me your promise true.  
I am half crazy  
Over the thought of you.  
It won't be a stylish banquet  
If you are allowed to enter;  
But you look sweet,  
In your seat,  
In the club house  
Built for you.

*Chubby L.* can furnish you with the present condition of Southern chivalry—the direct result of the South's seceding and its relation to Northern society,—being a critical historical student, obtaining his knowledge from Allen's Forty Lessons in Book-Keeping. He can also prove by right assension and the Astrological signs of the Zodiac that the South believes that grass is growing in the streets of New York. The subject is open for discussion and *Chubby H.* will be heard from next.

W. E. Hull was returning from Chapel Hill on March 25th, where he had spent Easter. When the train was about three miles above Durham, he attempted to pass from one coach to another when his hat blew off, and in trying to catch it he fell off and received an ugly wound in the top of his head. The



train came on to the station, and then returned to pick him up. He had regained consciousness when the train returned. He was brought on to Durham and given into the hands of Dr. Manning, under whose care he has been improving rapidly.

Prof. Woodrow Wilson delivered his lecture on "Democracy" in Stokes Hall on March 22nd. This was decidedly the best of the lecture series. Prof. Wilson is a very forcible writer and a pleasing speaker. His lecture from beginning to end was replete with perfectly rounded periods, every sentence was pregnant with meaning and thought, and every word seemed to be absolutely necessary to the sense. It was perfectly free from anything "flowery," but it would be difficult to imagine a style more eloquent, more classical, and at the same time so captivating. His peroration was a combination of rhetorical excellence and literary merit such as one seldom hears.

Prof. Edward Mims has arrived and taken charge of the English Department. We give below what the *Charlotte Observer* has to say of him :

"Professor Edward Mims, the newly elected Professor of English Language and Literature in Trinity College, is a young man of best qualifications for the place. For the past six years he has been at Vanderbilt University. He is an A. B. and an A. M. graduate of that University, and has, until called to Trinity, served as Fellow and Assistant there; in the last named position with Prof. U. M. Baskerville. Professor Mims' preparatory training included three years at the famous Webb School, at Bell Buckle, Tenn., conducted by two North Carolinians, the Webb brothers, from whom he has the highest endorsement. Both in scholarship and in methods, Prof. Mims has proved himself to be very successful. He has the reputation of accomplishing a great amount of work with his classes without friction, and is an energetic and public spirited man, such as Trinity has constantly sought, for vacancies in her faculty."

Those who know him best by longest acquaintance in his

career are most confident of his being the man for the place. Both Chancellor Kirkland and Dr. Tillett, of the Biblical Department, speak most assuredly of the wisdom of the selection. He is well known to the Trinity boys in the graduate department of Vanderbilt from whom he has likewise received very flattering endorsement.

The following are the Theses Subjects of the members of the Senior class:

"Eruditio et Religio," O. P. Ader.

"The Legal Status of Slavery in North Carolina," E. C. Brooks.

"Meteorology," E. T. Dickenson.

"Alternating Currents of Electricity," C. W. Edwards.

"The Hawaiian Controversy," W. W. Flowers.

"Developments of North Carolina from 1690 to 1700," G. W. Guilford.

"The Tuscarora War," W. F. Gill.

"The Nicaragua Canal," L. T. Hartsell.

"Life of Colonel Saunders," T. C. Hoyle.

"The English Novel," D. C. Johnson.

"Municipal Taxation in North Carolina," B. Plifer.

"Taxation in North Carolina," P. Stewart.

"The World's Parliament of Religions; a Negative View," R. G. Tuttle.

"Causes and Progress of the Revolutionary Movement in North Carolina," J. L. Woodward.

"Life of General Pender," F. C. McDowell.

"The Moravians in North Carolina," J. J. Calhoun.

The society for the Propagation of Good Conduct, met in the parlor of G. Alexander on Easter Monday, after it had been reported that a Don Quixotic raid had been made on the chicken coops. The meeting was presided over by the efficient and verbose president, Corduroy Cholly, the founder of the corporation of Samples and Outfits. R. Gillman, the chaplain of the association, was accused by a personal enemy

of throwing a rock in the King's highway to the annoyance of all his Majesty's subjects. Mr. Tecumpsey the accuser was called upon to make it more definite, and to define the kind of rock, because every kind of rock will not disturb a king's subject. The president was applauded for this nice distinction. But Mr. Tecumpsey, having only a limited amount of knowledge concerning Geology, was unable to draw the distinction, but the rock was produced and the great chemist, Mr. G. Alexander, was called upon to analyze it, and he gives the following analysis: "Mr. President, after bisecting this united organism which was plucked from mother earth and compounding each of its parts, I find that our friend and brother has been unjustly charged, and with the intention of damaging his impeachable character. This rock will not damage any subject. The silica of which it is composed is so loosely united together that no harm but much amusement could come through it. If it had been a cemented christilization' then, Mr. President, he would deserve expulsion." No other cases coming before the society papers were called upon. Mr. Tecumpsey read one on the Damage of throwing Rock, whether composed of loosely constructed silica or of *cemented christilization*. The president couldn't afford for the opportunity to pass without reading his interesting article on the Breckenridge-Pollard case. Another was read on the Honesty of Marshal Ney. After which adjournment was in order. The important decision of the assembly in the rock throwing case relieved a great many consciences, which resulted in emptying the pockets full of rocks.

✓ The Association of College Professors was in session in Durham, 23d and 24th of March. On the evening of the 23d a banquet in honor of the visiting Professors was given by the citizens of Durham, at the Trinity Park Inn. No such occasion has occurred at Trinity since its removal to Durham. At 8:30 the guests, composed of visiting Professors, several ladies and gentlemen both of Durham and from a distance,

together with several students, were arranged at the table, presided over by Prof. Jerome Dowd. Blessings having been invoked by Rev. F. A. Bishop, pastor of Main St. church of Durham, the sound of voice of different degree soon filled the hall with a variety of tones that clearly indicated mirth and pleasure until the Toast Master called the attention to the first toast which was followed according to the program before announced :

1. "Our Guests—The Educators in our colleges," Mr. C. B. Green, of Durham.

2. "Our Hosts —The Citizens of Durham," Dr. F. L. Reid, of Greensboro.

3. "Days of Shillalah," Mr. Junius Parker, Durham.

4. "The Women—Their Sphere in the World," Dr. Chas. D. McIver, Greensboro.

5. "Then and Now," Rev. Dr. E. A. Yates, Durham.

6. "Freedom of Speech," Dr. Geo. T. Winston, University.

7. "The Old North State," Col. J. S. Carr, Durham.

8. "The Teacher," Dr. J. B. Shearer, Davidson College.

9. "A Glance into the Twentieth Century," Prof. J. B. Carlyle, Wake Forest.

10. "The Land that Feeds Us," Prof. W. F. Massey, Raleigh.

11. "The College in Public Affairs," Dr. J. F. Crowell, Trinity Park.

12. "Co-Education," Prof. L. Lynden Hobbs, Guilford College.

Although the program was long and lasted until the cock had crowed thrice, yet the wit and humor that was intermingled with the philosophy, and especially the entertaining manner in which the speakers were introduced by Prof. Dowd kept the whole number in abeyance anxiously waiting for each speaker. It was two o'clock when the crowd left the hall. The table was served as follows :

## THE TRINITY ARCHIVE.

## MENU.

Oysters on the Shell.

Olives.

Salt Almonds.

Cold Turkey.

Grated Ham.

Cold Tongue.

Chicken Salad. Celery. Pickles. Sliced Tomatoes.

Ice Cream.

Ambrosia.

Cocoanut Cake.

Jelly Cake.

Almond Macaroons.

Assorted Cake.

Oranges. Bananas. Malaga Grapes.

Raisins. Nuts. Confections

Cheese.

Coffee.

## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Smith, is your sweet-heart a factory girl ?

Yes, perfectly, satis-factory.—*Exchange.*

“I never shut up until I'm licked” said the envelope.

“Nonsense, I'm on to you” replied the postage stamp; “you're ready to leave the moment you're addressed.”—*Exchange.*

## THE SONG OF THE SOPHOMORE.

Cheeks as rich and brown as autumn,

Curves that I can ne'er forget,

So exquisite have I thought them ;

Soul of fire, too, my brunette ;

Disposition all caressing

Fragrant breath, and lips so ripe,

I am happy in possessing

My old briarwood, bull-dog pipe.—*Exchange.*

The Yale faculty have announced that no more boxing will be allowed in any public contest given by Yale. Boxing has long been opposed by the faculty and the knocking out of a man in last winter's games has intensified that opposition until it is believed the time will come when it will be forbidden altogether.—*Exchange.*



One of the illusions is, that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is dooms-day.—*Emerson.*

A tennis court, the place for sport,  
 A net and rackets two.  
 A sunny day the time to play,  
 A maid with eyes of blue.  
 The ball she serves—Alas! it swerves!  
 Goes bounding down the hill.  
 "A fault," I call, but yet with all  
 Her faults, I love her still.—*Exchange.*

## A GRADUATING ESSAY.

By H. C. DORRIDGE.

Dear friends! my essay is to-night  
 On woman's future sphere—  
 (I wonder how I look in white:  
 My sash feels rather queer).

Of late years only women threw  
 Her shackles off and rose—  
 (Oh dear! I never had a shoe  
 So pinch and hurt my toes).

No longer slave to selfish man,  
 She will new heights explore—  
 (Suppose they recognize my fan  
 I borrowed from next door).

Her brain, once dulled, is active now,  
 Her tongue, once stilled, can speak—  
 (Before the glass I learned my bow,  
 It took me just one week).

Armed with her knowledge and its strength  
 She will the world o'er come—  
 (My gloves have quite a stylish length,  
 One, bursted at the thumb).

Man will, yea, must acknowledge that  
 We women lead in all—  
 (I'm thinking if a bigger hat  
 Will be the thing next Fall).

Dear friends, adieu! Our future sphere  
 I know will be immense—  
 (Just look at my boquet—I fear  
 Pa'll growl at the expense.)—*Exchange.*

"Mamma, what is the use of keeping that whip you use on me behind the motto, 'God bless our home'?"

"Can you suggest a better place?"

"Yes, mamma put it behind the motto 'I need thee every hour.'"—*Exchange.*

#### A QUESTION.

Say, which is the happier, Tom or John?

(Both are in love with Mary,)

Tom her picture covers with kisses,

John, he kisses Mary.

#### THE ANSWER.

The happiness of both is much the same,

There is a difference only in name;

'Tis a photograph that Tom doth kiss—

A painting filleth John with bliss.

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## FOOLS' GOSSIP.

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*Theological D. (in Y. M. C. A. meeting)*—Adam caused *we* to be born in sin, but there is salvation for you and for *I*.

*Newie (to our young Professor.)*—I am so homesick, and have been away from home only two days.

*Prof.*—This is your first year here, then, is it?

*Newie.*—Yes, it is yours too?

*Prof.*—Yes.

*Newie.*—Well, we are both in the same box—both Freshmen.

*Prof.*—Oh! First year as a Professor, I mean.

Scar, having returned from his Greensboro trip, was receiving a warm reception from his theological friends, when M., a brother theologian, in his peculiar way, drawled out: "Boys, I wish that Scar could get a circuit where there is nothing but women and have Cornie to help him. They would convert 'em in a hurry."

When the lights went out in the chapel one night not long since we naturally expected that it would be dark. But not so. Reddie happened to be there, and ere the lights had been fully extinguished, his head began to shoot forth beams, rivaling the sun in splendor. This accounts for the good order. Not a single book was thrown.

*Prof.*—Mr. C., will you give us the divisions of Philosophy?

*Mr. C.*—I—I agree with the author on that point, Professor.

*Prof.*—Mr. B., what is an electroscope?

*Mr. B.*—I—'er—er—it's a thing—a thing—I know what it is very well, but (pointing to a Leyden jar) there is one on the table.

---

*Prof.*—Mr. F. where and why and under what conditions and how, under whose rule and at what stage in the world's civilization did slavery originate?

*Mr. F.*—Sir! One at the time, please.

---

Scar came in, hung his hat on the towel rack, took off his shoes and carefully placed them on the bed, brushing his hair with the blacking brush, read a chapter in "*Love's Sacrifice*" instead of the Bible, pulled off his coat, folded it up and gently placed it in the wash-bowl, failed to say his prayers, and got in Harold's bed instead of his own, when Harold thus addressed him:

"Drunk, are you?"

Scar didn't seem to hear him, but mysteriously enquired:

"Where am I? Where is she? Oh, aren't these oranges nice? How sweet these blossoms smell! But she—where is she? She said I would find her here."

Harold now got uneasy and came down across his head with a pillow. This brought him to his senses, and he slowly remembered that he was a little absent-minded. Harold went out in the hall and found a large orange peel. Scar had smelt it, and was thereby transported to the delightful clime of Florida, "where the orange blossoms grow." He is still in a dangerous condition, and his recovery cannot be hoped for.

---

"The quality of mercy is not *strained*," but the quality of meal at the B. club should be *sifted*.

---

When a speaker starts by stating the "exceedingly great importance of the subject under discussion" and also the fact that it is "well worthy the consideration of the greatest minds of our country," you may mark it down that he will have nothing to tell you about it, and is only killing time, and if he had not told you that it was important you would never find it out from his argument. Freshmen, if the subject is important, do not tell us so, but show us by your speech that it is.

---

*Rowe.*—Newie, that's a sweet little mouth of yours.

*Newie G.*—Well, confound you, make it larger if you dare.

*Rowe.*—I'd either have to move or split those ears, if I did.

---

The problem, how to get a better attendance at chapel, has been solved. The faculty had well nigh despaired, but Richard with his flute came to their rescue. The boys now long for the hour of chapel to come, when the air is filled with melodious notes, such as might make a canine howl or excite the rage of the wildest beast.

The phrenologist found a cat-headed boy among the Freshmen. It is hard to tell what he would have found among the Juniors had he examined their peculiar member.

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*Newie Junior.*—Cap. when did you come here, any way?

*Cap.*—Lord, Newie, when I first came to Trinity these big hills were holes in the ground and Eno river was a little dry ditch.

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*Mc.*—Gentlemen, I know a man who lives in U—— county, who fought bled and *died* on the bloody fields of the civil war, who endured the toil and fire and strife and deprivation and fought like—thunder!

---

*Prof.*—What did they do at the diet of worms?

*Jamie.*—I didn't get over that part of the lesson, but suppose they ate them.

---

The Professor started one of his Freshmen on Physiology by telling him that if he had no ears, there would be no sound. When his surprise had subsided, he sagely or otherwise remarked: "Well then, you, and not I, are responsible for all this noise I make in the hall after the lights go out." And a Freshman can't help from giving himself away.

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*Jack.*—Bob you are the ugliest theologue in college.

*Bob.*—You are laboring under an illusion. My countenance is so bright that you see the reflection of your own in it.

---

"Earth to earth, dust to dust and ashes to ashes" has been sorrowfully chanted over the mortal remains of the choir career, which began some time ago under such auspicious circumstances. Three young men of iron will had waded mud and snow twice a week in order that the fame of their sweet voices might become immortal. But alas! how soon were their hopes to be destroyed! Just at the time when success was dawning upon them there came the fatal stroke which sealed their doom.

Be calm, O disappointed soul,  
Of good deeds never tire,  
And place your name on Heaven's roll  
And sing in angels' choir.

---

Reddie is in the parlor talking to his girl, and forgetting he is a Freshman tries to use a Soph. word:

"Dear, give me a souvenir."

"Look here, Charles, I'll tell mama on you. I tell you I don't kiss boys."  
And Reddie isn't going back any more.

---

*Ingram (looking wistfully at the banquet through the window)*—Boys, those are the finest bills of lading I ever saw.

Zack doesn't like the ladies here. He is not going to call any more, and this is the reason why: He had not gone to see any of them since he had been here, but Spring began to have its effect on him as well as on Scar, and Friday night he tried it. Things went on pleasantly until she asked: "You are a Freshman, are you?" "No."

"But I have never seen you before, and then — excuse me—you look like a Freshman."

"Do I? I am happy to say I am not."

"Oh yes. You are a Theological student then."

"O Lord! I've got to go home! Come on."

Alas! what will become of me.

Shall I ever lower be?

How I wish that I could die,

A Theological—Freshman I?

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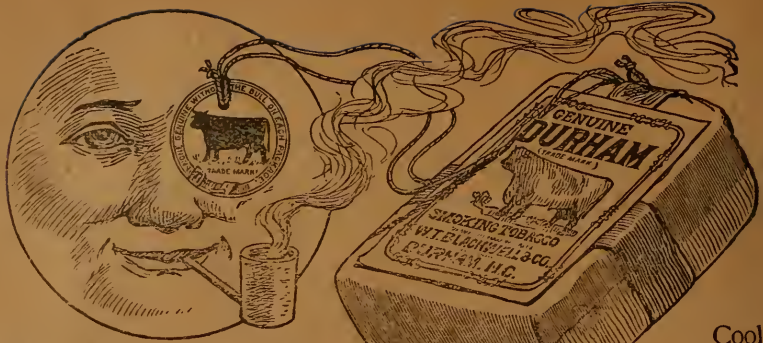
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APRIL-MAY, 1894.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SCOTLAND.

In order to understand the influence of Sir Walter Scott on Scottish life and history, and on the idea which the world has of Scotland, it is necessary to remember some of the scenes among which he spent his early years, and the influences which were thrown round him as he grew up to the estate of manhood.

He was born and raised among the scenes which he afterwards spoke of and described with such startling effect upon the world of readers,—scenes which at the time of his birth were known little of, cared little about. Although Sir Walter was a cripple and could move about with but difficulty in his boyhood days, still it was his greatest delight to clamber to the heights around his home, and for hours gaze upon the surrounding landscape and drink in the beauty of rugged hills and green valleys, wrapped in golden hues of Scottish sunset.

As he grew older he began to widen his circle of acquaintances, and these acquaintances were generally the inhabitants of the simple cabins and huts of the neighborhood. Each of

those humble peasants might perhaps claim some share in the making of the "wizard of the north" for it was while listening to their simple tales and ballads that he gathered the inspiration and materials which enabled him to paint the picture of his native northern land in such tender, romantic colors. He loved to linger round the humble homes in the gathering shades of evening, listen to the stories of border warfare and the simple songs that told of deeds of some ideal hero of those gentle unassuming people. This tendency grew as he grew older, and when he became one of the king's officers and had to travel considerably, he took delight in gathering these old stories and songs, and making collections of them to be used in the future. Thus we see that his youth and young manhood were a most suitable preparation for his work of life afterward.

He loved his native land more and more as his knowledge of her beauties increased, and nothing less could be expected than that whatever talents he had would develop themselves in setting forth the advantages of the object of his love and pride.

When he praised Scotland he only spoke from the depths of his heart. When he described her beautiful scenery he only told to the world what he had simply looked upon himself, but with an eye capable of bringing forth the grandeur and beauty of a landscape which needed only such a genius to place them where the world itself could clothe them with their deserved robes of romantic, though simple grandeur.

Before the time of Scott, very little was known of Scotland. People knew very little of her history and cared very little about her as a country. She was looked upon as barren, mountainous, bleak and cheerless. Her mountains, cliffs and valleys, were bleak and dreary to all outside of Scotland. Her people were generally thought to be a type of humanity characteristic of wind-beaten cliffs and uninviting waters. In short, the world thought little, knew little of Scotland and cared little for Scotland.

But when it was known that Scotland could produce a Scott, the world began to look more closely at the country in the north. From looking at and admiring one of the greatest authors of the world, they naturally began to think something of his birth-land, and this was especially true after the "wizard" began to wave his magic wand over the wild scenery of his native country, and attract attention to beauties that people had never dreamed of before. Even the Scotts themselves did not see the simple beauties of scenes in the midst of which they lived until the enchanter opened their eyes.

Scott was a very rapid writer. When he painted the scenes necessary for his work, he never paused to make a gorgeous display of artificial colorings for his scenery that would tire the eye and mind alike, but in his own way he would describe scenes as they appeared to him in such simple unobtrusive terms that a sense of peacefulness and an idea of the beautiful creeps stealthily into the mind before one is aware of it. His descriptions have a subtle effect on the reader that causes him to wish that he might linger in the midst of the scenes described and find rest and quiet from the ceaseless clamor of the world around him.

We will quote one paragraph from the legend of Montrose that gives some idea of his style: "It was towards the close of a summer evening, during the anxious period which we have commemorated, that a young gentleman of quality, well mounted and armed, and accompanied by two servants, one of whom led a sumpter horse, rode slowly up one of those steep passes by which the Highlands are accessible from the Lowlands of Perthshire. Their course had lain for some time along the banks of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the crimson of the western sun. The broken path which they pursued with some difficulty, was in some places shaded by ancient birches and oak trees, and in others overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsewhere, the hill, which formed the northern side of this beautiful sheet of water, arose in

steep but less precipitous acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the darkest purple. In the present time a scene so romantic would have been judged to possess the highest charm for the traveler, but those who journey in days of doubt and dread pay little attention to picturesque scenery."

Scott has a way of so interweaving his descriptions with the narrative that it is sometimes difficult to find a pure case of description, but this very fact adds a charm to such descriptions, and adds, as it were, a human element which makes the scene more fascinating.

The description of a cold, lifeless landscape, no matter how beautiful, can never have the effect it would have were it connected with some phase of the life of a human being. The presence of the lonely traveler adds a peculiar charm to the beauty of the lake and the rugged shores that could not be added otherwise.

We will quote another passage in which is found the same simple though beautiful description. It describes the visit of a party to some old ruins in northern Scotland :

"They stood pretty high on the side of a glen, which had suddenly opened into a sort of amphitheater to give room for a pure and profound lake of a few acres extent, and a space of level ground around it. The banks then arose everywhere steeply, and in some places were varied by rocks—in others covered by copse, which run up feathering their sides lightly and irregularly, and breaking the uniformity of the green pasture ground. Beneath the lake discharged itself into the huddling and tumultuous brook, which had been their companion since they entered the glen. At the point at which it issued from its parent lake, stood the ruins which they had come to visit. They were not of great extent, but the singular beautiful, as well as the wild and sequestered character of the spot on which they were situated, gave them an interest and importance superior to that which attaches itself to architectural remains of greater consequence, when placed near



ordinary houses and possessing less romantic accompaniments. The whole scene had a repose which was still and effecting without being monotonous. The dark, deep basin, in which the clear, blue lake reposed, reflecting the water lilies which grew on its surface, and the trees which here and there threw their arms from the banks, was finely contrasted with the haste and tumult of the brook which broke away from the outlet, as if escaping from confinement, and hurried down the glen, wheeling around the base of the rock on which the ruins were situated, and brawling in foam and fury with every shelve and stone which obstructed its passage."

A place like the one described above would be a most charming and suitable place for a modern Sunday-school picnic, but to speak in a way more worthy the dignity of the scene, such a place would be the one that the tourist would seek were he looking over the world for nature's gems.

By such descriptions has Scott attracted the mind of the world to his native land. Old castles, and ruins of chapels and monasteries, the vestages of decayed nobility and antiquated religions, have a subtle fascination for the mind, and if any one paints Scotland as having such scenes and sacred spots, then inevitably the mind's image of fair Scotland is draped with the hazy veil of gloomy and romantic grandeur and beauty, and Scotch history once a chronicle of dry uninteresting facts becomes a beautiful narrative of heroic deeds and unselfish sacrifices for humanity.

It is a fact that the mind has a perverse and innate tendency to dwell on the sad and mysterious. In nearly all his works, Scott has gratified this feeling or tendency. He introduces some mysterious character or characters that pique the curiosity of the reader, or brings up as a principle character some one whose sad fate calls for the deepest sympathies of the heart.

Although some critics have objected to this feature in Scott's novels, still it undoubtedly has its effect; and sad and mys-

terious characters always lend a charm to the scenes in the midst of which they wander. Any one who reads of the wild and tragic lives of the "Children of Most" in the "Legend of Montrose," while feeling horrified at some of their cruelties, still feels a deep sympathy for them in their sad, tragic and mysterious wanderings and actions. The legends and traditions of such people cannot but have an influence on the minds of people that will draw them nearer to the land where the wanderers live. Even the poor, peniless, wandering beggar, Eddie Ochiltree, spoken of in the antiquary, is a character the like of which only Scotland could have produced and only Scott could have painted. And doubtless Scotland is the only country on the globe that could present to the world the character of an honest and useful beggar. She deserves notice for that, if she had made no other contribution to civilization.

The sad life of Lord Glenallan in the Antiquary, is only a single instance where Scott called for interest, and directs it toward Scotland by referring to the interesting though declining Scotch nobility.

But Scott does not bring Scotland before the world by merely describing her beautiful landscapes and by appealing to the curiosity and sympathies, but in the simple lives of the lowest classes of her people he imperatively commands the attention of the world of readers.

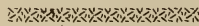
In the honesty, frugality, and simplicity of the Scotch peasantry as he describes it, there is much to admire, and lower classes of society, when of such a type as are here set forth, demand the attention of the thinking world as much or more than any other class of people. No one can read the "Heart of Midlothian" without gaining an exalted idea of the lower class of people with which Scott deals in that work. The simple, honest, true and loving Jeanie Deans is a character that none but a master painter could have drawn, and in reading of her earnest efforts to accomplish her duty and her

loyalty to truth, we have a picture of noble though unassuming womanhood that makes us long for more of such a type of peasantry.

In painting the lives and characters of his humble countrymen and country-women in such a way he put them on an equal with the nobility of other lands.

In weaving her songs, ballads and traditions into his noble works, Scott has done for Scotland what only a genius could have done, whose mind comprehended the beauties of the country and whose heart throbbed with love for the bonnie Scotland, where his eyes first gazed with rapture upon the beautiful and sublime handiwork of God.

R. G. TUTTLE.



. LOUIS D. WILSON.

North Carolina has the honor to claim the birthplace of Louis D. Wilson. He was born in Edgecombe county, on the 12th of May, 1789, at the old homestead near Tarboro.

Of his early life we know but little, but what comes to us, either through the records or by authentic reports, leads us to infer that his educational advantages were somewhat meager and limited as compared with those of the present time. His education was as good as the state of the country could afford, at this time in its history. His being born in the time of slavery, was destined to have its weight in the moulding and the shaping of his character, for the existence of slavery necessarily was an influential factor in shaping the destiny of southern men for public service. To fully understand the spirit and zeal of the South before the war of '61, is so much the better to see in the true light the character of Louis D. Wilson portrayed. Louis D. Wilson was a near relative of the Battle family; a family especially noted then as it has been since. He was taught and disciplined in the "great school of human nature to which books are mere ac-

cessories and aids," for from his early youth he had been a close and minute observer of mankind.

At the age of eighteen, feeling the responsibility of life resting upon him, he secured a position in a counting-house in Washington. Here it was that he was to acquire such knowledge, not only of the ways of the world in general, but practical knowledge of men, habits of industry, and financial ability. This period may well be termed the transition period for him to something better, in which he was to figure so long and so nobly. All of these influences, these so valuable experiences in after life, were not without their effect in making a true, useful, and typical representative of the people, though not remarkably brilliant was to be his career.

He had held many important trusts, all of which were mere stepping stones, as it were, to what was to be his function to perform. The year 1815 marks the beginning of his long career of public services, for it was during this year that he was elected a member of the state legislature, a member of the house of commons. He represented his county several terms in the State legislature, almost, we might say, without intermission for a period of about thirty years, being a member of both the branches of the legislature.

As regards the social qualities of the man he was a typical southern gentleman, having often been termed a "second Lord Chesterfield." He was a very magnetic man, so much so that he seemed to draw men by some unknown power unto him. He was an elegant parlor gentleman; a man of decided cultivated taste; a man with whom the people loved to mingle amid times of festivity and gayety; a man for whom everyone had the utmost respect, even his enemies being forced to render unto him his just dues. He was a man in whom his friends could confide; a man noted for truth, justice and honesty. He was a man of sympathetic nature, never beholding suffering without being grieved and anxious to relieve such, if possible. He was the observed of all observers.

As an illustration of the character of General Wilson (commonly called General) the following amusing incident is given : Mr. Norfleet a prominent man in the county, was accosted by an old fashioned negro, who said to him : "General Wilson and me are the politest men in the county." This little incident goes to exemplify the courtesy of the man. He was in the true sense of the word the poor man's friend.

General Wilson paid deference to all religious matters ; tolerant in views and Catholic in spirit. He was a member of the Masonic order, in fact a prominent member. He was most zealously supported by his constituents, as may clearly be seen, judging from his long term of office and the many demonstrations of enthusiasm shown him, both during the time of political inactivity as well as during times of close party contests. He most always was a prominent figure during these campaigns. The distinguished convention of 1835 which convened to amend the constitution of the State, which had been so long in operation, since the days of Richard Caswell, had many prominent men, among whom was to be found Louis D. Wilson. The writer of the present sketch does not claim that "the meed of statesmanship, or of brilliant eloquence or of deep philosophical research" belong to General Wilson, but it is claimed that he has been one of the most useful men that has ever represented the people of his county, Edgecombe. He evidently had the interests of his people at heart as well as the interests of the entire state. In 1842 he was made Speaker of the State Senate. Frequently he was one of the electors of the State for President and for Vice-President, and being an elector in 1836, he voted for Martin Van Buren for president and R. M. Johnson for Vice-President. It is with peculiar pleasure that we reflect on his whole career, a period of over thirty years, and see the man in the many phases of his character. How consistent and uniform was he during so long a term of active service and how he impresses one, who may examine his course, that he



had a mission to fill. Having begun in early youth with prudence and due preparation, he ran the course of life, guided by the predilections of his youth, made stronger by advancing age.

He was a democrat in the true sense of the term, of the Jeffersonian type. He made no pretensions to oratory or to eloquence, for he well knew his powers in that line, yet he was a clear, forcible, logical reasoner, who commanded the attention and utmost respect of all that heard him, both from his colleagues and opponents.

We have reached that period in his life, which was to decide his destiny. The two countries, Mexico and the United States, had come to a great civil controversy, which proved not able to be settled without resort to arms; a controversy that grew out of the right to annex Texas to the Union. American blood was shed, her rights questioned—the rights of these United States. All of these things demanded the speedy attention of the Federal government and hostilities were declared.

Close upon the declaration of war, followed a call from the President of the United States for volunteers. This proclamation was sent to the several Governors of the States. It was in a time of such intense excitement, of intense party strife that patriots responded to such a call; patriots whose love for their native country was far greater than mere petty strife. Men hesitated, men decided. It was a supreme moment to all. Louis D. Wilson, the venerable patriot that he was, came forward and offered his services to his beloved country, which was in need of just such responding hearts. We see him, advanced in age, almost three score, leaving his native State, his numerous and dear friends, his many admirers, who had so long supported him, to go to Mexico. This was to be the seat of warfare. The many duties he had so long and faithfully discharged were now to be laid aside as of minor importance, compared to the good of his country. He was willing

to sacrifice, yea, cheerfully sacrifice the sweets of home life, the many pleasures of his environment, the many friends he possessed for the cause he now embraced. He bore in mind that the love for one's native country is a purely noble one. He fully realized that it is more blessed to die even by disease for one's own commonwealth than wield the scepter and sway men at a beckon. "Who is that delicate man, with his head frosted with the snows of nearly sixty winters, raising his voice and calling upon the people of Edgecombe to show themselves worthy of their country?" The answer comes: "It is Louis D. Wilson. His voice sounds no longer feeble, but is as the sound of a trumpet." His voice did truly sound like the blast of a trumpet in his call for soldiers, for it was he who spoke to the people in such glowing terms of their rights and duties as American citizens. He was the first to respond to the call of the Governor and to offer his services to his State.

He was truly a magnetic man, and such magnetism could not fail to persuade men to follow his course. The men caught the spirit of their leader and rallied around his standard. Soon a regiment was raised, because of his mighty suasion over men. His noble and patriotic impulse touched every heart. Around Louis D. Wilson the people had gathered to catch the last words of a departing hero. Some one has well said that "he had fought in the civil fields of 1815 for the liberty of his country" and that he was now "to fight in actual battle for the cause," since her cause was the cause of the entire Union.

The records of the legislature in 1847 give us a bit of important facts as regards the leaving of Wilson from among them, for he had asked for a leave of absence from the Senate December 31, 1846. The request was granted. "Those who witnessed this scene never can forget it. The aged senator rises, and with that ease of manner so peculiar and natural to him, bids them farewell. The senators in a body

rise, and he is gone—never to return !” The following quotation is culled from the journals of the senate for 1846 : “Be it therefore unanimously resolved by the Senate of North Carolina, now in session, that, in separating from their fellow-member, the Honorable Louis D. Wilson, senator from Edgecombe, with whom many members of this body have been associated for years in the senate chamber, they cannot withhold the expression of their high sense of his able, dignified and patriotic services as a member of the Senate, and further, to express the conviction that in the more arduous and hazardous duties of the battle-field he will no less be distinguished for patriotism, courage, and never-failing devotion to the cause of his country.”

Louis D. Wilson, without any knowledge or application on his part, was made colonel of the 12th regiment of infantry. He at once started for Mexico with bouyant spirits. He arrived in safety and began at once to comply with the demands of the commander-in-chief of the forces. It was while superintending a forward march of his regiment from the city of Vera Cruz that he found himself utterly unable to endure the vicisitudes of war, being so old. The climate was too depressing on him, as it fatally proved. He was taken with the fever, so fatal in those regions. He lingered a short time between life and death, but died May 12th 1847. Such was the sad end of him whose desire was to defend the rights of his country.

He died at the ripe age of sixty. His many friends remained to mourn his loss. His remains were carried to Tarboro, N. C., and there interred. They were exhumed and re-interred at the “Old Wilson Place,” near Tarboro. By the will of Colonel (General) Wilson, made shortly before his death, we find that his patrimonial estate, including land and slaves, were given to his nearest relatives as he was never married. The remainder of his fortune, consisting of about forty thousand dollars, was donated by him for the benefit of

the poor of his county, Edgecombe. As a safe and wise investment of the funds bequeathed by him to the county for the poor, the court ordered that an asylum be at once erected for the paupers.

His life is very full of many strikingly admirable qualities, worthy even of emulation. He had many great successes amid his failures. While he may have not had as high honor conferred upon him as some men of less desert, yet such honors as he did get were most worthily bestowed.

The following lines are not at all out of place :

"Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or on the battle's van,  
The fittest place for man to die,  
Is when man dies for man."

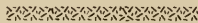
One more quotation will give us a complete idea of Louis D. Wilson. This was delivered before congress by Governor Brogden as a eulogy on him : "Louis D. Wilson was one of nature's noblemen, and his sympathies was ever on the side of justice and humanity. He was a man of strict integrity of character, a friend of the poor and needy, and possessed many of the best traits and qualities of human nature. He was affable and social in his manner, the embodiment of patriotism and the soul of honor. Studiously neat in his person, he was a favorite in all circles ; he wore the sobriquet for years of the Chesterfield of the Senate."

Such gifts as he rendered to his county, such services as he had given to his State and to the Nation cannot be quickly forgotten. His name will ever be cherished and nurtured in the hearts of his countrymen. It has well been said that his magnificent legacy "to the poor of Edgecombe" will remain to all time as an evidence of his affection for her people.

The State may well feel proud of such a son ; a man who spent his life for the good of his race. Wilson county has been named in honor of him, as a token of the respect in which he is held. We love to ponder in reflection on his long effective services, his successful life and on his manly charac-

ter. We love to cherish his name, the name of a man that came to such a lamented death while leading his forces against the enemy. Well has the county honored him by erecting unto him some monument to commemorate his noble deeds ; the only monument of its kind erected by the country to any of her noble sons. His hallowed ashes rest in peace at his old home near Tarboro. "Nature had made him childless that the people of Edgecombe might call him father."

F. C. McDOWELL.



### CHARLES LAMB.

Though it will require too much time and space to give a biographical sketch of Lamb, yet his life is so intimately connected with his works, that it is impossible to appreciate the latter without a knowledge of the former. His writings are subjective, dealing with himself, and with objects as they are related to himself. His works are a revelation of his character, his soul, his life and his surroundings. They show his training and his reading; his affections and his dislikes, and therefore a short biography will not be out of place.

Lamb was born in London, on the 20th day of February, 1775. His father was a man of limited means, but he secured for Charles a presentation to the school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained from his seventh to his fifteenth year. He was a timid, quiet, thoughtful boy, and, as he says : "while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk." His stature was small and his frame delicate, but the sweetness of his disposition was such that he was never imposed upon, and it won for him favor from all. He would have obtained an exhibition at school, admitting him to college but he had an impediment in his speech which rendered it impossible. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant office of the East India Company, and resided with his parents until they



died. The remainder of his life was spent in constant devotion to his sister, who had cared for him in his infancy. His sister's insanity was the great sorrow of his life, and he bore it with resignation, bravery and fortitude. She, in a mad frenzy, had killed her mother with a knife, and was confined in an asylum, until Charles took her out, promising to protect and watch over her continually. The return of her senses filled him with joy, and he wrote to Coleridge: "My poor dear, dearest sister is restored to her senses." For her sake he gave up the thought of marrying Alice Winterton, the woman whom he dearly loved, and gave his whole heart to his sister, more dear to him on account of her malady. His plays were almost failures. There is much good sentiment and expression in them but his plots are meagre. His "*Essays of Elia*", first printed in the "London Magazine" are what brought him fame. In these his curious and quaint reading and his close observation found a proper field.

While at home he had access to the library of Mr. Salt, his father's employer, and he thus speaks of his using it: "I was tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, where I browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." His essays all bear a sign of his reading, and are carefully elaborated; yet they were written in direct defiance to the conventional pomp of style. He took his subjects from the common paths of life, but nothing is little or common in his eyes. He gives importance to everything, and treats "The Discovery of Roast Pig" just as one would treat the most weighty problem. Lamb did not speculate; he dealt with the realities of life, with what was nearest to him. He delighted to hear his friend Coleridge talk of the future, but it was because he was his friend. He dreaded death, and clung to life; he loved the city and the country, the mountains and the green valleys. Dreaded death came on him rather suddenly. While walking, he fell and bruised his face, and erysipelas came on from which he died on December the 27th, 1834.

Coleridge says of Lamb: "He writes the best, the purest and most genuine English of any man living. For genuine Anglicism, which among all other essentials of excellence in our native literature is now recovering itself from the leaden mace of the *Rambler*, he is quite a study; his prose is absolutely perfect, it conveys thought without smothering it in blankets."

Possibly we should allow a little for the close attachment between the two, but no doubt Lamb did more than any other man to clear away the Johnsonian incubus from our literature. Lamb's style will not bear the demoralizing hand of an editor upon his works. His genius must be allowed to wander "at its own sweet will." He seems to have taken his subjects at random, realizing that he could make the most common place things interesting.

Lamb himself, in speaking of the *Essays of Elia* says: Crude they are—a sort of unlicked things villainously pranked in an effected array of antique words and phrases; they had not been *mine* had they been other than such." And it is true. What appears artificial at first sight was natural to *him*. He was in style simply; a product of his reading, and from his early boyhood, his reading had been in writers of the previous century or two. He knew Shakspeare and Milton almost by heart, and was well versed in many other writers; and from them he derived the "self pleasing quaintness of his style." He also derived from them the love of coining words, and of using Latin words.

Another delight in Lamb is his allusiveness. His words are rich in quotations, and we are continually carried back to some former reading, and often stop reading in order to chase an allusion back to its fountain head.

Though he took his subjects at random, yet he developed them with great care. He says that one of his essays is "a futile effort wrung from him with slow pain. They are elaborate studies in style and in color. He excels as a painter.

He paints in black, in white and in dove color. Hear his painting of Quakers : "The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil ; and cleanliness in them is to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily, and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of shining ones."

Lamb is the most delightful humorist that ever wrote, we think—not loud, boisterous humor, but sly and pleasing. In his *Grace before Meat*, which occurs in his "popular fallacies" he says : "Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked." His masterpiece of his humor is his "Roast Pig." The gravity of detail, the plea for the weakling and his odd similes all go to make it one long piece of wit and humor. Speaking of the pig, as he is roasting he says : "How equably he twirleth around the string. Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age ! He hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth ! wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood ? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away.

E're sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care.

His memory is oderiferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die." Here he gives to an insignificant little pig all the importance of a boy, and makes him possess all the moral qualities of a man. To make the

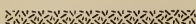
Essay more humorous he gives it every appearance of fact : "Mankind says a *Chinese manuscript*, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, etc." makes it appear that he is recording real facts. Notice this happy simile : "Thus their custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, *like our Locke*, that the flesh of swine might be cooked without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it." Lamb's wit differs from that of most other humorists in one important respect. He takes homely, familiar things and elevates them, makes them fresh and beautiful; while they vulgarize great and noble things by burlesque associations. Lamb's wit is always pure and lofty, and he seems to look at the humorous side of everything. His vocabulary is not very large, but he, like DeQuincey does not hesitate to use the "slang" of all classes, from Cockney to Oxonian. He uses a great many Latin words and expressions, but they are almost invariably so much like the English words, derived from them, that no one can mistake their meaning, and he takes the liberty to coin words, that would be granted to no one except quaint Charles Lamb.

His sentences are loose—seldom periodic, being cut up by dashes, which reflects the loose, broken way in which he spoke. He also uses many parentheses; but in spite of this, his style is clear, and the reader has no trouble in understanding what is meant. He did not like narrative, and never wrote narratives, but he delighted in humorous descriptions.

Let one read Lamb's *Essays of Elia* and his whole soul goes out to him in sympathy and love. When we read of his dread of death, the thought that he has already departed brings over us a feeling of sadness, and we want to extend to him a word of comfort. The soul of him, who reads his works, is as closely knit to the soul of Lamb, as ever the soul of David was knit to Jonathan's. The reader is unable to give an unbiased criticism of his works, because, when he

has finished reading, he has such deep sympathy for the author, that what would not be tolerated in another author, seems to be perfection in Lamb. Perhaps, if the cold rules of Rhetoric were closely applied to his writings, his name would perish, but he fills a place in the hearts of readers, which no other can ever fill, and so long as pure refined humor is appreciated, his fair name will never perish. His essays are an imperishable monument, and he will ever stand with Addison and Steele, as an essayist of the purest type.

G. T. ROWE.



#### SOME ANTE BELLUM PHASES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The delineation of the Southland, by Henry W. Grady, as "the fairest and richest domain of earth, where odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers dance upon the sunbeam; where, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf; where the clover steals the fragrance of the winds, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rain," furnishes a true index to the character of the people who once occupied this sunny land, glowing with the wild and picturesque scenery of a virgin country.

If impartial history is ever written, it will accord to Southern life more commendable traits of character and objects of praise than any other people. Maj. De Forest, in an article on the "Semi-chivalrous Southrons," admits that "the Southrons are more provincial than the Northerners, more antique, more picturesque; they have fewer virtues of modern society and more of the provincial and natural virtues; they care less for urban civilization, they care more for individual character and reputation for honor."

Her population consists largely of immigrants who advocated the establishment of such a form of government as would give the greatest liberty to the individual, compatible with



the general welfare, believing firmly in the doctrine that the general prosperity would best be secured by allowing the greatest possible scope for individual activity. Love of military glory which is the marked peculiarity of the French ; hospitality for which the Indian race was most noted ; personal liberty and reverence for woman, the fostered ideas of the German people ; uncompromising bravery, which led the early Romans to conquest and victory ; chivalry and genius, were all happily blended in the Southern people.

Although Massachusetts and New England claim to have been the originators of the ideas of American Liberty, we believe that when the real facts come to light and true history is unfolded to an unprejudiced generation, it will be found that the South led the race in taking bold steps against the oppression and wrongs of the British government. How else can we account for the Culpepper Rebellion, the Cary trouble and the Alamance disturbance? And may it ever be remembered that North Carolina sounded the first trump of national liberty in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. It was their patriotic devotion that caused them to forsake home and go forth and battle for what they believed to be right, and to throw themselves foremost in battle, in the very thickest of the fight, calling out, "come on comrades, the day is ours." The Southern cavaliers who sang of love and wine and sunny skies, were like their dashing gallant prototypes who sang of their lady loves and fought for their comitatus. True the Southern poet never sang one pure and perfect strain, yet he loved his section as well and fought for his cause as nobly as did Leonidas and his three hundred Lacedemonians.

The good women whom the world will never cease to admire and revere went willingly to the field and shop in the hours of necessity,—truly could the South boast of a nation of heroines. During the war, we find an excellent example of that charming type of the affectionate and domestic woman

which it has been the good fortune of the South to produce in all periods of its existence. We are told by those who wooed, won and wedded in the old South, that there existed a social life, and that the blithe young lass of sweet sixteen, of form more symmetrical, "of features more divinely perfect than Phidias ever carved from Grecian God or Goddess," swept like some purer form from the spirit land whose presence wafted the soul from the cares and sorrows of earth into some enchanting region where peace and comfort reign.

It is only when we see them at home, view them in their social and family relations, that we get a clear insight into the true character of a people. The Southerners preferring rural to city life, lived for the most part in the country. The wealth was in the country. It was the plantation which gave charms to social life.

Southern plantation manners were the spontaneous outcome of chivalry and courtesy. While their dwellings were not palatial mansions, rising in fabulous magnificence, they were comfortable—made for convenience, not for show—being built in the midst of a dense forest, large oaks were left standing in the yard, whose shady groves attracted the fancy of strangers passing by, suggesting to their imagination the fountain of youth, an eldorado or a utopia. The old plantation farmer was independent and happy. His farm produced an abundance of the necessaries of life. His table, loaded with the best things of life, most of which were raised on the farm, presented an inviting attractiveness to guest and family.

The chase constituted a large part of plantation life, while log-rollings, corn-shuckings, political meetings, cock-fights, Christmas-romps, parties, balls, pic-nics and barbecues deserve to be mentioned as occupying much of their time. These are the words of a visitor from New England. "When I became the guest of a Southern planter, late hours told upon me at first, but the sound of the horn found me ready for the chase; and when after a long day's journey, we

stretched a twelve point buck before the door of the mansion, the lady of the house with her guests and daughters came out to welcome the hunters and admire and pity the prey."

The good old plantation farmer could find many objects of civic pride to point out to visitors; he could dilate on the sombre beauty of the landscape, and grow enthusiastic over his growing crop and over many a live oak as stately and venerable as his own family tree.

We envy and admire the pleasant easy-going side of plantation life. Not only was the old South a merry and sunny South, but it was a nation of honor and cavaliers. The South was never barbarous; it possessed a picturesque civilization marked by charm of mind and manners.

"The education of the South prior to the war, was as pure, as thorough and as profound as at present." Most all our leading colleges were founded by those primitive people, and their education was peculiarly practical, producing some of the most brilliant scholars and statesmen the world has ever seen. A distinguished Southern writer says: "The people of the South were not insensible to the advantages of a good educational system. However insignificant their early schools and colleges were, the idea that education and culture were desirable things, was always present in the minds of the thoughtful.

When it became necessary for the colonies to assume the responsibility of sovereignty, the sons of the old South took a prominent part in the formation of the new government. To one of her noblest sons the whole country turned with one accord, as the most suitable person to occupy the presidential chair. Statistics show that of the fifteen Presidents prior to the civil war, nine hailed from the old South. During this period she furnished seven Vice-Presidents, fifteen Speakers of the House, and nineteen Justices of the United States Supreme Court. In the Halls of Congress, her representatives were noted for their wisdom and ability in defending

their convictions. Such men as John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, Robert Hayne, Wiley P. Mangum, Robert Tombs, Nathaniel Macon, Samuel Ashe and a host of others, could not have been the products of an inferior race of people, or of a civilization inferior to that of the North, or, if you please, to that of the New South. It produced such men as Alexander H. Stephens and Robert E. Lee, whom the South will ever regard as the embodiment of patriotic devotion and the military genius of all ages.

On the question of slavery our Southern statesmen were not agreed, though all held it to be a State question. While many of the noblest, seeing evil connected with such a system, favored its gradual abolition; others actuated by as pure motives and obeying impulses as conscientious could see no good results accrue to society or the government by freeing the negroes.

Regardless of these various opinions, all were ready to admit that there were some commendable features connected with the institution of slavery. The negro, as a rule, enjoyed life. He was happy, being in what he believed, a perfect state of felicity. That he was contented with his condition until the dabbling of the abolitionists brought trouble into our social structure, is proven by the fact that he remained at home in peace during the war, and after it ended many stayed with their masters till death, and to-day nothing more pleases the old negro, the sorrowing slave, than a visit to his old cabin.

The slaves endeared themselves to the family. The "old granny" was the pride of the family, the small children being intrusted in her care, confided in her implicitly. And how much she loved the household can never be known. Did you ever see her following the corpse of her mistress or any other one of the family to the grave? Did you see her weeping over the grave? Did not her grief tell its own story? A conspicuous mourner at Mr. Davis' funeral was

one of his old slaves, yet the whole South was wrapt in a mantle of sadness when that grand old chieftain of our "lost cause" passed away. Contrasting the relations existing between the two races at that period with the present, also the conditions of the negro race, can we not find some excuse for the course which the South took, for the views held by those of our respected and honored sires who defended the institution of slavery.

The leisure afforded to whites as a result of negro servitude, was conducive to the development, not of politicians, but of statesmen. Charles Dudley Warner says: "One sees how well informed the private gentlemen of the South were on political subjects. They never failed to read the political articles in their favorite newspapers, or to hear a political speech if one were delivered within twenty miles of them."

There is no brighter page in the history of the old South than the one which portrays its religious condition. A country so congenial with a clime so prolific, reaches its ideal climax in this phase of life, which played a most brilliant career in heralding the on-sweeping tide of civilization and morality. Close upon the heels of the early pioneer, trod the heavenly deputed missionary. The many obstacles to be encountered; the many battles to be fought; the many dogmas and superstitions to be eradicated, could not quell such spirits as Asbury, Harris and the McGees. As the increasing floods gather strength and power sufficient to burst asunder the dam that confines them, and go leaping down the livid stream with new life and vigor; so religion gathered energy and potency from the dam of legal and social restriction, sufficient to blast forever from the hearts of the people the last vestige of oppression and false theories, and bursted forth with such joy and ecstasy as had never before graced the pages of history. This tidal wave of religion heralded what is known as the "Great Western Revival" which broke out in the Southern States in 1799 and 1800. Beginning in Kentucky,



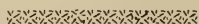
the tidings of these scenes spread far and wide, and thousands of people quit their work and repaired to the church. The wonderful influence of the camp-meeting can not be over-painted. We point with pride to the purity and charity of the Southern church before the war, of its ministers and its laymen.

The Ante Bellum South trained up a nation of brave men and fair women whose deeds and whose virtues spangle the pages of history with stars. "While among such a people, you feel as if you were in paradise hearing Dante address Beatrice as gracious lady."

May we never forget the old South till life's last flickering ray shall be so spent that we no longer remember the teachings of a pious mother, or instructions of a kind father. We cherish her name, we love her institutions and traditions, we revere her pure, sincere good women, we admire her cultured, chivalrous grand men.

In the old South was realized the dream of the poet, the grand consumation of all that can make man peaceful, noble and happy.

PLUMMER STEWART.



**HON. F. M. SIMMONS.**

The subject of this sketch was born in Jones County, North Carolina, on the 20th of January, 1854. Being a farmer's son, his early education was confined to the ordinary free school. He was prepared for college by Prof. Joseph Kinsey, who then taught in Jones county but is now principal of the Kinsey Female College at La Grange. His parents, being Baptists in their religious belief, sent him to Wake Forest for one year but transferred him to Trinity College in order to be with a cousin who was then in school at the latter place. His record in college was highly complimentary, especially when his extreme youth is taken into consideration. Had he continued in college without interruption at Trinity,

he would have graduated before his eighteenth birthday was reached. Remaining out of college one year at the advice of Dr. Craven, who thought him too young to graduate, he returned and took his degree in 1873.

Immediately after graduation, the study of law was begun under A. G. Hubbard, Esq., of Newbern. Obtaining his license a few days before he was twenty-one years of age, he entered at once upon the practice of his profession in his native county.

He had scarcely begun his legal career when he was nominated by the Democrats of his county for the Constitutional Convention of 1875; but the county was overwhelmingly Republican and he was defeated by a greatly reduced majority.

The next year, he moved to Newbern and entered zealously upon the duties of his chosen profession, evincing, however, a patriotic interest in the political questions of the day. After practicing a brief time by himself, he formed a copartnership with the late Judge M. E. Manley and his son Clement Manley, Esq. He remained a partner with Judge Manley until his death and then with his son until 1888.

In 1886 the Democrats of the 2nd Congressional District nominated him for Congress. After a hot race, he was elected over James E. O'Hara and Israel Abbott both claiming to be the nominee of the Republican party. He served his constituents with much credit and entire satisfaction, as is shown by the fact that he was renominated in 1888, but was defeated by W. P. Cheatham by less than seven hundred votes, when the Republican majority in the district at the time was over fifty-five hundred.

After this he devoted himself to his profession until 1892, when he was chosen chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee. The campaign which followed was five months in length and the most hotly contested ever waged in the State. Never has there been a campaign so thoroughly planned, so well managed and so ably executed in this State.

Every nook and corner was canvassed by the able advocates of Democratic principles sent out by the committee. The great majorities piled up all over the State were mainly due to the work of Mr. Simmons, the chairman of the committee. After the election in November, 1892, the practice of his profession was again begun. He did not desire or intend to accept any public office under the present administration but the office of Collector of Internal Revenue was tendered him by both Senators with the acquiescence of the whole Democratic delegation in the House from this State, and was accepted. His appointment was without opposition as was also his confirmation after being held up by Senator Vance for more than nine months.

Even while in his Literary Society at College, Mr. Simmons gave evidence of his great ability in the leadership of men and ever since that time this same ability has been one of the chief elements that have contributed so greatly to his success. In the last campaign, none but a born leader and manager of men could have so marshalled and led to such an overwhelming victory the Democratic forces of the State when the opposition was stronger perhaps than ever before. In his profession, he has been unusually successful, has always had a large and lucrative practice and great influence at the bar. He is very affectionate as an advocate and jury lawyer. As a public speaker, he is graceful, attractive and eloquent. His style is happy, his mind exceedingly quick and active and his argument convincing. The elements of a speaker are so innate in him that he never fails to win the confidence and applause of his audience.

L. T. HARTSELL.

**THE EFFECT OF TRUSTS ON THE FARMERS OF N. C.**

As a country develop and advances in material progress, new problems of economic policy are constantly being presented. Among the problems presented to the farmers of North Carolina none seem to be of greater importance than that of trusts.

It is well to note as a starting point that trusts are combinations to raise price, either by limiting the production of the commodities they effect, or by withholding from sale at former figures ; both secure the same result. Since it is an admitted truth of economics that consumption bears an inverse relation to price, it follows that the increased price trusts seek to acquire, by limiting production, will seriously affect distribution by diminishing consumption, therefore, no denial is made that trusts do effect, in a great degree, the production and distribution of wealth.

The effects of trusts if they bore on all the people alike would not be so plainly felt. A close examination will show that they do not effect all classes, but bear most directly on the producers—the farmers of the State. A farmer produces certain commodities and cannot withhold them from market because he has to get his subsistence from the money that is derived from their sale.

Trusts may be said to act on the farmer in two ways, (1) by cornering the necessities of life and thereby making the farmer pay dearly for them, and (2) by forcing him to sell his staple commodity at a price set by them.

Let us notice some examples of the first class. The trust of sugar refiners, a few years ago, raised the price of sugar two cents on the pound. This must necessarily take most of the profits away from those who grow fruits for canning purposes, and also bears on every farmer that uses sugar in his coffee or sweetning in his pie. This trust made  $27\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on its capital stock of which over two-thirds was water. In other-words it made 83 per cent. on its actual stock.

The bagging trust a few years ago almost doubled the price of bagging and took from the pockets of the farmers of this State alone at the least estimate \$100,000.

The axe which is an instrument that the farmer cannot do without is under the control of a trust. Axes of the best brand before the formation of the trust could be bought at five dollars a dozen, but since the formation of the trust in 1890 they cannot be bought for less than seven dollars per dozen. The fact that these same axes can be sent across the Atlantic and sold at six dollars per dozen goes to prove that the two dollars increase in price goes directly to the trust company.

The fork and hoe trust, protected by a tariff of 45 per cent. is in no danger from foreign manufacturers, or re-importation of its own goods sold to foreign farmers cheaper than to our own "protected" farmer whose hard earnings go to support the system that robs him. Shovels that sell here for \$10 per dozen are supplied to foreigners "free on board" at Boston and New York at \$8 per dozen; shovels sold at \$6 per dozen in Texas are sold for \$2.91 in Mexico. All these facts go to show that the trusts are robbing the farmers of their own country.

Jeremiah M. Rusk, former Secretary of Agriculture, says of the American Harvester Trust: "I had an opportunity to take some stock in the combination and I know what inducements were offered. An investigation will show that this same combination is now selling machinery in Russia and Austria and other wheat growing countries at a lower figure than they do in this country. This will not do. The first thing the farmer will do when he is acquainted with the facts will be to make a howl against trusts and protection that does not protect."

Only a few of the many articles controlled by trusts have been given. The few instances given suffice to show that trusts fix their own prices and invariably raise the prices existing before their formation.



Let us next notice the effect on the farmer to sell his commodity at a price fixed by them.

The Cotton Seed Oil Trust formed in 1884 has seriously affected our farmers in the cotton-growing sections. In 1888, bills were introduced into the Senate and House of Louisiana to break up the trust because it fixed the prices of agricultural products. In the case of the State of Louisiana vs. the Cotton Seed Oil Trust these were some of the facts brought out; that the trust had succeeded in reducing cotton seed from \$14 to \$8 per ton, and that it had increased the seed products more than fifty per cent in price.

The *Southern Tobacco Journal* says the cigarette trust makes an average of fifty cents a pound on every pound of leaf tobacco it works. This bears most mercilessly on the farmers of this State. Having a complete monopoly it makes the farmer sell at its own prices or else they must let the tobacco rot in the barns. The experience and observation of any one who lives in a tobacco section corroborate that the farmers, prior to the formation of this trust, made a reasonable profit on tobacco while under its grasping cupidity the prices of leaf tobacco are cut down to the cost of production, and the profit formerly made by the farmer goes to gratify the appetite of this large monster.

These two most common instances show conclusively that the producer does not get the advantage of the increase in price fixed by the trust, but that trusts work harm both to the producer and to the consumer.

Whatever may be said in favor of trusts as being able to pay more for the raw material and to sell cheaper than individual companies, the facts given go to prove that they do not do it.

We quote the following from Mr. Spelling: "In the case of the State of Ohio against Standard Oil Trust the court remarked that it *might* be true that it had improved the quality and cheapened the cost of petroleum and its products to the

consumer ; but such was not one of the usual or general results of a monopoly ; and it was the policy of the law to regard, not what might, but what usually does happen. Experience shows that it is not wise to trust human cupidity where it has the opportunity to aggrandize itself at the expense of others." In the beginning of most trusts they are compelled to sell low at the start in order to crush oppositional enterprises, but as soon as opposition is moved they go to the most exorbitant extreme.

In the light of the given statistics, which were obtained from good authority, no other conclusion can be reached than that trusts are very injurious to the farmers of North Carolina.

L. T. H.

# TRINITY ARCHIVE.

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L. T. HARTSELL, - - - - Editor-in-Chief.

ASSISTANTS :

W. W. FLOWERS,	} Hesperian Society.	B. PHIFER,	} Columbian Society.
E. C. BROOKS,		P. STEWART,	
R. G. TUTTLE,		G. T. ROWE,	

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## EDITORIALS.

THIS is preeminently an age of reforms. Especially is this true with reference to the colleges ; each is trying to surpass the other in getting up new methods to attract attention and patronage. On this line we would throw out the suggestion of doing away with grades and examinations, not supporting or opposing it either by argument or sentiment.

\* \* \*

THE moral and religious element among the students this year is very complimentary. We doubt there being a viciously immoral character in school—one whose associations would have a tendency to drag down. Recently we had an occasion to observe the religious status, and to our gratification find that not more than twenty of the boys are not professed christians. Few colleges can show a better record. No man need entertain any fears in sending his son to this institution. If good when he comes his environments will conduce to his advancement ; if recklessly wild, he will soon have to change or depart.

\* \* \*

IN a few days the boys will be off for their respective homes in the various parts of the Union. Every one should constantly bear in mind that he will be watched closely by the members of his own family circle, also by his neighbors. Every student, even a freshman, will be a little lord in his

community, but he should be very careful not to feel his lordship, at least not to let it get out on him. He can easily bring disrepute to the college and make himself disgusting in various ways. He should not refuse to milk the cows, wash the dishes, or plough the ox. Most of the members of the Senior class haven't enough dignity, but there are some freshmen and sophomores who make up for all deficiencies.

\* \* \*

MANY boys are frequently kept from college, because they feel that they are unable to dress with the average, and will consequently be below par. This is not the case here, for a young man is respected for his intellectual capacities, his goodness and his studiousness, and not for the fine clothes he wears. The great majority of the students are from the country and dress accordingly. But at the same time there is no discredit on those who are able and do dress in the best style. If any young man wants to cultivate his aristocratic tendencies, no better place can be found in the State. The wealthy and progressive city of Durham is here and the social circle is open. However fine and however humble a student may dress, he is not branded on that account, but holds a place in the esteem of students and professors according to his true merit.

\* \* \*

WITH this issue of the ARCHIVE, the chief editor shall have severed his connection therewith. He desires to thank the associate editors for their assistance and counsel. They have been prompt and efficient in their work, and to their labors, the success of the ARCHIVE has mainly been due. Many thanks are due Mr. D. C. Branson, who has aided very materially by his contributions, also several members of the faculty and some of the students have been very present helps in times of need. To the student body he wishes to express his appreciation for the confidence and trust they have reposed

in him in electing him to a place of such vital importance to the best interests of the college, and also for the liberal support given.

As to the policy of the ARCHIVE, he has always tried to make it express the wishes and sentiment of the majority of the students. When criticism was thought necessary it has been done with firmness, respect and without partiality to either faculty or student.

He now delivers his pen to his successor, Mr. G. T. Rowe, who is a more fluent and polished writer.

\* \* \*

CHEATING on examinations has about played out at Trinity. It is now confined exclusively to the two lower classes and principally to the freshman. There is a strong sentiment among the boys condemning this evil habit, that some unfortunately acquire. To cheat a professor who shows that he puts all confidence in the student's honor and honesty, not even requiring a pledge, is the worst of treachery. We have such professors and no one ever thinks of cheating on their examinations, even if it were necessary to pass. When you start for the examination room, don't go prepared to cheat. If you pass, pass honestly; if you fall, fall honorably. If you honestly stand an examination and fail, your professor will give you a chance. He is kind and is at all times ready and anxious to assist you, and especially encourage you in doing right. Let Trinity make a clear record this year.

\* \* \*

THERE has been no effort on the part of the present Senior class, in the elective work to avoid the difficult and select the easy. Each member took such work as he thought would be of practical value to him in pursuing his intended calling. Some chose to solve the intricacies of Mathematics, some to dwell among the Grecian scholars, some to live and talk with the old Romans, some to distinguish between the



niceties of law, some to ramble among the unexplored fields of Economics and Finance.

ONE elective, we believe, is being too generally neglected in this institution, and that is English. It makes but little matter what a person intends to do, a good English course will be of considerable help. He can find no field of activity in which he will not have to use it every day of his life. Every college graduate should be able to use tolerable English. The world doesn't expect a graduate to know every thing, but it does and has a right to expect him to use correct English.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT CROWELL'S resignation is heard with great regret among the students. Every one save three anxiously signed a petition begging him to stay, and they would gladly do anything to prevent his severing his connection with the institution. They believe that they know him best, because they know him most. By his departure Trinity losses much, while methodism and higher education in the State will greatly feel the blow. The whole State is just beginning to learn his true greatness and appreciate his sacrifices and labor. Few men can pass through what he has, and finally come forth the worshiped victor in every conflict. In moving the college to Durham, he had the most bitter opposition; but two years have conclusively shown to every fair minded person that he was right. The God of justice has confronted all other opposing forces, and Dr. Crowell has ever been found in the right and his adversaries in the wrong. He now has no opposition here or elsewhere in this State, but many supporters and admirers.

He has opened for Trinity College bright prospects. His many great qualities conspire to make him a suitable man for the place. Liberal in his views, practical in his preaching, broad minded and comprehensive in all his dealings and doctrines, with a forgiving spirit, ever ready to help even

those who seek his downfall, he impresses himself upon those with whom he comes in contact, as a friend possessing the true type of Christian manhood. He is, to sum it up, a good man with a great heart and a sharp intellect. It is sincerely hoped that the trustees will have high ideals in selecting one to take his place. Not every man is worthy to follow Dr. Crowell.

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## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

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Who tied down the whistle?

Rally around the old flag, boys.

Professor Meritt will spend next year in Germany studying Latin.

Another little boy will pay dear for his whistle, if he doesn't mind.

What is the matter with Rounny and Creech? What a division that nail did make.

What difficulty did Treat get into the night that Queen Esther was given in Stokes Hall.

"Coxey" has been inconsolable since he learned at church that one of his followers was lost.

Williams can give interesting remarks concerning the life and character of the Prince of Whales.

Sam, looking at a large picture on the wall and commenting on it.—That's a fine botanical specimen.

Dr. Crowell spent a week in Nashville, Tenn., at the meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Church.

Tom Moore was called home sometime ago on account of the serious illness of his father, and has not yet returned.

Professor Crafnord was given a year's leave of absence by the trustees, and will next year take a course in philosophy at Yale.

J. W. Daniels participated in the opera, Queen Esther, which was so successfully rendered by the Dramatic Club of Durham.

Wanted—To know what Trinity student that was who took a young lady to ride, but while passing the business part of town the horse balked, and after considerable entreaties with words and whip was forced to lead the horse back while the young lady did the driving.

Who was that Freshman that wanted to impersonate a crazy man? Some one said that he became unnatural when impersonating some other crazy man.

Professor Nicholson, who has been Professor of Law and Jurisprudence during the past year, will practice law next year at his home in Washington, N. C.

At the Society election of officers for the following year, R. S. Howie was elected president of the Columbian society, and T. A. Smoot, of the Hesperian society.

Several students went to Greensboro to attend the commencement of the Normal and Industrial school, the great object in view was to hear Congressman Bryan speak,

Fred Harper, '91, is one of the editors of College Topics, of University of Virginia. He is also playing center field on the baseball team, and has made a record as a fielder.

Tom Daniels passed through Dnrham recently on his way to Lexington, Ky. Tom said he would stop over here commencement long enough for the people to know he was in town.

The main building is the place of refuge for persecuted innocent students, and "Buzzard" club is the elysium field where the "sorrowing cease from trouble and the weary are at rest."

Through the kindness of Senator Ransom, the college has secured Senator Gray of Delaware, to deliver the literary address. This means that there is a treat in store for those who attend the commencement exercises.

J. F. Hanes (in school '90-'91) stopped over at the college a few hours on May 19. "Jakie" is now traveling and selling the "weed" for his uncle, B. F. Hanes, of Winston. He is about as successful a knight of the grip as he was a foot-ball player, which is saying a good deal for his success in selling tobacco.

Most of the readers of the ARCHIVE are probably already aware that at the meeting of the board of trustees on May 8, Dr. Crowell resigned as president of the college. His resignation was not accepted, but was left in the hands of a committee, which is to report at the meeting in June. It is hoped that the committee will be able to prevail upon him to withdraw his resignation.

By the time this issue is out, we will be in the midst of the final examinations, and the air will be rent with the cries of the fallen. Some will have fallen never to rise again; others will have been only stunned by a few unexpected questions, and when raised up and given a second opportunity, may stand; while others still will have run away that they might live to fight another day.

The appearance of the Park has been considerably improved by the drives that have been made. This is a step in the right direction. With a little work, we could have a beautiful campus. Let the good work go on.

The modern Cincinnatus don't wait patiently and content himself with looking down the lane expecting every moment for power to be thrust upon him, but when it first occurs to him that he is the only man capable of doing the great act, he rises up in the assembly, calls the meeting to order, thanks the past editor for his great services, and then—we all marvelled.

It is strange that a student will come to college three years and never have any desire to know what is going on outside of college walls. A certain student a few days ago, on hearing the name "Coxey" used, turned and asked who "Coxey" was. His informant told him that "Coxey" was the rising man for the next presidency. The informed went on perfectly contented.

Two Freshs from Main Building talking in a low tone,—“Did you know that there was talk of foul play around here last night?”

“No, what was the matter?”

“Hush, don't let anybody hear you, but I heard it.”

“Oh, tell me.”

“Just a chicken missing is all.”

Fred.—“Cap, you remember that young missionary that came around here a few months ago, do you know what ever became of him?”

Cap.—“Yes, the Y. M. C. A. employed him to make a visit in Ragged Row, and he hasn't been heard of since. I tell you Freddy you couldn't get me down in there for all Uncle Wash is worth. The very thought of the place makes me dream and see visions.”

Society work for this collegiate year has closed and the judges have made their decisions as to who are the successful competitors. In the Columbian Society,—the orator's medal was won by P. Stewart; debater's medal, by G. T. Rowe; declaimer's medal, by J. C. Hall; essayist medal, by P. Stewart. In the Hesperian Society,—the orator's medal was won by R. G. Tuttle; debator's medal, by E. W. Fox; declaimer's medal by C. R. Thomas.

A Freshman made a mistake on recitation, as all Freshmen will do, and a certain Senior, for some secret cause happening to be in the same class, smiled at the Freshman's misfortune. The latter feeling angered turned upon the Senior and drew the following quotations from Shakespeare upon him: “What are you laughing at? You are all the time laughing at something. People can't laugh around me without giving me their reason.”

It is an undeniable fact that there are students in college who can make their mark, if they can't make their letters. This was clearly seen from the numerous hieroglyphics that were marked on all sides of the shoe shop. In the conglomeration Toby recognized his name and it will always be a source of regret if commencement comes before he can find out the person that had such little respect for him as to expose him for ridicule among the students.

Prof.—“Mr. H. were you not in that disturbance last night? Your name has been mentioned in connection with it.”

Mr. H. —“No, Professor, I was in bed and asleep.”

Prof.—Well, Mr. H., you should try sometimes to place yourself above suspicion and not always be in a position to be so judged.”

Mr. H.—“It is impossible, Professor, to be above suspicion of some members of the faculty.”

G. T. Adams, '89, is paying his respects to a Nashville lassie while he pursues his course at Vanderbilt, the outcome, who knows?—J. S. Betts, '92, now signs “Dr. J. S. Betts, Maxton, N. C.” He received his diploma from the Dental Department of Vanderbilt February 28th.—R. L. Davis, who is now of the Theological Department of Vanderbilt, is preaching twice a month at “The Confederate Soldiers Home” situated on the farm once owned by President Andrew Jackson.—S. E. Wilson, '93, “Bishop,” says he doesn't know what he will do this summer, that he may get back to Vanderbilt next fall. But rather than sell books he will milk somebody's cows.

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## EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

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The editor of this department seldom makes comments, but in this, his last appearance in the ARCHIVE, he wishes to say that he has been much pleased at seeing the unmistakable signs of improvement in nearly all the college magazines that he has had to do with for the last year. And his earnest desire is to see college journalism take a still higher stand.

The March numbes of the *Elon College Monthly* was gotton up entirely by the young ladies of the institution and is entitled *The Young Ladies' Issue*. The articles, all of which are good and some of which deserve special notice, were prepared and sent in for publication within two week's time. We only express the sentiments of every North Carolinian when we say that we are glad and proud to see the young ladies of our institutions coming forward in such a manner. Such works shows up well for coeducation. Let us have more of it.

We are glad to see on our shelf *The Chisel*, published by the students of the Woman's College. It is a most neat and attractive journal, and could not be otherwise, since it is published by the fair daughters of “Old Virginia.” We have always admired the young ladies of Virginia and the ARCHIVE wishes to congratulate them on their pluck and energy. We worship at the shrine of their beauty and have a sincere and heartfelt admiration for their talent and intellectual capacity. Daughters of Virginia may your motto be fully and beautifully realized in the development of your own lives. A State's noble adornment is found in the lives of her pure, loving, and accomplished daughters.



The following is a Fresh's analysis of the word "prepared." It is composed of two syllables, *prep* and *ared*. *Prep* is an uncommon improper name, second person, because usually spoken to, plural number, because he has lots of company, objective case and governed by Prof. M. According to rule X, *prep* positions govern the objective case. *Ared* is a perfect participle and agrees with *prep* according to the rule of ventilation —*Exchange*.

Great men are inspired by great difficulties. \* \* \* The enemies of the gospel sought to close the eloquent lips of John Bunyan as he proclaimed forgiveness through the blood of the Crucified One; so they shut him up between the bars of steel and blocks of granite; but he took his pen and paper, and inspired by a living Christ, he transformed the bars of steel into spears of spiritual life and the blocks of gray granite into living blocks of solid light which have flashed their incandescent says of spiritual splendor down through the aisles of time.—*Young Men's Era*.

#### GEOLOGICAL.

A stratum of solid slippery ice;  
 A stratum of slush so soft and nice;  
 A stratum of water: over that  
 A stratum of man in new silk hat;  
 Above, the startled air is blue,  
 With oath on oath a stratum or two. —*Exchange*.

The maiden sweet at seventeen  
 Bewails her chaperon,  
 And wonders if she'll e'er be found  
 Entirely alone.

This maiden fair at thirty-nine  
 Is utterly alone.  
 And now she'd give her head to live  
 With one dear chap-her-own.—*Ex*.

#### MEMORY'S HARP.

By Permission.

Easter lilies, tall and fair,  
 Shed sweet perfume on the air,  
 From their bell-formed throats so yellow,  
 Hark, I hear a music mellow,  
 For their fragrance softly brings  
 Gentle music to the strings,  
 Oh, my memory's harp; I hear  
 Sweet vibrations echoing near.  
 As that music gently swells,  
 Tales of long ago it tells.  
 Life's sweet spring time it recalls;  
 Fallen are Times barrier wall,

But the fragrance slowly wanes,  
 Dying are the memory strains.  
 Sweeter music ne'er was known  
 Than this music that hath flown.

—*Wasson Literary Magazine.*

The *Georgia Teck* is one of our neatest exchanges. The *Wake Forest Student* has been keeping up its high standard through the entire year, and *The N. C. University Magazine* still holds its ground as one of the best of college magazines. Other journals in North Carolina have shown marked improvement. Such facts are encouraging to the promoters of college journalism.

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## FOOL'S GOSSIP.

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Prof.—“Mr. T., who were the Iconoclastics?”

Reddie—“That was a law which substituted hanging for burning at the stake—a law which plainly shows that the country was rapidly passing from barbarism to civilization.”

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L. went to church Sunday night for the first time since he was a little boy. The preacher used the term “professors of religion” in his sermon, and when L. came back he remarked: “Well, I’ve heard of professors of English, History and other studies, but I never heard of professors of religion before. Guess that preacher must have been talking about Sunday school teachers.”

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Chubby saw a buzzard flying around some time ago. It thoroughly captivated him, and he immediately wrote a letter to his Northern friend, telling him what a beautiful bird the *bald eagle* is, describing the buzzard with accuracy remarkable for a Freshman.

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How long, O Lord, how long! This suspense the grand jury is keeping the curly-headed boy in.

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Prof.—“Who wrote the ‘Rise of the Dutch Republic?’”  
 Al—“Knickerbocker!”

---

W. says that everytime he picks up the Professor’s pencil he gets a hundred. Freshman take notice.

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Where Theologues will sometime go  
 ’Tis very hard to tell,  
 But beyond a doubt we all know  
 That Freshmen go to—oh well!

What makes Jimmie go off half-cocked so often. He says that the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts were "worshipping God, killed by the Indians, perishing from famine—and having a glorious time."

---

Prof. — "Mr. T., have you ever read 'Love's Labor Lost?'"

Reddie (Freshman)—"No sir, I have read several of Mr. Love's works, but have never read his 'Labor Lost.'"

And a Freshman can't stick to the truth till he learns how to keep from being caught up with.

---

Prof. C. very aptly says: "Dancing is considered one of the fine arts, an esthetic accomplishment, but when two young men, wearing number nines and number tens respectfully, lock arms and stamp around on the floor at night, it completely loses its aesthetic nature, especially for the one who is trying to sleep." The dancing-master will please take notice, and hereafter take his class out on the ball ground to practice.

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The present Junior class has adopted caps and gowns as a class distinction for next year. The Freshman, not wishing to be outdone have adopted socks, thus breaking the record of all former Freshmen classes.

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Chubby Hoyle says they are going to require him to stand his examinations in the basement, so that, if he falls, he will not knock the building down.

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Theological friends, if we have weeps, prepare to shed them now. Cornie is in deep trouble because his girl ran off with his pin, which "cost him a dollar and a quarter."

---

The members of the Faculty are never guilty of hyperbole, and therefore the Freshmen must swallow the following without the slightest doubt: To illustrate the amount of danger and desperate fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, a professor told this story: "A soldier lay wounded between two corn-rows. Accidentally he raised his musket barrel into the air, and immediately the flying bullets began to strike so rapidly against it, that they produced the sweetest chime. Soon the melodious singing caused him to fall asleep. When he awoke the barrel was gone—worn away by the bullets,—and a peck of lead lay around its stock."

---

Of course there are no "fools" among the ladies, and properly we should say nothing about them in this department, but we cannot refrain from saying something about the language some of them use. Everything which is in the slightest degree agreeable is, with them, "just perfectly lovely," and everything disagreeable is "how awfully horrid!" The ocean is "so cute" and the mountains are "delightfully sweet."

## MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

The wind through the trees was sighing, sighing,  
 The night was slowly, slowly dying,  
 As I upon my couch lay musing  
 Over a problem of life confusing.

For the moaning, groaning wind  
 Made a sighing soul within,  
 Made me think of the past again,  
 When I loved my Mollie Darling.

'Twas in the lovely month of June,  
 When heart and nature all in tune,  
 That I, a Fresh, from college came,  
 And this short tale of mine began.

Mollie was a charming lass,  
 Who was just sweet sixteen past,  
 With azure eyes and snow-white skin,  
 Swan-like neck and dimpled chin.

'Twas by such charms my soul was enrapt,  
 Or by such arts my heart was entrapped.  
 And the summer was spent in the light of her smiles,  
 The joy of her face and the thought between whiles.

But summer days passed, and to school I returned  
 With the highest hopes of a lover confirmed ;  
 Yet in my absence, for another, was spurned,  
 And the lesson then came that before was not learned :

That bright summer days will soon pass away,  
 And the chill of December's cold blast will stay.  
 So Fresh, in the summer, don't forget, and beware,  
 Lest you, like I, be caught in a snare.

And you too, Sophie, my counsel may take,  
 If not for your own, for your class' sake,  
 Don't get enamored with the first one you meet,  
 And swear she's a honey and other things sweet.—*J. L. B.*

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A professor has recently made the startling discovery that "the Juniors, and not the Freshmen, are the rock-rollers, tin-pan beaters, and mid-night howlers." Truly that is "the most unkindest cut of all," and those who are about to don the dignified mantle of a Senior should so act that they may keep themselves above reproach. The Juniors have decided to treat the insinuation "with silent contempt," and the Seniors know that their mantles will fall upon a class with equalities far different from those so characteristic of a Fresh.

When we accepted the editorship of the *Fool's Gossip* department we realized the difficulty which attended it, and the constant danger, which we would be in, from our victims, and therefore we purchased an excellent self-acting gun, which never misses, and which is kept constantly on our person. We hear that one "fool" is trying to borrow a pistol to shoot us, and another is searching for us with a cane. We take this opportunity to inform them that we are ready for them, and will get the drop on them at first sight. We, like the editor of the *Arizona Kicker*, own a private grave yard, in which we lay away our kicking victims, and it is anxious to be filled. We must do our duty, let come what may, and we do not like to be interfered with. We sometimes mention a member of the Faculty, but of course we do not mean to imply that there are any "fools" among them. But they, like every one, are sometimes troubled with "fools," and when they are connected with them in their daily labors, they necessarily "gossip" with them. We hope none of them will be offended. We are still doing business at the old stand, and ask our victims to call upon us.

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Hay—"Dock, is your watch a calendar watch?"

Dr. W—"No; it's a brass watch."

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*Prof. (reading to his class):* "The guns fired at the battle of Lexington were heard around the world and the little band of colonists received the sympathy of every nation oppressed by the iron hand of tyranny."

*Freshman L. (greatly surprised)*—"O, Professor where did they get guns that made such a noise. There are none in the world now, if there were. we would have heard them in the recent war in Brazil."

---

Jimmie says that the terrific storm, which accompanied Cromwell's death, was a divine demonstration to let the people know that the unconquerable ruler was being conquered by death.

---

"Why do the heathen (the Freshmen) rage?" G. wants to kill us for mentioning him—"and the Sophomores imagine vain things"—S. got up at one o'clock the other night because he imagined breakfast was ready.

---

P. After having a dispute with a stranger.—"Oh! dont be so indignant; we didn't mean anything by what was done."

Stranger.—"Well if you didn't mean anything by it, that's all right"

P.—"Say stranger, have you anything to drink?"

Stranger.—"No."

P.—"Have you a pistol?"

Stranger—"No."

P. Drawing his pistol.—"Well do you see that road? You take it d—n quick."

He took it in the manner proposed.



It was night. The moon, sweet Queen of the night, shed its shimmering light over everything and bathed each object with its gentle rays.

The winds, not yet lulled to sleep by the dying night, seemed to murmur sweet lullabys over revived nature.

The massive building loomed up in the distance, and the echoes from Theologs in the heated debate and the nightly songs of the Sub-Fresh Greek Fraternity. all this showed young life within the college walls.

The piscatorial lake, near by, lay silent and its waters reflecting the moonlight, showed green cheese within its placid depths. In the midst of the water rose a pipe, around which the water gently rippled, and through whose cold metallic channel, Adam's ale was expected to come, with exceeding great pressure, and whose stream was expected to reach unto heaven.

At the bank, the aforesaid ale was cut off by a valve in the pipe, but instead of the mighty rushing stream, there was silence and—mosquitos.

From the shadows of the building came two Sophs. with stealthy steps the one resembled Elisha, whom the bad boys and girls kindly advised to "go up," while the other looked like an animated bean pole, and it became much more animated a little later, as we shall see.

The two approached the bank, on which was the coveted valve, by the turning of which, they hoped to receive a valuable lesson in hidraulics, but a surprise was in store for them. Suddenly from the opposite bank came the report of a pistol, then another, and other, until four shots were fired by the supposed watchman.

"Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro."

When these two worthies heard the two reports, the "bean pole" got decidedly active and started on a dead run for higher land, while the Pseudo Elisha decided to "go up," and 'tis needless to say, he went.

You may talk about the rides of John Gilpin and Paul Revere, and after—concert sprint of the two Seniors, but this was running.

Between the shots, the man ahead made only 12 feet a jump, but when a shot was fired he thought it incumbent upon himself to make 16. When he was speeding along, even nature took pity on his efforts, and shed copious tears on him, while the night waned, the frog croaked and the Soph sped on.

Later that night a close observer might have seen a weary and dejected looking figure enter the college quietly, slink to his room, where he pondered long and thoughtfully over the uncertainty of life.

A little before this, the same observer might have seen the quondam watchman and Elisha (what strange mates!) in a room wondering where the other man would stop for breakfast. So ends the scene. FRESHMAN J—V.

I love it, I love it, and who shall kick  
 Against my loving, my dear little stick,  
 Nothing there is I would have in its stead,  
 And when I retire I take it to bed,  
 More than all else it is dear to my heart,  
 Never, no never, can I with it part.

*Will*—"Look here, if you say that, you are a Freshman."

*Weav* (*knocking him down*)—"Confound you, I'll take a heap, but no man shall curse me that way."

Sub Fresh coming in a Seniors room with an expression of great anxiety on his face.—"They tell me there will not be any college here next year."

Senior—"Who told you so, and why?"

Sub Fresh.—"I heard several talking about it. They said the authorities were going to plough the campus up and put it in corn and use the buildings for barns. You reckon they will do such a thing?"

Senior.—"I don't know about using the buildings for barns, but they are putting the campus in corn."

One of the boys, wearing another man's shoes so as not to get caught up with, went out on a rade and came back singing:

Sights of hen-coops all remind us  
 We can eat some hen fruit too,  
 And, departing leave behind us  
 Footprints of another's shoe.

Tom (to his girl): "Give me a kiss."

M—"No sir. I don't give boys kisses; I never *give* anything away."

T—"Oh well, I'll pay you back."

M (eagerly): "With compound interest?"

Tom: "Yes."

And Tom thought; "Verily it is good to be here"—and thanks to luck that no one else was there.

A newie asked a Freshman if those large, round tin concerns on the corners on the front of the College were kept full of water to supply the bath rooms.

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2 26 p m ar	Littleton	lv	12 40 p m
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5 56 p m ar	Ptsbg. (A.C.L.)	lv	10 05 a m
6 10 p m ar	Richmond	lv	9 15 a m
11 10 p m ar	Wash. (P.R.R.)	lv	4 30 a m
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6 53 a m ar	New York	lv	9 00 a m

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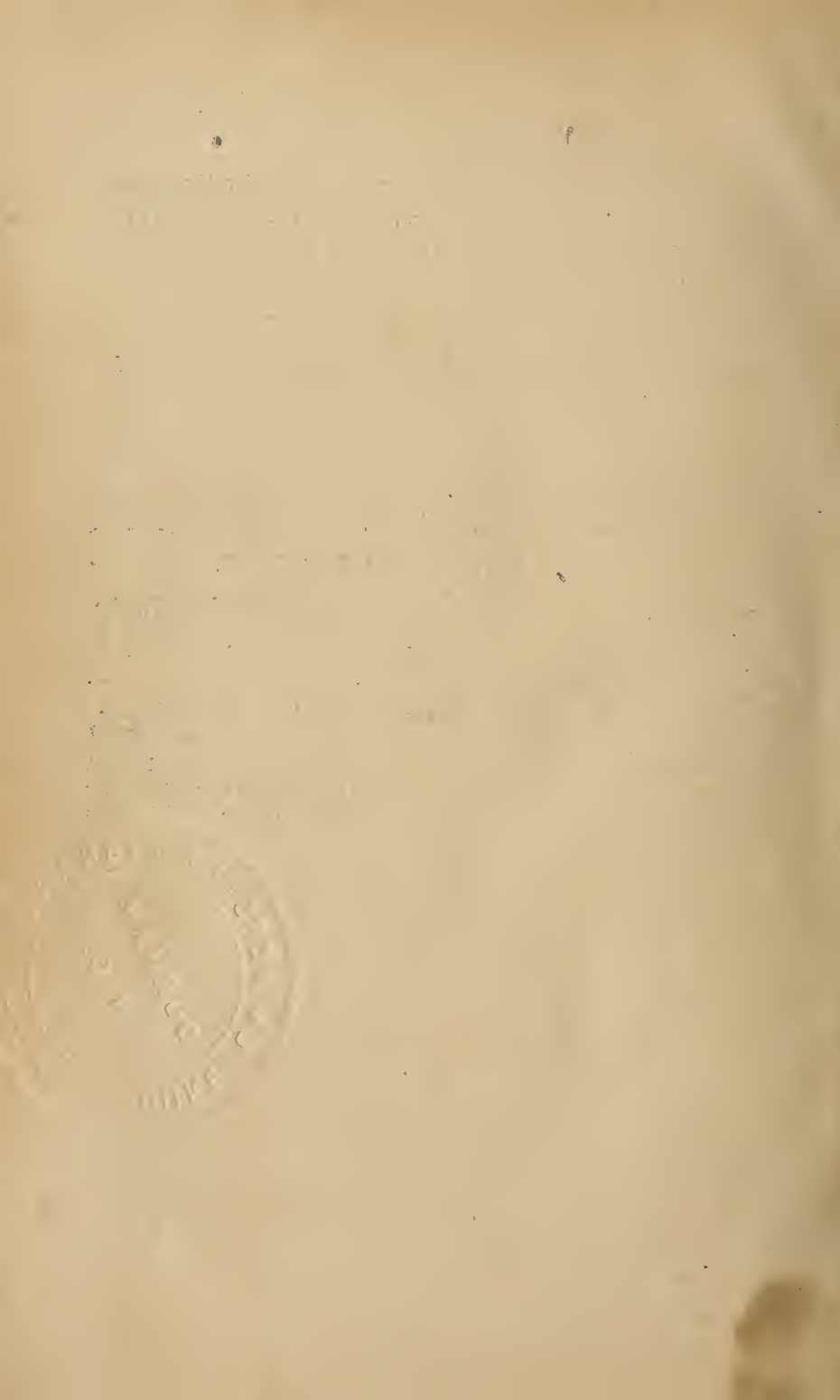
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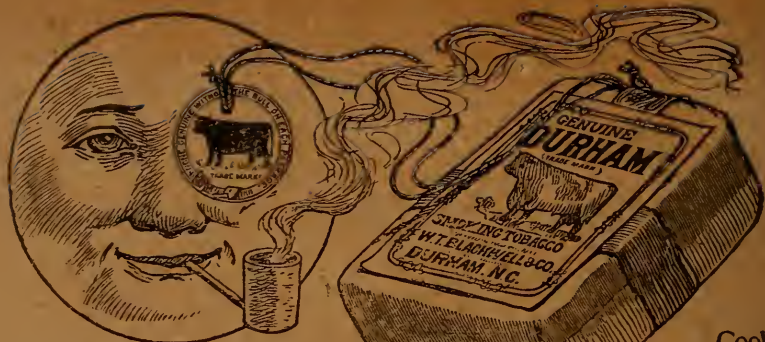
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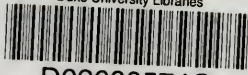
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